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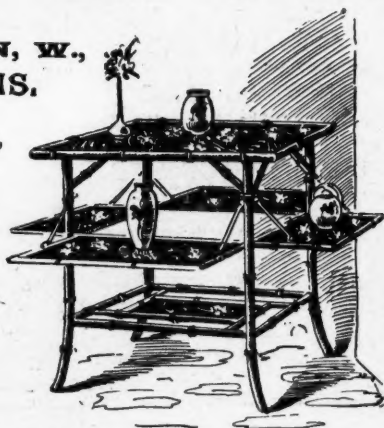
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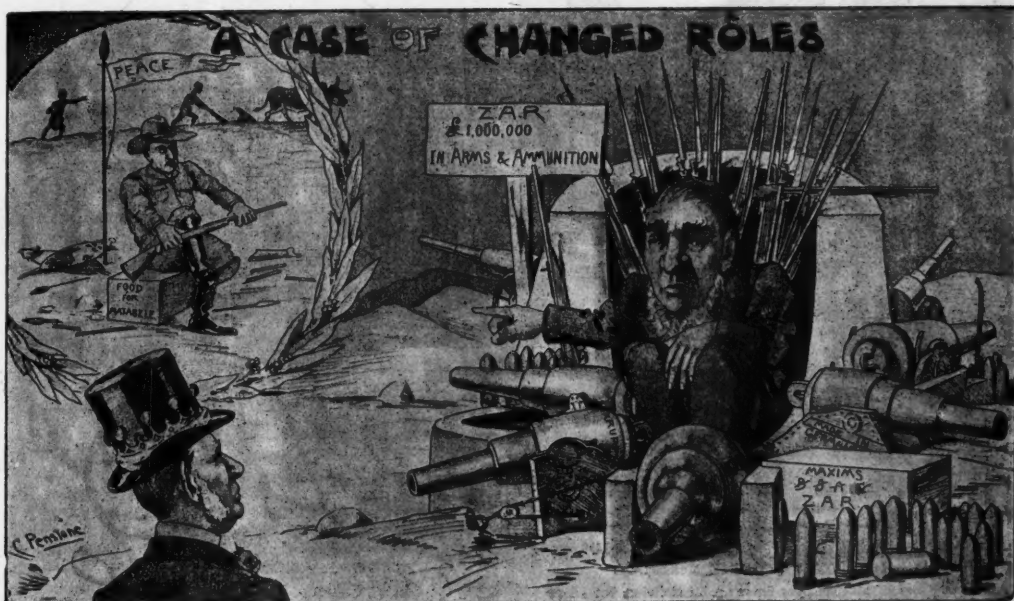
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JUICE

CARICATURES.

V



From the Cape Times Weekly Edition.]

[September 2, 1896.

DOM PAUL (with effusion): "Glad to see your Excellency back again. Hope you'll look sharp after that fellow over there. He's a 'MENACE' to THE PEACE OF SOUTH AFRICA!"
 LORD ROSMEAD: "Humph! Seems to me the 'MENACE' is in another quarter just now!"



From the South African Telegraph.]

[August 22, 1896.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

PUSHFUL JOR: "Welcome, gentlemen! The Committee is now waiting to look over your papers."
 CECIL RHODES: "By Jove! This wretched cheque book can't always buy documentary evidence such as that old chap has got."

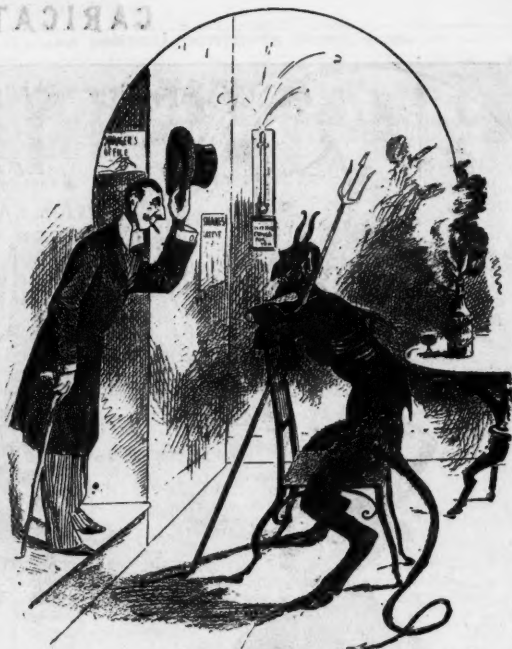


From Puck.]

[September 2, 1896.]

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From the Sydney Bulletin.]

[August 22, 1896.]

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VISITOR: "Where has he gone, may I ask?"

THE MANAGER: "To Westralia, as a mining expert!"



From Judge.]

[September 26, 1896.]

THE TEMPTATION.



From Kladderadatsch.]

[September 20, 1896.]

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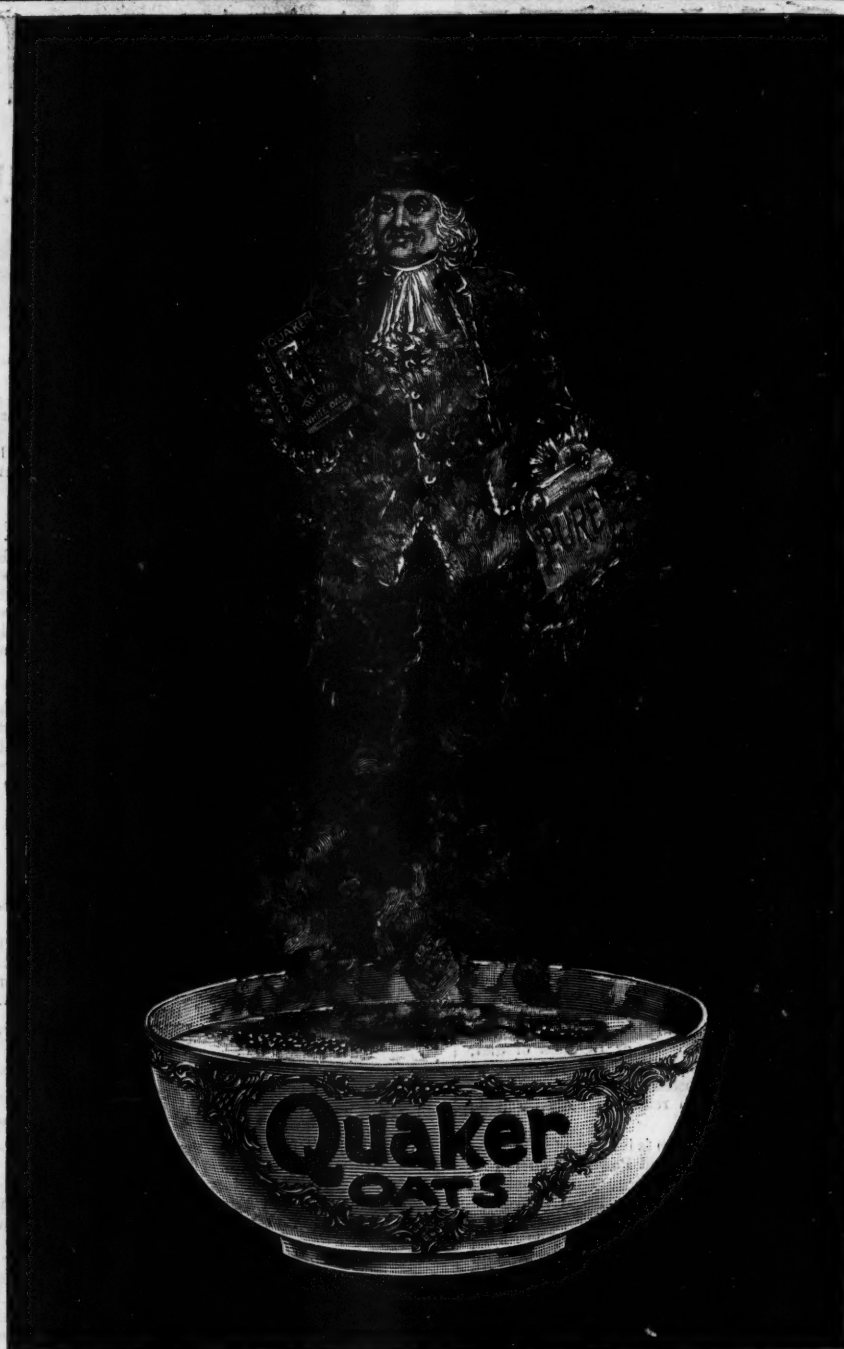
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"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."



From Kladderadatsch.]

[September 20, 1896.

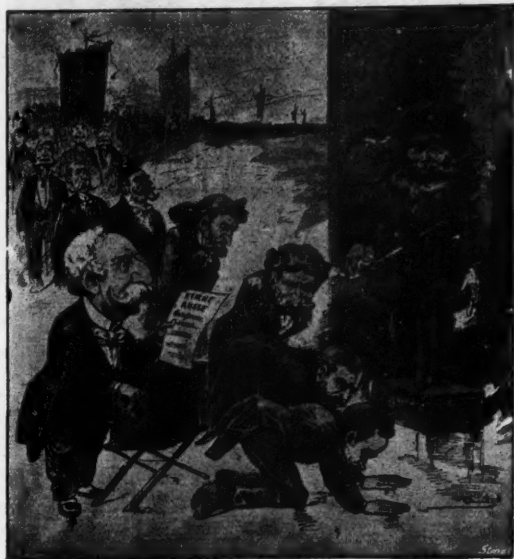
The sultana ice-cake creates suspense. If pieces are always cut away from the bottom, it is bound to fall. Who will bring it down? and which way will it fall?



From Kladderadatsch.]

[September 6, 1896.

SERVANT (rushing into the room): "You must get up, Madame. There is a fire in the East!"
EUROPE: "Let it burn! It was not necessary to wake me for that. The fire will extinguish itself when nothing is left to burn."



From Le Grelot.]

[September 13, 1896.

Lessons in deportment and—groveling!



From the South African Review.]

[August 12, 1896.

DECIDEDLY UN-CONVENTION-AL!

[The papers continue to circulate rumours that the Boers are about to declare Independence.—Vide Cables.]

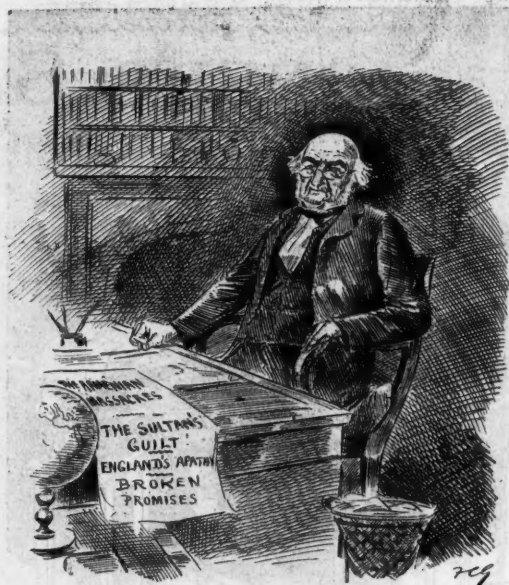


From the Westminster Budget.

[September 11, 1896.]

"WHAT! THE CITY DARK, AND MY ACCESSION DAY!"

"The Sultan was greatly moved by the refusal of the Ambassadors to illuminate the Embassies in honour of his Accession Day, and sent his Minister of Foreign Affairs to remonstrate with them upon this unfriendly omission."—Telegram from Constantinople, September 3, 1896.



From the Westminster Budget.

[September 18, 1896.]

OH! FOR AN HOUR OF GLADSTONE!

"Is it to be left to an old man in the evening of his days to rouse England to these horrors? Shall I?"



From the Westminster Budget.

[September 18, 1896.]

WAKING UP TO THE SITUATION.

THE SULTAN: "I wonder whether he means it! It really looks like it this time."



From Fun.

[September 15, 1896.]

COMPLICITY.

For INDEX TO ADVERTISERS, see page ii.; and GENERAL CONTENTS INDEX, page xv.

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From *Il Papagallo*.]

AN ITALIAN VIEW.

[September 27, 1896.

The English Salisbury, assisted by the dogs of irredentism, offers to kick the goose of the East, but it is difficult for such a stout man. If he fails, he will get laughed at by those who know the inconveniences which the goose may cause should the blow prove fatal.

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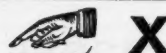
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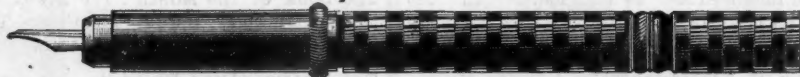
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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, *October 1st, 1896.*

The Queen.

Her Majesty has now broken all records. No one before her has ever occupied the English throne for so long a period. The third Henry, Edward and George, who with Henry VI. reigned longest of our sovereigns, were all distanced on the 23rd ult., when Queen Victoria passed the landmark which marked the duration of her grandfather's reign. Her Majesty will not complete her sixtieth year of queenship until June next, when, if all goes well, there will be throughout her world-encircling Empire a celebration befitting an occasion so auspicious and unique. The prayer of the National Anthem has been answered in her case, with the result that there is a much more general disposition to cry Amen to its sturdy petitions than there was when she came to the throne. We have had sixty years of her sovereignty, and we are still not satisfied. We ask for more. For we shall never have a better sovereign, or one whose reign will leave a more dazzling record in the annals of our race.

The King.

We have indeed grown so accustomed to think of the monarch as the Queen, that it will be awkward indeed, when the time comes—and may it be far distant—when we shall have to speak once again of the King. England has prospered so well under its female sovereigns that many are disposed to think it would be well if we never could have any other. Of course no one seriously thinks of passing such an inverted Salic law, but so great is the force of use and wont, and so much more splendid have been our national achievements under Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria than under our kings, that there would be a distinct sense of satisfaction experienced if it could be

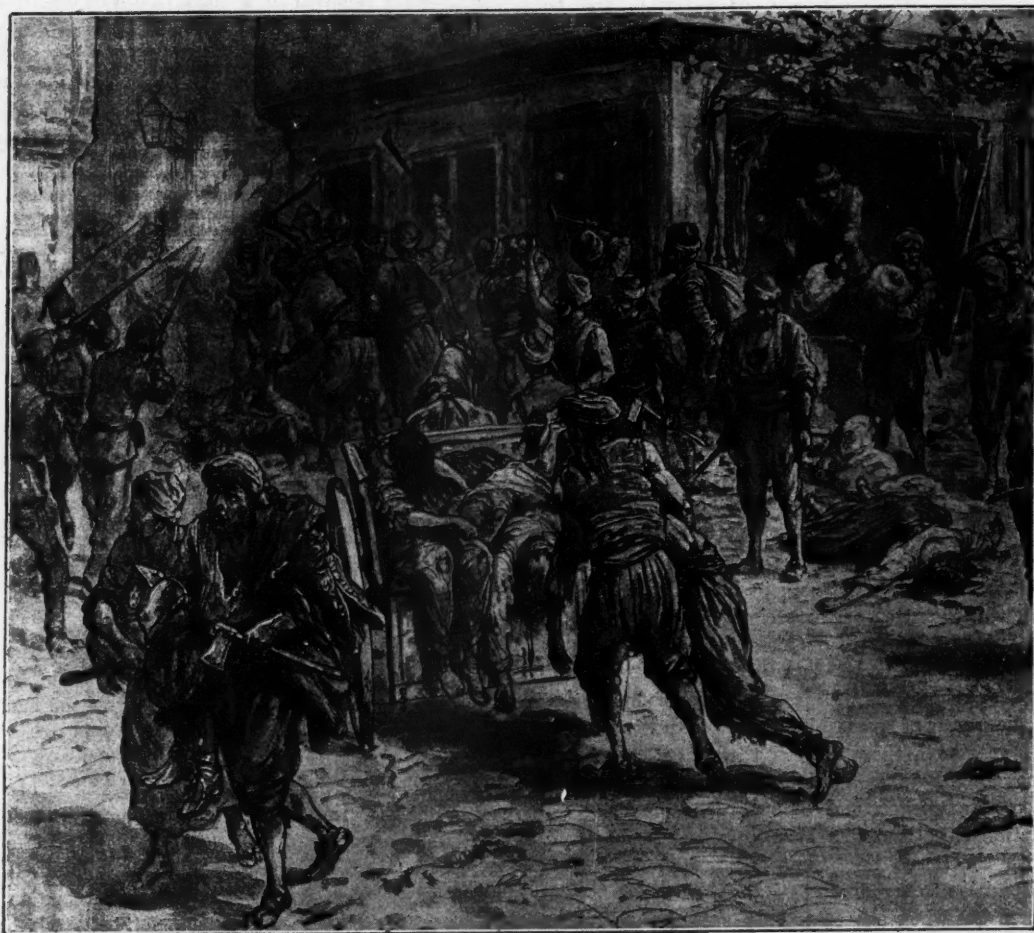
decreed by the fates that for the English throne in the future no man need apply. There is no disparagement in this to the Heir Apparent, who his intimates say will probably make as good a sovereign as a king can be. But not even an Act of Parliament can make him into a queen.

The Tsar.

It was an event of good omen that the month in which our Queen thus broke the record for length of reign—she had long before broken all previous records in every other field—found the Tsar her honoured guest at Balmoral. Up there in the Scotch Highlands one roof sheltered the two potentates upon whom Destiny has conferred the overlordship of the Asiatic continent. England and Russia (unlimited) is the name of the firm charged with the liquidation of the affairs of that bankrupt continent, which once dominated the world, and when the heads of the firm met to talk things over in friendly fashion in the holiday home of the Queen, all friends of peace and progress rejoiced. What came of it, whether anything of immediate practical result will come of it, no one at this moment can say. But nothing but good can come of the deepening and strengthening of the intimate personal tie which binds the oldest and the youngest occupants of Imperial thrones. In the intimate and affectionate relations that exist between Nicholas II. and his wife, and Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, lies one of the best securities for the peace and tranquillity of the world.

The Republic.

France, which before these pages see the light will have passed through the thrilling experience of acclaiming the Autocrat of all the Russias as the virtual Dictator



THE MASSACRES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—ATTACK ON AN ARMENIAN HOUSE.

of the Republic, has no such personal link to supplement the evanescent cobweb that may be spun by the Ministers who occupy the Quai D'Orsay to-day and to-morrow are seen no more. Not so long ago the spectacle of the Tsar being received by the whole French nation as if he had been a Divine Figure from the North delivering a province from the yoke of the Turk would have created some alarm in Berlin and in London. To-day Europe looks on without even a thrill of uneasiness. For it is understood now, even by those who professed at first to see in the Franco-Russian *entente* a menace to the peace of the Continent, that it was entered into not for war, but for peace. The Kaiser indeed is said to have harangued the Tsar at Breslau in this sense. France wished with a passionate longing to be afforded an excuse that

would satisfy her own *amour propre* for not embarking on the long threatened, but always postponed, war of revenge. The Russian alliance suited her down to the ground. It at once made her feel able to pose as equal in power and prestige to her German foe. But at the same time it supplied an absolute veto upon the war which every Frenchman dreads. Henceforth when any patriot howls for the *Revanche* an extinguisher is ready at hand. French Ministers now can say, whenever there are any difficulties to be smoothed over with Germany, and the Chauvinists clamour for war, "My dear patriots, I am with you, heart and soul. If the decision lay with me war could be declared to-night. But, you see, I must consult my partner Jorkins at St. Petersburg, and he won't hear of it. Not on any account. I am awfully sorry—quite in despair. But I've done my

best with Jorkins, and it's no go." So the Ministerial Spenlow in Paris will not declare war, and the Russian Jorkins will maintain his right to the proud title of the Prince of the Peace of Europe.

It is, however, neither the Queen nor the Tsar whose personality has commanded most attention this last month. Of all mortals, Abdul Hamid has just now succeeded in realising the ambition of Young's hero, of whom it was written—

Fain would he make the world his pedestal,
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure he.

No other figure has for the month loomed so black against the sky. The Sultan, whom Mr. Gladstone delights to call the Assassin, but of whom Lord Beaconsfield declared "his every impulse is good," must marvel somewhat at the excitement occasioned by what the Infidels of the West persist in calling the massacres of Constantinople. Similar measures of necessary severity he has ordered month after month any time these last two years, and there has been next to no outcry. Now that he has had a few thousands of these dogs of Giaours removed expeditiously and effectively from the city, whose tranquillity they endangered, all England is blazing with rhetorical pyrotechnics, and even the craven crew of ambassadors are waxing insolent. It must seem very strange to him. As strange as it would to us if the whole American Republic were to go into a frenzy of indignation because the London police consigned a fresh instalment of ownerless dogs to the lethal chamber at Battersea. Our police have extinguished the lives of some 40,000 innocent unfortunate fellow-creatures of the canine species in that way this year to the great advantage of the metropolis. And nobody in America has made a protest. How absurd it would be if, after having preserved an imperturbable silence over the 40,000, our cousins were to go into hysterics over the next batch of 5,000 doomed dogs. Such, we may depend upon it, are the reflections of Abdul the Damned, Lord Beaconsfield's Sultan of Good Impulses.

In a Midland Sunday school in olden days, the inventive genius of a superintendent devised a marvellously successful device for overawing the reckless and mischievous spirit of undisciplined youth. When any scholars persistently set authority at defiance, and noisily disturbed the solemn sedateness of the school, they were subjected to a discipline which appears to have been the original of the specific which our public has been attempting to apply to the Sultan. The rebel-

lious urchin, after admonition had been tried in vain, was solemnly removed to a class-room, in the centre of which he was compelled to stand, while a choir recruited from the school filed in and formed a circle round the room. When all were in their places, the choir struck up the lugubrious tune that was set to that famous old hymn written for the discouragement of the ungodly, which begins, "There is a dreadful Hell, Where sinners must with devils dwell." Over and over and over again rose and fell that fearsome chant, until cowed by the imminence of the fiery doom that awaited them, the stubborn rascal broke down and discipline was established. The British public all this month has been trying the plan of Coercion by Chorus on the Sultan. But so far the charm does not seem to work.

Last month there was a great lull in politics, every one was away taking holidays, and those who remained at home had no leisure, and took no interest in any other subject beyond the massacres in Turkey. We have had a great outburst of indignation, public meetings have been held everywhere, and if good, round, hard swearing from high and low in every key of profanity or of prayer could have settled the Eastern Question, then assuredly it had been settled this week. Unfortunately the influence of so much strong language has not been perceptible at Constantinople. The Sultan indeed appears to be impervious to argument or to persuasion other than that uttered by the Masters of many Legions, or the owners of ships that are not afraid to use their big guns. The wave of passionate indignation which has swept through the land has produced an astonishing fraternisation, the meetings in almost every case being addressed alternately by Liberals and Conservatives, while Churchmen and Dissenters vied with each other in expressing their detestation of a Sovereign who orders and carries out, with careful elaboration, the massacre of some 8,000 unarmed subjects at the very gates of his own Palace. Lord Rosebery has written and spoken, so have Mr. Bryce and Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Gladstone has emerged from his retirement at Hawarden to deliver once more a great philippic against the Turk. But the other leaders have been silent, and Ministers have hardly uttered a word. The one political event of the month has been the re-appearance of Mr. Gladstone on the platform. He spoke at Liverpool, at a meeting called to consider the Armenian question, and displayed all

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his usual fire, although some of his suggestions seemed hardly up to the mark of the national passionate indignation.

The arrest of Tynan, the Irish conspirator, who boasts that he was No. 1 in the gang that assassinated Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, created a momentary sensation which soon passed. Tynan and some confederates appear to have come to Europe from



P. J. TYNAN.

the United States for the purpose of directing from secure headquarters at Antwerp a new Campaign of Dynamite for the liberation of Ireland. Tynan and all his party were regularly shadowed by the police, who displayed somewhat of that sleuth-hound instinct of which there is more in novels than in Scotland Yard—until, the moment having arrived, they were all arrested. Tynan was at Boulogne, his lieutenant was in Glasgow, other confederates were seized in Belgium and Holland. It is not yet known whether Tynan can be extradited. The Phoenix Park affair was a political crime, and political offenders cannot be extradited. Tynan's arrest and exposure have, however, done more to discredit and efface him than his conviction and imprisonment could accomplish. For he stands revealed to every one as a drunken blatherskite and blunderer, the last man in the world to direct a real dynamite campaign. The free run of the saloon which his renown as No. 1 secured him all these years has in the end been his undoing.

If ever a stalwart Evangelical Protestant felt disposed in his life to cry "God Bless the Pope," it must have been when he perused the Pope's letter on Anglican Orders. At the same time, unless the Evangelical Protestant had even less of the milk of human kindness in him than is the allotted share of each mortal,

he must have felt a pang as he thought of the bitter distress the Bull has brought to Lord Halifax, and all those deluded but excellent persons who walk in a vain show, and spend their lives, trying to convince themselves and every one else that the Reformation in England was not intended to make a breach with Rome. The Pope, being an honest, brave man, who thoroughly understands his own position, has put his foot down upon all that nonsense with an absolutely inexorable decision. No one can read the Bull in which he traced with calm but inflexible logic the successive steps which severed the Anglican Church from the Roman communion without admiration. If the Church Association still exists, and is keenly alive to its own interests, it should reprint this Bull on Anglican Orders and circulate it broadcast in every parish where the clergyman manifests leanings towards Rome. It would, of course, be a very great thing and much to be desired, if Romans, Anglicans, and Greeks would agree to form one fold and reconstitute the unity of Christendom. But there is no sense in pretending that things are what they are not, and it is the first step towards a good understanding and a working arrangement, call it *modus vivendi* or what you please, that each communion knows exactly where it stands, and indulges in no hallucinations concerning its identity with other communions. Lord Halifax's mission to the Vatican was merely the last step of a long series, all intended to demonstrate, at any rate, a beginning of this unity with the Roman Church. But the Pope, at least, is more loyal to the Reformation than many of those who are its professed children. He points out the changes that were made in the Prayer Book at the time of the Reformation, insists upon the significance of the alterations, and re-affirms, in the most uncompromising fashion, the judgment previously pronounced by the Vatican, that Anglican Orders are absolutely and utterly null and void. From the point of view of the Latin Church, the much boasted Holy Orders of the Anglican clergy are worth no more and no less than the "orders," whatever they may be, of any dissenting preacher in the land.

When this attempt to realise Christian Unity on a false basis has failed, foiled by the plain commonsense and strict regard for historical truth which characterise the present Pontiff, another effort to promote Christian reunion is meeting with better success. I refer to the movement for the Federation of the Free Churches of Great Britain. The movement is

The
Federation
of
Free Churches.

but of yesterday, and yet already there are 270 Councils of Federation formed in various parts of the United Kingdom. The Secretary calculates that there are 8,000 of the Free Churches now federated together. This result is very satisfactory. The extreme dissidence of dissent and the reluctance of every Little Bethel to recognise its unity with the conventicle across the way belongs to a bygone age. Now, at least, Nonconformists are learning to find a bond of union in Nonconformity which is likely to bear good fruit. This winter special meetings are to be held throughout the length and breadth of the land. Missions, aiming at distinctly spiritual work, have been undertaken in many places, a Nonconformist catechism is being compiled, and in short the Nonconformists of this country are beginning to realise that they will be more successful if they act as a unit instead of squandering their strength by remaining as so many grains of sand.

The Iron Gates. Last month witnessed the official ceremony which advertised to the world the successful completion of the great engineering undertaking which has freed the Danube from its iron gates. A canal, five miles long, has been blasted out of the rocky bed of the river, rendering it possible for steamers to pass up and down with safety, where formerly the passage could only be made with the utmost difficulty and danger. Six years' constant labour sufficed to rid the channel of obstructions which have been the dread of sailors for a thousand years. But the chief importance of the operation lies in the fact that it increases to Austria the importance of her great Danubian waterway, the mouths of which are the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. The significance of the event was emphasised by the reception accorded to the Emperor-King in Roumania, and by the not less notable omission to invite the Prince of Bulgaria to

the festivities. Roumania lies like a long break-water of Latin rubble between the Slavonic seas in Russia and the Balkans.

The Occupation of Dongola. What would it cost, I wonder, to have similar navigable canals through the cataracts of the Nile? If all the money spent in Soudan wars had been used for that purpose, Khartoum would at this moment be as accessible to civilisation as Cairo. Unfortunately the soldier and not the engineer is still the pioneer along the Upper Nile. Last month the soldier, it must be admitted, did his work effectively enough.



THE SITUATION ON THE NILE

General Kitchener with his river steamers and 16,000 men of the Egyptian army struck his long expected blow at the Khalifa's force. The battle, if such it can be called, was fought on September 19th. The Dervishes held the west bank of the river, which they had lined with rifle-pits and protected by artillery. General Kitchener and his army were on the eastern bank out of range. The gunboats, advancing, were met with a storm of shot and shell. The latter, however, did not burst, being carefully served without fuses by the gunners, who were captives in chains compelled to work the guns by threats of instant death. The boats replied and retired, then advanced and retired again, watched meanwhile with eager impatience by the army compulsorily inactive on the other bank. After a time a ford was discovered by which it was found possible to carry a battery of artillery to an island in midstream which commanded the Dervishes' position. Its arrival decided the fight. After a few rounds the Dervishes, whose leader had been wounded, were in full flight, and the road to Dongola was clear. The gunboats went on at once, and were speedily followed by General Kitchener and his men, who are now in occupation of the fertile province, within three hundred miles of Khartoum. Their arrival was hailed with enthusiasm by the natives, who have been harried for years by the Khalifa, and General Kitchener felt so secure that he at once sent the South Staffordshire regiment back to Cairo. What he will do next he himself will decide, and the success he has already achieved will probably tempt him to feel southward to Khartoum.

It would seem probable that we shall be Mr. Rhodes. at Khartoum before Mr. Rhodes gets through to Uganda. The Matabele are, however, surrendering, and Rhodesia will before long be as tranquil as Natal. Marvellous indeed has been

the unshaken confidence with which Mr Rhodes has succeeded in inspiring the Rhodesians. It is told in the school-books as a proof of the indomitable faith of the Romans in the ultimate triumph of the Republic that the ground on which Hannibal's army was encamped found a ready purchaser in Rome in the darkest hours of the Republic's misfortunes. The same faith abounds in Rhodesia. There also

they never despaired of the Republic. The price of real estate in the regions overrun by rebels has not fallen. Values, indeed, have gone up during the war. Speculators in "Stands" in Bulawayo have sold for thousands what last year they bought for hundreds. Neither rinderpest nor rebellion has shaken the faith of these pioneers in the value of the land which Mr. Rhodes saved for the Empire. But the Rhodesians, black and white alike, know no other king but Rhodes. His prestige seems to shine all the brighter in Bulawayo because of the clouds which overhang it elsewhere.

The President Kruger is as little amenable as the Grand Turk of Abdul Hamid to the representations of the

friends of freedom. He keeps his two captives under lock and key, he has spent nearly a million sterling over arms and munitions of war, and he is securing laws from the Rand which will enable him to gag the press, to banish every Englishman whom he distrusts, and to confiscate to an indefinite extent the property

of the goldminers of the Rand. For the present we must just grin and bear it. We have made sufficient mistakes to deter us from action. It is now the turn of the Boer to make the inevitable blunders which will enable us to recover lost ground. The more he oppresses the Uitlander, the more chance there is of that interesting settler asserting his rights with resolution, and, if need be, by revolution. But, for the present, we must play a waiting game. Colonel Rhodes and the officers convicted of aiding and abetting the insurrection have been permitted to



From the Cape Times.]

[September: 23, 1896.

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS
RENOWNED THAN WAR."

retire from the army with allowances. But we have not heard the last of their case. They did not cross the Transvaal frontier of their own motion. The Acting Administrator of Matabeleland, who was for them the representative of the Imperial authority, ordered them in, and they went in all good faith, believing they were but the vanguard of the red-coats who were to consummate the union of South Africa.

Committee of Missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, who are to act as a kind of tribunitian board for the natives, to report any misdeeds on the part of the officials, and generally to promote the interests of humanity. It is quite charming. Here is the State appealing to the Church to keep an eye on the administration in order to prevent its officials practising the cruelties of the savages they were appointed



MR. RHODES ON THE VELDT.

They were mistaken, no doubt, but they had no means of knowing that the Home Government was misrepresented by its own representatives.

Church and
Stat in
Congo land.

It is satisfactory to see that, at last, the King of the Belgians, moved by the outcry of the civilised world against the atrocities of which his agents on the Congo have been guilty, has taken steps to check their repetition. His expedient is ingenious. He has appointed a

to civilise. The Roman bishop is Chairman, and the Jesuit and Baptist sit side by side. Would that Parliament would give a charter to the ministers of religion in every town in this land to act as a permanent corporation charged with the duty of keeping our local administrators up to the Christian standard. King Leopold has at least taken a step towards the realisation of the reunion of Christendom in his African Empire.

The Weather.

After a summer of extraordinary sunshine and brightness, last month was extremely wet. A long-continued downpour of rain has ruined the harvest in many districts, and I regret to hear very bad news from Ireland as to the result of this inclement weather. The rain and the wind came together with almost unprecedented violence, and it was felt all the more, coming as it did after a summer of almost unprecedented brilliance. We escaped the tornados which rent Paris and Savannah, but we had all the wind and rain we could do with, and a little over.



From the New York Journal.

[August 19, 1896.]

A WALL STREET VIEW OF THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES.

The Customs Union.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce, at their meeting last month, poured cold water upon Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. On the other hand, it has met with sympathetic support from Mr. Laurier, the new Premier of Canada, who, however, gives a prior place in his programme to a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

The British Association.

The Meeting of the British Association at Liverpool last month passed without notable or sensational incident. Sir Joseph Lister, the president, devoted his address, as was right and natural, to a sketch of the progress made in medicine and surgery by the discovery of antiseptics—a discovery with which his own name is honourably associated. Mr. Flinders Petrie read a paradoxical paper maintaining that reading and writing, instead of being the great instruments of culture, were responsible for the crippling of the mind. The scientific picnic of the year has seldom yielded less amusement for the general public, and one feels more and more the lack of a lucid intelligible survey of the progress of scientific discovery in all fields. Science is so specialised and scientists tend to become such Brahmins that the ignorance of the average man

seems likely to become denser the more minutely the field of knowledge is surveyed.

Lord Aberdeen and Sir C. Tupper.

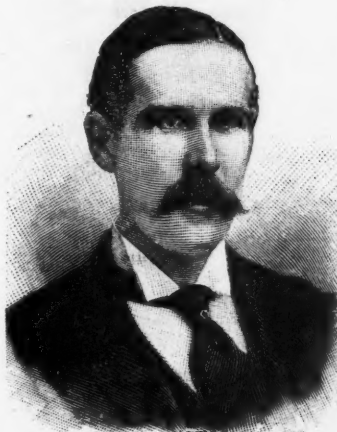
It is satisfactory to see that Lord Aberdeen has had the courage to brave the wrath of Sir Charles Tupper and the retiring Ministers rather than consent to the scandalous and colossal conglomerate of indefensible jobs with which they proposed to leave office. A reasonable amount of patronage and promotion within the limits of the law and tradition is allowed to outgoing Cabinets, but Sir Charles Tupper's proposals passed all bounds, and Lord Aberdeen vindicated his office by refusing to assent to them. The Governor-General no doubt tends to approximate to the position of an English monarch, but at present he is still invested with the functions of an umpire in a cricket match. He is bound to see fair play between parties, and Lord Aberdeen's action, although it provoked an outcry from the defeated jobbers, will be approved by the sober second thought of the English-speaking race.

The contest for the American Presidency continues with unabated vigour, but as I quote at considerable length my American colleague's account of the situation it is unnecessary to enter upon that field here.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

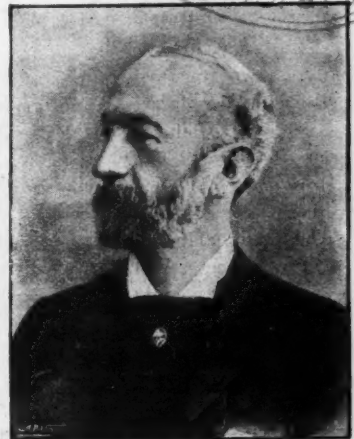
1. An Italian Squadron in South American Waters, re-established by King Humbert. Convention of the Irish race was opened at Dublin.
The finding of gold in Newfoundland caused great excitement.
British Consul at Manila telegraphed to Hong Kong for assistance.
New Sultan of Zanzibar announced his accession to the Throne.
Annual Conference of the Iron and Steel Institute opened at Bilbao.
Five thousand Armenians reported massacred the preceding week.
The Conference of the Institute of Journalists was convened at Belfast.



MR. W. CONYNGHAM GREENE.

The New British Political Agent in the Transvaal.
(Photograph by Bassano).

2. Annual Congress of the Sanitary Institute opened by the Duke of Cambridge at New-castle-on-Tyne.
Programme of Reforms agreed to by the Sultan.
3. The Porte announced that persons connected with the recent outbreaks in Constantinople will be tried by an extraordinary Tribunal.
Senator Palmer nominated for President of the United States by the Sound Money Democrats.
4. The Annual Convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain was held in Dublin.
5. Editors of two Cairo Journals were imprisoned and fined for gross attacks on Queen Victoria.
The Arctic steam yacht *Windward* arrived in the Thames.
A scheme for the settlement of the School Question which satisfies the Dominion Government approved by the Manitoba Council.
6. The chief Cretan Insurgents declared their satisfaction with the reforms suggested by the Powers.
Dr. Gallagher was put in a strait-jacket in a Sanatorium on Long Island.
Trade Union Congress opened in Edinburgh.
6. Chief Makoni was tried by Court Martial and shot by order of Major Watts.
8. The Clyde Engineering Dispute settled.
Musical Festival of the Three Choirs opened at Worcester.
9. Dr. Nansen arrived at Christiania, where the King decorated him with the Grand Cross of St. Olaf.
Sixteen officers who deserted to assist the Cretans were sentenced to death at Athens.
Mr. Bryan accepted his nomination as Presidential Candidate of the National Silver Party.
10. Mr. T. S. Stick, manager of a colliery at Hanley, was suffocated by "Black Damp."
Paris swept by a hurricane.
11. A Resolution demanding the abolition of child labour until 15 years of age, was passed at Edinburgh by the Trade Union Congress.
Proclamation of the New Reforms was issued by the Governor-General of Creta.
Georgi Pasha Berovitch reappointed Governor-General of Creta.
Publication of the Text of the Collective Note addressed to the Porte.
12. Major Tennant's Column after severe fighting destroyed Simbanou's kraal.
13. Ten thousand persons attended the Agrarian Conference in Vienna.
14. Notorious Dynamiters arrested in Rotterdam, Boulogne, and Glasgow.
Li Hung Chang sailed from Vancouver for Hong-Kong.
Ambassadors met in Constantinople to consider methods of protecting Foreign Residents.
15. Army officers who were convicted at Bow Street were allowed to retire from the Service.
Associated Chambers of Commerce assembled at Southampton.
A Resolution calling on the Government to make the London County Council the Water Authority for London was adopted by the Reform Union.
Mr. Tom Mann was expelled from Hamburg, where he had expected to address a meeting of seamen and dock labourers.
15. The States-General of Holland opened by the Queen-Regent.
Several panics occurred in Constantinople.
16. Annual Meeting of the British Association convened at Liverpool.
Port of London Docks, Wharves, Warehouses and Granaries Association declined to agree to the proposals made by the International Federation of Ships, Dock and River Workers.
Tailoring Trade Dispute settled favourably to the men.
Troops all concentrated at Fereig.
Mr. Laurier announced that the Government would soon endeavour to negotiate a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States.
Six hundred Armenians killed at Kharpout.
17. The Seventh Peace Congress opened at Budapest.
Letters declaring Ordinations according to the Anglican Rite invalid issued by the Pope.
Matabele chiefs were warned to evacuate the hills within ten days, or hostilities would be resumed.
Steamer *Three Friends* seized at Jacksonville, Florida.
Umtegeza defeated at Fort Charter.
International Agricultural Congress convened in Budapest.
19. Mr. H. Howard, Secretary of Embassy at Paris, was appointed Minister at the Hague; Mr. Le Marchant Gosselin, Secretary of Embassy at Berlin, was made Secretary of Embassy at Paris.
New paper currency in Cuba met with strong opposition.
Troops occupied German.
A Deputation waited upon the Mayor of Liverpool to ask him to convene a town meeting.
20. Meeting held in Manchester in connection with the Armenian agitation.
Many public meetings touching the Armenians held throughout the country.
Miss Frances Willard exhorted Americans to help the Armenians.
Dongola entered by the troops.
21. Three Thousand Striking Miners attacked two Mines at Leadville.
A Decree confiscating the Property of Insurgents was issued by the Governor of the Philippines.
22. The Emperor and Empress of Russia arrived at Leith.
Women's Congress opened in Berlin.
London Cabmen passed Resolutions approving a strike against the Privilege System in force at most Railway Stations.
23. To-day the Queen's Reign is the longest in the History of Great Britain.
Meetings denouncing the Armenian Atrocities were held throughout Great Britain.
Dongola taken by the Troops.
24. Mr. Gladstone appealed to the Country to deliver the Armenians.
Colonel Sir H. H. Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, was promoted to a Major-General.
26. The Peary Expedition returned to Sydney from Greenland.
International Anti-Masonic Congress assembled at Vienna.
27. Navigable Channel through the Iron Gates at Orsova on the Danube declared open by the Emperor-King.



MR. ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D., C.B.

Director of the Criminal Investigation Department.
(Photograph by W. G. Moore, Dublin.)

28. Serious Fighting for three days reported from Fort Salisbury.
29. Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips was elected Lord Mayor of London.
The Congregational Union at Leicester passed Resolutions congratulating the Queen on her long reign.
30. Resolutions deploring the Armenian Massacres were passed by the Worcester and Peterborough Diocesan Conferences.
Commercial Treaty between France and Italy formally signed in Paris.
The Mazoe District pronounced free from Rebels.

SPEECHES.

- Sept. 2. Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden, on the Faculty of Music.
4. Sir W. Maxwell, at Manchester, on Ashanti.



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

(Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

5. Lord Londonderry, at Stockton-on-Tees, on the Release of the Dynamiters.
8. Mr. John Redmond, at Dublin, on the Leaders of the Anti-Parnellite Party.
13. M. Björnson, at Christiania, on the Influence of Dr. Nansen's Exploits.
16. Sir Joseph Lister, at Liverpool, on the Interdependence of Science and the Healing Art.
- Mr. Brodick, at Sbere, on the House of Commons and Army Legislation.
17. Sir John Gorst, at Colchester, on the Preservation of the Voluntary Schools.
19. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at Dublin, on the Irish Church.
21. Earl Spencer, at Rugby, on the Armenian Atrocities.
- Mr. Bryce, at Manchester, on the Armenian Massacres.
23. The Bishop of Carlisle, at Carlisle, on the Pope's Letter denying the Validity of Anglican Orders.
- Mr. Bayard, at Liverpool, on the President of the United States.
24. Mr. Gladstone, at Liverpool, on the Deliverance of the Armenians.
- The Bishop of Oxford, at Oxford, on Some Bills of the Last Session.
25. Lord Rosebery, at Paisley, on the Enthusiasm of Burns.
28. Cardinal Vaughan, at Hanley, on the Pope's Letter on Anglican Orders.
30. Sir Edward Clarke, at Plymouth, on the Armenian Question.
- Bishop of Peterborough, at Northampton, on the Revision of the Educational System.
- Lord Cross, at Shipley, on Social Progress during Her Majesty's Reign.
- Sir Walter Foster, at Nottingham, on Pauperism.

22. Katharina Klafsky, singer, 31.
23. Sir John Erichsen, surgeon, 78.
Gilbert L. Duprez, singer, 90.
24. Baron Louis de Geer, ex-Premier of Sweden, 78.
Sir Geo. Henry Humphry, Professor of Surgery at Cambridge, 76.
26. Edward Lavington Oxenham, British Consul in China.
Frederick Holmwood, Consul-General at Smyrna.
27. Sir George Morrison, 45.
Fred Barnard, book illustrator, 50.
33. Rev. John Gibson Cazenore, Sub-Dean and Chancellor of St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

DEATHS ANNOUNCED.

- Rev. John Fitzgerald, 66.
Professor J. R. L. Delboeuf, hypnotist, 58.
Mme. Else Schmieden (E. Juncker), novelist.

OBITUARY.

- Sept. 2. Major-General Roger S. Batson, 83.
5. Sir Joseph A. Crowe, late British Commercial Attaché for Europe, 71.
7. Frederick Pitman, Writer to the Signet.
William E. Whittingham, Chairman of Directors of London Missionary Society.
8. M. Pierre Dustin, Councillor, 52.
9. Sir Wm. J. Moore, Honorary Physician to the Queen, 68.
D. Boyle Hope, Sheriff Principal of Roxburgh.
The Very Rev. Prior Jerome Vaughan.
John A. Boase, 95.
10. Prince Chas. Egon Hohenlohe, 42.
Rev. Henry B. Reynolds, President of Cheshunt College, 71.
James Lewis, actor.
Gilbert R. Betjemann, violinist, 31.
11. Olaf Landsen, Norwegian novelist, 37.
W. M. Makepeace, chorister, 76.
Professor J. E. C. Munro, 47.
12. Olaf Larsson, ex-Leader of the Swedish Agrarian Party, 58.
13. Sir George F. Vernon, 62.
Major-General Francis J. T. Ross, 63.
14. Chas. C. Earle, journalist, 31.
Edmund H. W. Beilairs, Vice-Consul at Biarritz, 73.
15. Mrs. Thurston, Nurse and Housekeeper to the Queen, 86.
Professor Phister, actor, 87.
Miss Eleanor E. Smith, linguist, 74.
16. Arthur J. Wood, barrister-at-law, 75.
Henry T. Rivaz, Judge of the Chief Court, Lahore.
20. Father Dufferley, S.J.
21. Right Hon. George Denman, 76.
The Venerable Archdeacon Farell.



THE LATE PRINCE LOBANOFF.

Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

- James Dare, organist, 75.
Rev. George G. C. Talbot, 85.
Senator Palmieri, Director of the Vesuvius Observatory, 89.
Vital Cuniet, Secretary of the Ottoman Debt Commission.
Victor Lagye, Professor at the Antwerp Institute of Fine Arts, 71.
Dr. Jules Rochard, 76.
M. Hippolyte Fizeau, scientist.
Fran Caroline Fischer-Achten, singer, 91.
Emmanuel Reuner, painter, 60.
M. Paul Kalligas, jurist, 82.
Vice-Admiral Roussin, 75.



CHARACTER SKETCH.

MRS. JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.*

"Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,

Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return;

Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God!"

Matthew Arnold.

I.—THE DISCOVERER OF A LOST ATLANTIS.

IT is one of the traditions of the human race that there was once a great continent named Atlantis, which stood somewhere between the Old World and the New. Long æons ago it was overwhelmed by some cataclysm, and all trace of Atlantis utterly perished from the world. To this day, however, it is said there emerge from time to time adventurous explorers who, penetrating almost web-footed through the floating vegetation of the Sargasso Sea, claim to have come upon more or less distinct traces of the continent that was destroyed for the sins of its people. Vague, contradictory as these rumours are, they encourage a hope that one day, some hero, combining in his own person the gifts of a Livingstone and a Layard, may rediscover the lost Atlantis, and restore the vanished continent to mankind.

It is the peculiar glory of Mrs. Butler that to her was reserved, in this century, the task of rediscovering a segment of humanity which, until she arose, had been almost as completely submerged from human ken as the continent of Atlantis. No Sargasso Sea of drifting morass and floating forest could conceal behind a more impenetrable barrier the surviving peaks of the sunken continent than the suspicion, the prejudice, and the selfishness by which fallen women were fenced off from their kind. It was assumed tacitly by most good people, and openly asserted by most of those who were not good, that women who, from whatever cause, had failed to preserve their chastity, thereupon sank for ever into the abyss. This doctrine, which may perhaps be somewhat extreme in the case of a single lapse from the straight

path, was asserted unhesitatingly in relation to all women who, whether driven to it by sheer starvation or the impossibility of regaining a foothold among the

respectable, had made a living out of their frailty. The women of the town, it was declared, were outcast, disinherited, excommunicate—things rather than women. And as a proof that this is no exaggeration, the Administration, in some cases acting through its executive, in others through the legislature, doomed them to life-long slavery, and destroyed by law or by ordinance their claim to the most sacred and inalienable of all human rights—the right to their own persons and their own liberty.

Then Josephine Butler arose, and of her own knowledge, born of much painful and terrible exploration of the Sargasso Sea of this Under World, bore testimony to all men that human hearts still were to be found even in this lost Atlantis of State-regulated vice, and that woman did not lose the indestructible divinity of her sex even when she had made of it merchandise in order to procure her daily bread. It was an achievement the full significance of which few adequately appreciate. But it is one for which all those who realise, however dimly, the indescribable horrors that ensue whenever the doors of justice and liberty are barred against any

section of the race, must for ever hold her blessed.

This volume of "Personal Reminiscences" reminds us of much more than what Mrs. Butler recalls. The Great Crusade of which she speaks was primarily a crusade against the State patronage of prostitution. But it had its roots in the discovery which Mrs. Butler had made of the essential and indestructible womanhood of the prostitute. M. Vigliani, an Italian who a quarter of a century since held high office in Rome, said to Mrs. Butler, "A woman



FROM A BUST OF MRS. BUTLER.

* "Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade." By Josephine E. Butler. London: Horace Marshall and Son. 7s. 6d. Pp. 409.

who has once lost chastity has lost every good quality. She has from that moment all the vices. Once unchaste she has all the vices." M. Vigliani therein merely expressed the doctrine which is the antithesis of Mrs. Butler's discovery. In Geneva a pious Pharisee called on her, who argued strenuously in favour of the doctrine that prostitutes cannot be regarded any longer as women. "When I pleaded for pity," writes Mrs. Butler, "M— said, 'Bah! what does it matter. A few women, so very few.'"

The whole essence of the C. D. Acts and of the State regulation of prostitution is based upon the belief that womanhood perishes with virginity, unless the marriage ceremony has been duly performed. To enslave human beings having at last become repugnant to the conscience of Christendom, it was necessary as a preliminary to enslaving any class first to read it out of the pale of humanity with bell, book and candle. Once deny the human nature of any section of the community and the door is opened to every excess of cruelty. If they are not human we can crimp them as cod, boil them as lobsters, bleed them slowly to death like calves, vivisection them as guineapigs, or, worse still, we can place them under the control of the police surgeons of prison houses of ill-fame licensed and patronised by the State. And no one shall say us nay. They have ceased to be human.

Vice is bad enough even when it is the free choice of free men. It is infinitely more odious when it is enforced by law and made the livelihood of slaves. Prostitution in England is purgatory, on the Continent it is hell—with the doctor and the policeman sitting at its gates, much as Milton pictured Sin and Death at the entrance of the Pit. That the servitude of the regulated, police-licensed, doctor-inspected institution is not exaggerated, may be seen from the following passage from a book written by an enthusiastic French doctor, who, in his zeal for his craft, proposed that all fallen women should be examined surgically every morning, as a kind of family worship to the goddess Hygeia. It is true, says this authority, that women detest this degrading ordeal. But what does that matter?—

Their will is annihilated before the will of the Administration. Their rôle, their part in life, becomes absolutely passive from the hour that they cross the threshold of the *maison tolérée*. They have renounced all free will, and there is nothing left for them but to obey. . . . They no longer belong to themselves, but become merely the chattels of the Administration. They are cut off not from society only, but from heaven, from hope, and from the power to repent.

It was because Mrs. Butler, from her own personal knowledge of the class thus exiled from the pale of humanity, knew that even in their shame they retained the imperishable divinity of womanhood, that she flung herself with all the passion of her nature into the crusade against the system, over the shattered ruins of which some Anglo-Indians do not cease to shed unavailing tears.

It is well that this volume of "Reminiscences" should appear at the moment when the often-defeated enemy appears to be considering whether or not he should make a desperate rally to regain the position from which he was dispossessed after nearly thirty years' hard fighting. And it is always well to be reminded of the continued existence amongst us of one who has done as much as any other living person to revive that faith in humanity which lies at the basis of all confidence in God.

Hence in reviewing the book of Mrs. Butler's "Reminiscences of the Crusade," I shall fall naturally into

recounting some reminiscences of Mrs. Butler, and so I throw the notice of her latest book into the shape of a Character Sketch rather than of a Review. But a Character Sketch is not a biography, and I shall try to keep within the narrow limits within which the chroniclers of her work are compelled to walk, owing to Mrs. Butler's extreme dislike to personal articles about herself.

II.—REMINISCENCES OF THE BEGINNING.

"It is thus that God works," said an Italian lady after meeting Mrs. Butler. "When He designs some great reform, He plants a deep conviction in the soul of one of His servants, who appears to the world as a fanatic." A fanatic, if you please, but also a woman of exquisite womanliness, the secret of whose success was the intensity of her sympathy; a prophetess with a burning message to the men and women of this generation. Such a personality is too rare and too valuable to be permitted the luxury of concealment.

THE CAUSE INCARNATED.

Nor indeed is it possible to write of the Crusade without reference to its Peter the Hermit, without whom it becomes, indeed, unintelligible and comparatively uninteresting. It is the personality of Mrs. Butler which gives the key to the whole movement and differentiates it from all other movements of the kind. Speaking of the Crusade in her "Reminiscences," Mrs. Butler says:—

It is generally allowed that this has been one of the most vital movements of Christian times, affecting, in its inner meaning and influence, the sources of all that is wholesome, just, and good in human life; and destined in the shock of its encounter with some of the worst evils of society, to become a purifying and ultimately victorious power. Our long years of labour and conflict ought, indeed, not to be forgotten. A knowledge of, and a reverence for, the principles for which we have striven ought to be kept alive, for these principles are very far from being even yet so clearly recognised as that our children and our children's children may not be called upon to rise again and again in their defence.

THE ROOT OF THE CRUSADE.

That is true, and very true. But "the principles for which we have striven" can be in no way so efficiently kept alive as by an understanding of the root from which they sprang. That root was the passionate revolt—in no person incarnate so completely as in Mrs. Butler—against the dehumanising of any class. There are those who imagine that the Crusade was in its essence an aspiration after greater purity of life. They are mistaken. That, no doubt, was one of the tributary rills which fed the parent stream. But the Crusade from first to last was not a struggle for ideal purity. It was a campaign for justice—a resolute revolt against the doctrine that the moral shortcomings of the individual justified the State in denying to him or to her the inalienable rights of a human being. A parallel instance will explain and illustrate this. The Northern armies who crushed the Confederacy in America were not primarily fighting for the abolition of slavery. The Abolitionist sentiment swelled their ranks and contributed to their success, but their one object was the maintenance of the Union and the denial of any right in any authority whatever to separate any of the federated States from the Union. So Mrs. Butler fought for Humanity one and indissoluble, waging war not primarily against incontinence and vice, but against the attempt to deny to the victims of these vices their privileges as citizens, their rights as human beings.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

A CAMPAIGN FOR JUSTICE.

Mrs. Butler says quite truly, "It may surprise some of my readers to learn that the first great uprising against legalised vice had much less of the character of the 'revolt of a sex' than has been often supposed." It was as a citizen of a free country first, and as a woman secondly, that I felt compelled to come forward in the defence of the right." The Crusade was essentially a cry for "equal justice." "The very idea of justice, justice in the abstract," she wrote in 1883, "appears to be a thing past the comprehension of many persons. England has forgotten, to some extent, the sound traditions by which we are taught to apply to all alike the great principles of justice and of the common law. Stronger than all bodily needs, deeper even than love of kindred and country and of freedom itself, lies buried in the heart of man the desire for justice." But there is hardly a principle of justice that was not outraged by the Regulation System. If it was not the sum of all villainies, it was the climax of all injustice, and the public proclamation of outlawry against a class, arbitrarily selected for excommunication, not because of their own guilt, but for the sake of the convenience of their more guilty accomplices.

THE BENEDICTION OF THE APOSTLES OF LIBERTY.

Mrs. Butler was not alone in regarding the C. D. Acts as the defiant challenge by the forces of evil of all that was most sacred in the English Constitution. In her new book she publishes letters from Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and others, which show that the vital significance of the protest against the creation of a slave class was plainly perceived by the leaders of the people in every land. Mazzini from the first gave the cause his warmest support. To him the legislation was a fatal retrocession in English justice, introducing the worst feature of American slavery into England, and sanctioning the immoral doctrine of the natural subjection of one-half the human race as *corpora vilia* who may be sacrificed for the benefit, real or imaginary, of the other half. He regarded this question as "inseparably linked with the gravest problems which weigh upon society at the present day." John Stuart Mill shared the views of Victor Hugo and Mazzini; and William Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer of slave emancipation in America, hailed the movement as "one of the most remarkable uprisings against unjust, criminal, and immoral legislation ever witnessed."

LIBERTY—A LAMENT

Yet Mrs. Butler feels compelled in her "Reminiscences" to utter a pathetic lament over the extent to which the ancient constitutional principles of English liberty have been obscured by the fetish of Socialistic State worship. She says:—

It is to those principles, and to the successive noble struggles for their preservation, that England owes, in a large measure, her greatness; if indeed we may venture to use that word. Those principles I have ever believed, and continue to believe, have their foundation in the Ethics of Christ; and therefore it is that they have endured so long, and prevailed against repeated and violent attacks. But they are being lost to us now. Slowly, gradually, they have ceased to be respected. They do not readily flow on alongside of all the Democratic tendencies of our times. All political parties alike, it seems to me, now more or less regard those principles as out of date, old-fashioned, impossible as a basis of action. My heart is sorrowful as I record this conviction. I recall the past of our country's history, with its loyalty and love for those great constitutional principles for which patriots have suffered and died, and for which we, in our struggle, were also ready to

suffer and die. I contrast that loyalty and that love with the present prevailing loose notions concerning the worth of the individual, the sacredness of the human person, and of liberty. As I do so it seems to me that I am standing by the side of a bier, and looking on the face of a dead friend.

This is perhaps too mournful a view to take of the present passion for protective legislation. Mrs. Butler would be the first to deny that in relation to the great question, the equality of justice for men and women before the law, there has been any retrogression. On the contrary, there is no party or school of politics at home or abroad that so consistently and so persistently demands equality of justice and equality of rights for both sexes as the Socialists, whose devotion to their fetish fills Mrs. Butler with misgivings.

HER SYMPATHY WITH THE DISINHERITED.

To understand Mrs. Butler, however, it is necessary to grasp the point that it was a mere accident—if we may so speak—that her movement tended in favour of women and of purity. Women happened to be the victims, and they were being enslaved in the interest of vice. Hence the direction of Mrs. Butler's crusade. But she was almost as keen in her advocacy of revolt whenever she saw, or thought she saw, liberty and justice in danger. Her utterances in favour of the Irish, of the Soudanese, of the victims of Trafalgar Square, and of the Hindoos were almost as emphatic as those on behalf of the white slaves of the Police des Mœurs. It was this element in her which led her to exercise such an inexhaustible patience on my behalf, for she was good enough to regard me from of old as not so much a person as a kind of journalistic speaking-trumpet for the oppressed. She wrote to me once:—

I don't care myself what occasional errors you may lean towards; you are on the side of the people—the poor, the misunderstood, and those who have no helpers. The respectable, and even the Christian folks seem to me to be so much eaten up by their own privileges and self-interest that they have little or no compassion for the disinherited of earth. I thank you, and bless you from my heart of hearts for the stand you take, and because you care for the disinherited.

HER DISTRUST OF CENTRALISATION.

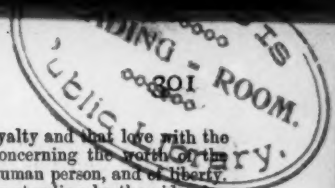
That was the note of all Mrs. Butler's work. She was on the side of the disinherited, and that she is not a Socialist is due solely to her bitter experience of the way in which the tyranny of an omnipotent State weighs on the poor. Writing to me once when the question of a London municipality was under discussion, she said:—

I should fear to see one huge municipality for four to five millions of people. I hate big bodies; when they become corrupt their stench is intolerable, and they are always unelastic. I should much prefer to see London divided into several municipalities, with some sort of central committee for the management of affairs which cannot be subdivided. I believe though elected yearly, it would, in its turn, become an instance of the evils of centralisation, evils which Socialists are apparently not at all alive to. Their State would soon become as great a tyrant as other States.

—AND OF ALL GOVERNMENTS.

Yet notwithstanding this she was ever on terms of sympathy with Socialists, and sometimes expressed her distrust of all governments in terms which logically arrayed her with the Anarchists. For instance, on one occasion she wrote, speaking of a mutual friend:—

I am anxious that he should never take office; men are lost when they do so. I can echo the words of a French Reformer: "I never see my friends the moment they take office": i.e., I am blind to their existence, and they to mine. X. hopes



too much from Democracy. I do love the people, the poor, and the toilers, but I don't trust any form of Government to be a good in itself, and a Democracy above every other form of Government requires in order to be a good, that the people should be *righteous*.

HER ONLY POLITICAL CREED.

This passion for righteousness and for justice, based upon a profound sympathy with suffering, was to Mrs. Butler Christianity itself. A correspondent once wrote saying he was puzzled to know to what religious set or section she belonged. She wrote:—

I reply, *none*. I should be thoroughly puzzled myself to know what place to take in the matter of religious opinion. You know my ancestry was very mixed in that respect, and I have been much abroad, and seen and loved greatly many noble Catholics, while I have also the deepest sympathy with the Socialists. The red Radicals of the Faubourg St. Antoine in Paris used to ask me to speak in their miserable dens called clubs, and they were very loving to me. I always said to them *three words*, which produced sensation and wonder for a time, but even drew them more to me after; these three words were, "Je suis Chrétienne." I can't describe myself a bit further.

A PURIFYING FIRE IN THE SOUL.

Of course to such a Christian the wrongs of the most disinherited of all the disinherited, the outcast of all the outcast, the white slave who had become no longer a woman but the mere "chattel of the administration," naturally appealed with irresistible force. And it not only appealed to her, but when she hearkened to its appeal it added fire of its own. Mrs. Butler quoted from a sister's letter some observations which perhaps will explain what I mean as well as any other:—

A person whose conscience has never been wounded about this question, whose heart has never been burned, and bled with pity for the woes of the helpless devoted to destruction, might wonder and ask, "Why should *this* subject, above all others, produce this effect?" Well, I can *not* quite tell; perhaps because *in it* culminates the awful contrast between the results of man's devices when he forgets God, and the unspeakable tenderness and pity of Christ for the most forsaken and lost. . . . How awfully solemn are His warnings . . . not to pass them by with the cold, worldly doctrine that "it must be so." Such doctrine rouses in me passion of grief and indignation that some of us should be so honoured, while others, born with like capabilities for virtue and sweet family life and happiness, should be sold to men's lusts, and then held down by a network of laws and regulations—*held down in hell*. You and your fellow-workers will understand well what I mean when I speak of a vital interest in this question becoming a sifting power and a purifying fire in one's own soul.

III.—HER GOSPEL OF TENDERNESS.

Mrs. Butler, then, stands before us in these "Reminiscences," as everywhere else, as an advocate for the poor and miserable, pleading for justice and liberty, and therefore led by an irresistible logic to defend the cause of those upon whom the burden of man's judgment, the pressure of administrative despotism, lay the heaviest. Her place is with the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Victor Hugos, the Louis Kossuths, rather than with the moralists and philanthropists with whom she is so often confounded. She was a rebel born and bred. Descended from the rebel Huguenots on her mother's side, and from the sturdy Northumbrians of the Border on the side of

her father, she was a fitting instrument to proclaim what she called the holy revolt against tyranny. But unlike the Continental leaders with whom I have bracketed her name, she united their passion for freedom with a fervent religious faith in Jesus of Nazareth, and while they were men she was a woman. It is probably due to these two essential differences that it was left to her to proclaim the fundamental truth—

We never get to the heart of things human till we take the tender side of human nature.

She did more than proclaim it—she practised it and proved its efficacy. It was not until she showed the tender side of the prostitute, showed their wounds, their tears and their heart-sickness, that she laid her hand on the lever by which she was able to achieve the triumph which in these "Reminiscences" she ascribes to any one and every one save herself.

AT THE PARIS POLICE DES MEURS.

When Mrs. Butler carried the fiery cross of her agitation against State-regulated prostitution into the very heart of the enemy's camp, she paid one of her first visits to Lecour, who at that time was the head of the Moral Police in Paris. Her account of her interview is one of the vivid pieces of descriptive writing in which Mrs. Butler's literary gift is at its best. Here, for instance, is her verbal photograph of Lecour:—

The man Lecour appears to me—and I tried to judge without prejudice—very shallow, vain, talkative; his arguments are of the weakest; he has a certain dramatic cleverness, and acts all he says with face, arms and legs. His countenance is to me very repulsive, although his face, which is in the barber's block style, might be called handsome as to hair, eyes, eyelashes, etc. He has a fixed smile, that of the hypocrite, though certainly he is not exactly a hypocrite. He is simply a shallow actor, an acrobat, a clever stage-



CANON BUTLER.

manager. Probably he persuades himself of what he is constantly saying to others; intoxicated with the sense of power, chattering and gesticulating like an ape, at the head of an office which is as powerful as that of the Roman prefects of the city in the time of Rome's corruption. And such is the man who stands in the position of holding in his hand, so to speak, the keys of heaven and hell, the power of life and death, for the women of Paris!

"THE WOMAN IS ALWAYS WRONG!"

In the course of the interview, which seems to have been somewhat protracted and characterised by considerable plain speaking on both sides, M. Lecour provoked her indignation by saying repeatedly, "Madame, remember this, that women continually injure honest men, but no man ever injures an honest woman." This astonishing conception of the relative culpability of the sexes could not have been placed before any one more profoundly convinced of its falsehood.

THEN LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT.

Her view of the comparative guilt of man and woman had been expressed with glowing fervour in her "Hour before the Dawn," in which she appealed directly to those who, after years of shameful wallowing in sin, had married and settled down—the typical man of the world, in short:—

I ask you to come with me and look at this outcast woman, sobbing her poor broken heart out in a corner of the Lock Hospital, consumed by disease and misery. What was her life, and what was yours? She was perhaps slain through her heart's best affections. The abandonment of herself to a person beloved was perhaps her first step to ruin; and who shall say that the madness of love in woman's heart, which will make her fling herself away for another, is altogether devoid of some trace of unselfishness which men would do well to mark and shield in her, and to emulate for themselves in a pure and good cause? What is there in such an one which makes her a greater sinner than yourself? Be honest! She is lost to society, you are petted by society; she is killed by the poison she drank, you survive. No after-sweetness, no late consolations of home and love and children are reserved for her. She dies prematurely; and her place knows her no more. Your own past life could reveal sins as great before God as hers have been.

A STARTLING AND NOVEL QUESTION.

Many years later she again sounded the same note:—

Down all the ages, since that hour when Christ and the outcast woman were face to face in the Temple, and every man in the surrounding crowd was pointing the finger of scorn at her, the world has continually been pointing the finger at this typical figure of woe, as the scapegoat upon whom, justly or unjustly, the sins and miseries of society must be heaped. The question has always been, "What shall we do with her?" Never till this last "new era" has dawned upon us, has it been asked, "What shall we do with *him*?"—him, her companion in sin.

THE DEMAND FOR DECENT M.P.'S.

A pertinent question which Mrs. Butler answered with not less pertinence by replying, "At any rate, do not let us send him to Parliament to make the laws." In one of her electoral manifestoes she wrote:—

We have listened to cynical arguments in favour of the protection of male vice from men in that House of Commons, whose illegitimate children and cast-off paramours we have sheltered and nursed in their disease and poverty and desolation, and the victims of whose seductions we have laboured hard to restore to hope and a new life. Sometimes, after looking down from the ladies' gallery there, or vainly arguing with some hardened sinner in the lobby, we have returned to our almost hopeless work among their victims, and have been driven in a moment of darkness to ask, "Is there indeed a

God in heaven?" I have seen a good mother, wild with grief, kneeling by the dead body of her young daughter in my own house, where my husband and I had received the dying outcast, and heard that mother shriek the name of the man, the gentleman, the "honourable member for—," who had ruined her child. "If that man could but see her now!" she cried. "O God, keep me from thoughts of revenge and blood!"

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PATERNITY.

"Another thing she thought might be done with 'him,' and that was to compel him to face the responsibilities of paternity which for the most part he cynically ignores. Long before she sounded the call for the crusade, she had much experience in dealing with this class. For instance, on one occasion she tells us:—

I found a poor starved infant: the mother sewing hard night and day, pale and lean, singing as well as her broken heart would let her to her baby, which tore away at her threads and cuttings and hindered her work as it lay on her knee. I took it in my arms to the hotel where its father was staying for the hunting season. I held it up. "Look at him," I said. "ay, look at him well; he resembles you, he is your son. Look well at him, for you will not see him again till he faces you at the last dread day." The man was glad to pay a pound or two to get rid of the annoyance, and then springing into his drag, with cigar in mouth, he lashed his horses off to the meet. That night he wrote to the mother: "If you bother me again about that child, I will make it worse for you." She never troubled him again, nor did the child, for that night it slept and woke no more. At which no doubt the father rejoiced greatly after his kind.

Considering the large number of illegitimate births in this country every twelve months, there is plenty of room for preaching in practical fashion the obligations of paternity.

THE RESPECT DUE TO FALLEN WOMEN.

But over and above everything else, she always maintained that the first thing to do with "him" was to compel him to recognise that the creature whom he had degraded still remained a woman and a human being. One of her most fervent disciples in Italy, Signor Nathan, expressed in a letter quoted in these "Reminiscences" the altered view with which Mrs. Butler taught the best of men to regard the fallen woman. Signor Nathan wrote:—

I would ten thousand times sooner face the mouths of twenty guns than a poor girl who feels she has lost all right to respect, though not in my eyes. No! God is my witness that I judge no woman unworthy of respect; her womanhood outraged is in itself more than sufficient claim for the respect of every man. Had not one of my sex robbed her of all that made life a blessing to her, she might now have been happy, and making others happy. Her poor betrayed soul, her despoiled innocence, her misery and suffering call loudly in God's name for the respect which all men owe to grief and suffering.

WOMEN THOUGH FALLEN, WOMEN STILL.

Mrs. Butler had learned to respect prostitutes by knowing them, nay, by loving them. She was driven to work among them long ago by sore heartache caused by the death of her only daughter, and she had marvelled at their responsiveness to the appeal of love:—

A poor repentant girl said to Mrs. Butler one day, "Shall I tell you the first thing that softened my hard heart, which had withstood all the prayers and all the preaching? It was that day that you came into the ward to my bed, and stroked back my hair with your hand, and kissed my forehead again and again. I did not speak to you; but I wept all that night, and thought, Oh, if I could be loved once with a pure love before I die!" To be loved with a pure love, and to desire such a love, is salvation for these.

On another occasion, when reluctantly defending herself from an assailant who had accused her of indifference to the sufferings of these women, she said simply:—

I have but one little spare bedroom in my house. Into that little room I have received, with my husband's joyful consent, one after another of these my fallen sisters: we have given to them in the hour of trouble, sickness, and death, the best that our house could afford, and requested friends of a higher rank who visited us to go to a neighbouring hotel. In that little room I have nursed poor outcasts filled with disease, and have loved them as if they had been my own sisters. Many have died in my arms. We afterwards hired a little house into which we received others who came. Not far from us there is a cemetery, in a sunny corner of which there stands a row of humble graves beneath which lie the earthly remains of these our children, fallen women, prostitutes, if you like to call them so, but now resting on the bosom of that Saviour who came to seek and to save that which was lost. For every one of these departed in good hope and joyfully, having found—besides the deeper peace—the treasure of a pure friendship before they died.

STORIES FROM THE SARGASSO SEA.

Again she says:—

I could tell you of a girl whose father was pining in sickness, and could not even get a farthing candle or a bit of coal to lighten and warm the cellar where his agonised nights were spent. I have seen the daughter with her face buried in his rags of bed-clothes, weeping her heart out. Then she goes forth, and returns with various unexpected comforts, and says, "Don't ask, father, where I got them;" and so she ministers to him till he dies, buying a shell to place his body in, and a bunch of violets to lay on the breast of the corpse; and all out of the sale of her own cold, trembling, hungry person—not carried away, mark you, by any vanity, or morbid instinct, or passion, except the *passion of pity for a dying father*.

I could tell you of one whom I entreated that that day on which I found her should be the beginning of a new life; and who, looking despairingly at the skeleton of a child on her knee, replied, with white lips, "Gladly would I cease to do evil, but what is to become of my little boy? I am obliged to go out at night to get him a piece of bread." I could tell you of another to whom I said the same, and who, looking with clear, frank, sorrowful eyes in my face, said, "I never chose evil; but I can get no work. Look at my mother; neither she nor I have broken our fast since yesterday at this hour." Her mother was an old woman, stone-blind, who clung to her one support, her daughter, to guide her across the floor to her corner by the fire and to bring her her daily crust. These are not fictions, but facts.

MARION'S "THINK OF ME."

The story of one of these women so sheltered—Marion by name—is told in her Life of Canon Butler:—

"I had a daughter once," she said to the poor girl. "Will you come with me to my home and live with me?" Marion came. She died in three months, but with death's prophetic eye Marion had "prophesied" to me, before she died, of hard days and a sad heart which were in store for me in contending against the evil to which she had fallen a victim. I recall her words with wonder and comfort. She would say, "When your soul quails at the sight of the evil, which will increase yet awhile, dear Mrs. Butler, *think of me* and take courage. God has given me to you that you may never despair of any."

Mrs. Butler never ceased to think of Marion, and of others whose memories are the best answer to the conventional blasphemy against humanity, implied in the sneer that a woman is dead to virtue because she has lost her chastity. "In the face of that assertion, I will fearlessly avow," said Mrs. Butler on one occasion, "and I speak from a large experience, that some of those who thus sin are among the least guilty—I will even say the most capable of nobility of motive—of the unhappy class."

IV.—HER APOSTOLATE.

It was, however, not sufficient to recognise their humanity. It was necessary to proclaim their wrongs. It was the desire to achieve this that brought me first into personal relations with Mrs. Butler. It 1876 I was much stirred by "The New Abolitionists," and wrote privately to Mrs. Butler, to whom I was at that time personally unknown, pointing out the enormous impetus that would be given to her good work if the horrors of the system could be vividly brought home to the minds of the people. She replied:—

Here is slavery and tragedy enough; but how would a book be read which contained the ghastly truth? Yet it will have to be made known in some way. For surely God will arise one day; and the tormented creatures whom He created and cares for, will be avenged.

Many years after she wrote to me:—

I have a dear little Irish servant with me who fell ill, and is dying. I must keep her near me, as we can't get home yet. One day we were talking about the Irish prisoners, and evicted people, and the big tears rolled down her pale cheeks, and she said, "God is keeping very quiet, ma'am. He will take His time; but He will rouse up some day."

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

There was need for Him rousing. Nor is it amazing that Mrs. Butler often cried aloud, "How long, O Lord, how long!" She writes:—

On one occasion, when I was distressed by a bitter case of wrong inflicted on a very young girl, I ventured to speak to one of the wisest men—so esteemed—in the University, in the hope that he would suggest some means, not of helping her, but of bringing to a sense of his crime the man who had wronged her. The sage, speaking kindly however, sternly advocated silence and inaction: "It could only do harm to open up in any way such a question as this; it was dangerous to arouse a sleeping lion."

Therefore lest the lion be roused, let the lamb perish without even a plaintive bleat. No wonder she was in revolt.

LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!

She says:—

I used to kneel and pray, "O God, I beseech Thee, send light upon these evil deeds! Whatever it may cost us and others, flash light into these abodes of darkness. O send us light! for without it there can be no destruction of the evil. We cannot make war against a hidden foe. In the darkness, these poor sisters of ours, these creatures of Thine, are daily murdered, and we do not know what to do, or where to turn, and we find no way by which to begin to act. Send us light, O our God, even though it may be terrible to bear."

And light came at last, although in such fashion as to scare many good people. But Mrs. Butler never feared. On July 6th, 1885, the day on which I began to publish "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," Mrs. Butler wrote:—

It may or may not come into your mind to say a word before closing the subject on the necessity of women—the women of the whole world—the good ones, I mean, rising in a holy revolt. One of my great difficulties has been to overcome the reluctance of men to see their women work in this matter, but every adult woman with a moral sense ought now to move. And I want them to know that it *does not injure* purity. I never knew so much of the holiness, love and power of God, or was so in love with supreme purity, as since I had to descend into this vile mud.

REBELS FOR GOD'S LAW.

To this need for a holy revolt Mrs. Butler perpetually recurs. It was the burden of her first great "larum cry

which she sounded in our ears a quarter of a century since:—

It is no proclamation of peace, then, that heralds the dawning of the new day, but rather a proclamation of a consecrated rebellion against the rule of materialism and sensuality. We are in times of battle. Apathy or indifference in such a conflict as this means destruction; to be remiss is to be wounded; to stay the fight is to die. In war waged by flesh and blood mercy may intervene, and life be spared; but principles know not the name of mercy. We are rebels for God's Law.

She did not lightly raise the standard of revolt:—

Like Jonah, when he was charged by God with a commission which he could not endure to contemplate, "I fled from the face of the Lord." I worked hard at other things—good works, as I thought—with a kind of half-conscious hope that God would accept that work, and not require me to go farther, and run my heart against the naked sword which seemed to be held out. But the hand of the Lord was upon me: night and day the pressure increased.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

Like others who have resisted the Divine call, she found that the worst that came of obedience was as nothing compared with the harass of resistance. In these "Reminiscences" she says:—

Many persons, honestly judging the matter from the outside, have mistakenly imagined that the persecution which had to be endured, the ridicule by which we were constantly assailed in the Press, the social ostracism, the coldness of many who had before been friends and companions, the obloquy, false accusations, abuse and violence, continued for years, must have been the greatest of the trials incident to the part we were called to take in so dreadful an enterprise. So far as my own experience bears witness, those who judge so are mistaken. These things were for me light and easy to bear in comparison with the deep and silent sorrow, the bitterness of soul of the years which preceded. I recall those years of painful thinking, and of questionings which seemed to receive no answer, and to be susceptible of no solution; those years in which I saw this great social iniquity (based on the shameful inequality of judgment concerning sexual sin in man and woman) devastating the world, contentedly acquiesced in, no great revolt proclaimed against it, a dead silence reigning concerning it, a voice feebly raised perhaps now and again, but quickly rebuked and silenced. The call to action, the field of battle entered, with all its perils and trials clearly set out before us, were a joyful relief, a place of free breathing, compared with the oppression and the heart-woe which went before. Those alone who have trod the silent and secret "way of Calvary" will fully understand me. The inward sorrow I believe to have been necessary for the vitalising of righteous action, and the insuring of depth, reality and constancy.

INCIDENTS OF THE CRUSADE.

It is only necessary to turn over the pages of the book to see how serious were the difficulties which she had to face. All the constituted authorities were against them. The mob and the police joined hands in support of the Acts. The Church at first was the handmaid of the medical police. When Canon Butler attempted to place the moral bearings of the question before the Church Congress, he was howled down. Mrs. Butler says:—

We had many times before heard rough and defiant cries, and noisy opposition at meetings, but never so deep and angry a howl as now arose from the throats of a portion of the clergy of the National Church.

Time and again she was hunted through the streets by angry mobs. Once an attempt was made to suffocate her by firing straw under the room where she was to speak. Often she was mobbed, and sometimes the task of finding her a place of refuge was not easy, but she persevered. The loyal North stood firm. When mobbed in the south she found consolation in the friendly sympathy of her Northumbrian neighbours. When she spoke at Alnwick—

At the end of the meeting I observed a number of pleasant brown faces at the edge of the platform, looking up in the attitude of the cherubs in Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." They seemed to have some communication for me, and when I came forward they smiled and one said, "We all knew your father well—old Mr. Grey." This was all their communication, but I was pleased with the sympathy expressed in it.

After a meeting at Morpeth, which must have been presided over by Mr. Burt, her heart was marvellously lifted up:—

I had a lovely walk to the station, and as the train was not due for half an hour I wandered a little way into the fields. I felt supremely comfortable, for it was a thoroughly Northumbrian atmosphere.

From the day when she stood in a cart in Newark market-place, supported on either side by a man bearing a flaming torch, the common people heard her gladly, and in the end enabled the Crusaders to triumph over all their foes.

A PICTURE OF MGR. DUPANLOUP.

Afterwards when she went abroad on the same arduous mission, she had many obstacles to overcome, but she was marvellously helped. Men and women of the most extreme parties united to encourage her. Garibaldi bade her God-speed, and Mgr. Dupanloup, the famous Bishop of Orleans, gave her his support. Here



(Photograph by Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.)

Josephine E. Butler

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is a charming picture of the old Bishop as she found him in the city of Jeanne d'Arc:—

I saw before me a gentle and holy-looking man, so simple in his manner and bearing, that in talking to him I soon forgot his high position and great talent, and felt quite drawn to speak to him freely as an equal. The table spread upon the lawn, and among the flowers, the venerable old man invoking a blessing on the repast, the nightingale which was singing the first notes of evening, and the strains of the "Angelus" which reached us from a distance, all together formed a striking picture of peace and happiness. It was in the midst of this scene that, summoning courage, I spoke to him of those dark horrors, and of that hard struggle in which I had come to claim the support of his sympathy. The Monseigneur listened without remark, asking from time to time some question. Several times he exclaimed: "Your Congress delights me; that is the important point. It will require a thunderbolt to awaken consciences."

And a thunderbolt to awaken consciences Mrs. Butler's mission has been, and will be for years to come.

V.—HER PROPHECYINGS.

Unlike many whose prophetic words have spurred multitudes to battle, Mrs. Butler is no predictor of certain victory, rather indeed of certain defeat and ever increasing disaster. In all her writings and prophecyings it is not of peace, but of a sword, that she speaks, a vision of Aceldama and Armageddon; a scene of millennial blessedness indeed, but one that is as it were visible only through the smoke of the bottomless pit, which rises as the smoke of a great furnace, so that the sun and the air are darkened by reason of it.

CONFUSION, TERROR, AND STRIFE.

Nearly ten years ago she wrote to me:—

While I believe with a faith which God gave me, and which the world can neither give nor take away, in the final triumph of good over evil, the final *suicide* of all that is evil, and the perfecting of all which is good, in heathen as in Christian, yet I never dreamed, as some do, of a gradual amelioration of society, ending with a reign of righteousness on earth. The evil will not commit suicide till it has developed to a degree far beyond anything we have yet seen, and there will be times of confusion and terror and strife, increasing towards the final catastrophe. But through all the evil and confusion the good—God—and God's people are not going to sit still. Power and spiritual life will increase, and is increasing, and the fight will thicken. Have I not in all that I ever spoke or written, "prophesied" not of a near dawn of peace and good, but only of increasing *fight*, desperate: and being a born soldier, this prospect makes me cheerful, not sad. My guide and leader told us, "then lift up your heads, and be glad." *When?* Not when we see good prevailing, but when "iniquity shall abound," and when the moral and physical world will be full of trouble.

REGULATION SLAVERY IN INDIA.

Lord George Hamilton is reported to be employing the Recess in order to discover some ingenious method of circumventing the repeatedly declared will of the nation, expressed through its representative Chamber, against the application of the hated slave system to the women of India. In may be useful to remind him of the force of passionate abhorrence the whole iniquity excites in the heart of all that is noblest and best in English womanhood. Writing to me after a long bout of domestic illness, Mrs. Butler said:—

People commiserate me for five months of anxious nursing. I need no pity for that, but I do need it for what I feel for the Indian and other women, outraged by British surgeon fiends. I seem to have been born mad on this subject. It is to me, "Now is my soul troubled—Father, save me from this hour," a kind of echo of Gethsemane—no other sorrows strike like iron through my soul like this. If I am not to die of it, I must work. It seems to me that our Government doubles its

sin when it forces on the women of a conquered race this cruelty and shame. The Hindoo women detest it, and I believe they and the Chinese women are more mentally tortured by the horrid examination than even European women are.

THE DOOM OF THE EMPIRE.

The subject intensified her fears for the future of India. "The question of India," she wrote me eight years ago, "is coming rolling over us like a tremendous black cloud. I have been thinking, reading and praying for years past." Again she wrote:—

I dread the grand bubble of Imperial Federation. It will be of necessity a federation of governments, including all its branches, diplomatic and consular, a federation of powers to which the races, especially the inferior ones, and the women, above all, will be victimised. It is a melancholy subject, and you can only read it in the light of Scripture prophecy, which points, as I understand, to a tremendous upheaving and revolution of the conquered and annexed against the conquerors, and then, by-and-by, the end will be. But a stream of pure, good and stern judgment will run along together with devilry and violence and revolution. Ireland ought to tell us to-day what a far more awful problem is coming on for us in the case of India. So far as my poor remaining powers go, they shall now be at the service of all the "vile heathen" of the world as against the still viler Christian conqueror.

THE FINAL COURT OF APPEAL.

Of which let Lord George Hamilton and the melicopolice in India and elsewhere take due note—

For each day, until this tyranny be overpast, so long as man, with the sanction of law and custom, continues to lay a tyrannous and indecent hand on women for outrage and for lust, our appeal, the appeal of the women of England, is the dread appeal made by the Countess of Arundel, who, in the face of the tyrannical King Henry III., first invoked the broken liberties of England, and then said: "Therefore I, a woman, with all your natural subjects, do appeal from you to the tribunal of God, the great and terrible Judge. He shall avenge us."

A comforting consolation upon which Mrs. Butler stays her mind, with the thought of "the wonder-working power of the most High, which we can in a measure make our own by faith."

"GOD IN US" THE ONLY HOPE.

By faith—that is the secret. By faith, by hope, by love. In these Mrs. Butler has achieved no little for the welfare of the race. Let me close these somewhat discursive observations concerning the woman who has been to us of this generation a veritable Mother in Israel, by quoting the words of the letter she wrote to me immediately after my release from prison in January, 1886:—

God was revealing to you in your cell on Christmas morning, in those words "Be a Christ," the truth which He has been showing to many of us for a few years past in different ways, but the same truth. It is God's side—the positive side of what on our side is complete self-abnegation, giving up, letting go, ceasing from self, and having God in us, God thinking, planning, acting, moving, speaking in us; not an easy life to get to; it comes in a series of revelations to the heart, and when God gets such workers, then He makes short work of destroying great evils, because He has not to take up so much of His time educating His workers, sharpening His tools.

Some day—may it be far hence!—I may attempt a more careful estimate of Mrs. Butler's life and character; but with that sweet imperiousness of hers she has forbidden me to go further in the way of character sketch than I have gone in this review of her "Reminiscences" until she is dead.

So I hope my readers may have to wait for a very, very long time before they can read a character sketch, properly so-called, of the most notable, uncrowned woman of our time.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE MASSACRES OF THE ASSASSIN, AND HOW TO STOP THEM.

CHRISTENDOM last month has been confronted by the Eastern Question in one of its most acute phases. The periodicals are therefore full of contributions by writers who propound solutions of the problem which seem to them more or less adequate.

I.—THE STORY OF THE MASSACRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE best account of the massacre in Constantinople is published in an anonymous article which has the first place in the *Contemporary Review* for October. The writer, a resident in Constantinople, and probably engaged in the Consular Service, gives a very clear account of what actually took place. He begins by admitting quite frankly that the Armenians, driven mad by despair, undoubtedly gave the Sultan the pretext of which he availed himself with such ruthless determination.

THE ARMENIAN OUTBREAK.

The Armenian revolutionists, encouraged by the outbreaks in Crete, Syria and Macedonia, appealed anew to the Embassies and to the Turkish Government to secure some reasonable reforms for the Armenians, and accompanied this demand with the threat that they would create disturbances if their demands were not heeded. They planned outbreaks at Adana, Angora and Van. Only the last came to a head, and it resulted in the death of most of the revolutionists and the massacre of several thousand innocent persons. This outbreak at Van was utterly foolish in its conception, without any possible hope of success, and very badly managed.

ITS FOLLY.

Then early in August came the threat of an outbreak at Constantinople, which was treated, as all such threats have been by the Ambassadors, with contempt. But those who knew the city have known for many months that some such outbreak was sure to occur if the persecution of the Armenians continued unchecked, and have foreseen the consequences. The Turks also seem to have desired this outbreak. They were fully informed as to the plan of seizing the Ottoman Bank on August 26. This is stated in the proclamation of the Sultan, published in the Turkish papers the next day, and has been affirmed by many of the officers since. They did nothing to prevent it, but spent all their energy in preparing for the massacre which was to follow.

HOW THE MASSACRES WERE BEGUN.

Bands of ruffians were gathered in Stamboul, Galata, and Pera, made up of Kurds, Lazes, and the lower class of Turks, armed with clubs, knives or firearms; and care was taken that no one should kill or plunder in the quarter to which he belonged, lest he should be recognised and complaint made afterwards by the embassies, with a demand for punishment. A large number of carts were in readiness to carry off the dead. The troops and police were in great force to prevent any resistance, and to assist the mob if necessary. It was a beautiful day, the streets were crowded, and few had any idea of what had happened at the Bank, when suddenly, without any warning, the work of slaughter and plunder began, everywhere at once. European ladies on their way to the Bosphorus steamers suddenly found themselves surrounded by assassins, and saw men beaten to death at their feet. Foreign merchants saw their own employes cut to pieces at their doors. The streets in some places literally ran with blood. Every man who was recognised as an Armenian was killed without mercy.

HOW MANY WERE KILLED.

The work of death and plunder continued unchecked for two days. On Friday there were isolated outbreaks, and

occasional assassinations occurred up to Tuesday. The number killed will never be known. The Ambassadors put it at 5,000 or 6,000; the official report to the palace at 8,750, besides those thrown into the sea. Thousands of houses, shops and offices were plundered, including a number belonging to Greeks and foreigners. Everything was done in the most systematic way, and there was not a moment of anarchy, not a moment when the army and police had not perfect control of the city during all these days.

THE WORK OF THE SULTAN.

In many cases European officials appealed to the officers in command of the troops, who were looking on at the slaughter of helpless, unarmed men, to interfere and put a stop to it. The reply was, "We have our orders." It was an officer who killed the clerk of the British Post-office on the steps. And some of the most cold-blooded and horrible murders took place in front of the guard-house, at the Galata end of the bridge, in the presence of officers of the Sultan's household of the highest rank. They also had their orders.

It is not the people, not even the mob, who are responsible for this great crime. It was deliberately committed by the Government. The Ambassadors of the six Powers have declared this to be an unquestionable fact in the Joint Note addressed to the Porte.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Since the massacre this same Government has been carrying on a warfare against the Armenians which is hardly less inhuman than beating out their brains with clubs. There were from 150,000 to 200,000 Armenians in Constantinople. They were merchants, shopkeepers, confidential clerks, employes in banks and offices of every kind—the chief business men of the city. They were the bakers of the city, they had charge of the khans and bazaars and the wealth of the city; they were the porters, house-servants, and navvies. Many thousands of them were from the interior—from the provinces which have been devastated during the past two years—earning money in Constantinople to pay their taxes and support their families. It is this money which has kept alive tens of thousands of families since the massacres. Now the Government has undertaken to ruin this whole population. They are hunted about the city and over the hills like wild beasts. Every day we see gangs of them brought in, hungry, ragged, with utter despair in their faces. The banks, the Debt Commission, the Régie, and all public companies have been required to dismiss their Armenian employes.

The terror, the distress, the hopeless anguish of these people, which we see constantly, cannot be described, but, as we can do nothing for them, it makes Constantinople seem like a hell. It is not only the ruin of the Armenians, but the ruin of the city. Many kinds of business have become impossible. The wild Kurds who have taken the place of the Armenians at the Custom House cannot do the work. It takes about five times as long to coal a steamer as formerly.

THE RUIN OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is no one in the city to fill the place of the Armenians in the offices and houses, or to run the bakeries. But these statements convey no true impression of the real state of things. It is not simply that men are wanting, or that shops are closed. The foundations of society have been overthrown. The Sultan seems to have no idea that he is himself ruining his empire. On the contrary, he believes, as he told his Ministers,

two years ago, that he is the wisest and most powerful sovereign in the world. There is no possibility of any change here for the better so long as the Great Powers maintain their present attitude, and abstain from armed intervention. The work of destruction will go on. Lawlessness will increase and extend to the army. New massacres will take place, involving other nationalities, until the ruin of the city is complete. I believe that there is not an Ambassador in Constantinople who is not of this opinion. No one familiar with the principles of political science can doubt it. Constantinople is a doomed city.

II.—THE ANGLO-TURKISH CONVENTION.

By MR. GLADSTONE.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone takes up the question of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, but instead of recommending that we should repudiate that insane covenant and give up Cyprus, he makes use of the Convention as giving an amount of additional point and force to the obligations we have spontaneously incurred. This is all right if Mr. Gladstone means to advocate that we should go to war single-handed with Turkey; but to base any proposed concerted action upon the Anglo-Turkish Convention is a vain delusion. Not until that document is cleared out of the way can we hope that the Powers will agree to act with us in the East. Here is the drift of Mr. Gladstone's argument. After pointing out that in concluding this Convention we engaged ourselves to defend, not Armenia only, but the whole Turkish Empire in Asia against Russian attack, he remarks that the Sultan never fulfilled his part of the bargain, for all that we obtained for the assumption of this tremendous liability was his promise to execute reforms, and the right to occupy Cyprus. The Armenians, says Mr. Gladstone, were not parties to this treaty, for they had no international existence:—

But who can deny with "honour" that, when we made this Treaty over their heads, we undertook not only heavy juridical obligations as towards Turkey, but also real and profound moral obligations as towards them?

But there is another enhancing consideration, which has not I think as yet been sufficiently borne in mind. We too in this Treaty took "value received"; and we have it, so to speak, at this moment in our pockets. The Sultan made over to us, without limit of time, the occupation and administration, that is the virtual dominion, of the Island of Cyprus.

Perhaps it may be said, and I might concur in the opinion, that Cyprus is of no value to us. But that reply is wholly foreign to the purpose. If it did not add to our strength or resources, it added, as we were told, to our *prestige*. It was boasted of in Parliament at the time as a territorial acquisition, and was highly popular. We cannot now turn round upon it and declare it valueless. We took it as value, and as value we have now to abide by it in the present argument.

The case then stands briefly thus.

We are entitled to demand of the Sultan the immediate fulfilment, under his treaty with us, of his engagements, and to treat his non-compliance as, under the law of nations, other breaches of treaty are, or may be, dealt with.

We have in the face of the world bound ourselves to secure good government for Armenia and for Asiatic Turkey.

And for thus binding ourselves we have received what we have declared to be valuable consideration in a virtual addition to the territory of the Empire.

And all this we have done, not in concert with Europe, but by our own sole action, on our own sole responsibility.

However we may desire and strive to obtain the co-operation of others, is it possible for us to lay down this doctrine: *England may give for herself the most solemn pledges in the most binding shape, but she now claims the right of referring it to some other person or persons, State or States, not consulted or concerned in her act, to determine whether she shall endeavour to the utmost of her ability to fulfil them.*

If this doctrine is really to be adopted, I would respectfully propose that the old word "honour" should be effaced from our dictionaries, and dropped from our language.

All this, of course, is very true, but to pursue this line of isolated independent action, is to go further into the morass. Not by acting upon the Anglo-Turkish Convention, but by publicly repudiating it, and by getting out of Cyprus, can we enter clean-handed into the Council-Chamber of Europe.

III.—WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

(1) OUGHT WE TO SHELL YILDIZ KIOSK?

Major-General Maurice contributes to the *United Service Magazine* for October a very plain-spoken article on "The Question of the Hour." He has all the soldier's impatience of the froth of platform declamation, which leads to nothing, except provoking the Sultan to further excesses of violence. He puts the case very well. He says:—

The question which has to be fairly faced is this: supposing Russia, France, Austria, and Germany say that they will oppose the deposition of the Sultan, does the nation as a whole wish that we should, if we can, proceed to that deposition in spite of them? If so, it is almost entirely a question for the Admiralty to decide whether we are in a condition to carry out the will of the nation. My own impression is that, taking all the facts into consideration, we are, for it is not entirely, though it is almost entirely, a question for the Admiralty. In the first place, Italy is almost certain to be with us, this being by no means a *casus federis* of the Triple Alliance, and very nearly a case of our general Mediterranean agreement with her.

He calculates that however sore-headed the other Powers may be, they would not open fire upon our fleet, especially if the Italian fleet accompanies us on the expedition. Major-General Maurice proceeds:—

I should suppose that our fleet can force the Dardanelles, though, from previous experiences that we have had in that matter, it may be easier to force our way in than to insure the safety of our ships in getting out. Certainly, after the passage has been achieved, the Yildiz Kiosk is at the mercy of our fleet, and it is at least probable that there would be little safety for Abdul Hamid and his *entourage* outside of the Yildiz if they were shelled out of their beds. That we can almost certainly do, if we are ready to run all risks of consequences in doing it. But if the fleet is to go inside at all it must go in with the distinct purpose of immediately shelling the Yildiz. We have had fatal experiences in the past of the danger of a fleet lying off Constantinople, for the purpose of there negotiating. It means cunning delay on the part of the Ottoman, and the loss of our ships in coming out.

This, then, is the question which these meetings have to answer Aye or No: "Is it, or is it not, your will that, supposing other means to fail, your fleet shall force its way to the Yildiz, and, no matter what Powers shall say you may, there dictate terms?" If they will assume that responsibility, if they are unanimous throughout the country, and if, as a result, they are able in each constituency to bring such pressure to bear on their member as to insure his vote when Parliament meets, there is no doubt that they can have their way practically at once.

He concludes his article by addressing the following blunt "stand and deliver" ultimatum to the leaders of the agitation:—

Of two things, one—either we must wait for the development of this feeling on the Continent, and must not check it by abuse which will tend to a reaction, or we must make up our minds to go on to the bitter end, no matter who opposes us. Otherwise, all motions of horror and sympathy excite indignation in the Turk, confidence in our impotence in the Sultan, and hope in the Armenians, which will tend, as it has tended in the past, to urge them on in a hopeless contest in which they will be exterminated.

(2) "I AM FOR WAR"—IF NECESSARY. JOHN BURNS.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, John Burns delivers himself concerning the Sultan. His article is the most incisive and the most uncompromising of any that are published this month. He is for war blunt and straight. He says:—

There is a time in the history of a nation like Great Britain, whose general interests are best served by permanent peace, when it should face dauntlessly, and with a heart of steel accept, the alternative even of war for a just, inevitable, and humanitarian act towards a suffering people. Such a time and crisis have arrived for our common country over the Armenian atrocities.

He would prefer, of course, that the Sultan should be collectively deposed, but if that is impossible, then he would force the Dardanelles, if necessary. Should, however, circumstances render it impossible for this spirited policy to be adopted, Mr. Burns says:—

At least the convening of a conference of the Powers is possible. Let the world know which nation shields the Sultan, and what for. Let England at that conference or now boldly exploit for humanity the real divisions amongst the Powers, with a full knowledge that some of them dare not attempt war abroad for fear of revolution at home, whilst at the same time subordinating those "British interests" that a false pride and a mistaken policy have maintained too long in Turkey, and caused the present difficulty.

The pity of it all is, that the impression created on Europe and the Porte by the spirited action of our Consul at Constantinople was allowed to pass away. It was the plucky preliminary of further action by his superiors at home; at least it foreshadowed what their policy should have been.

The withdrawal then or even now of our Ambassador, and the substitution of an admiral with an hour's notice for all four-footed beasts to vacate Yildiz Kiosk and a bombardment if reforms were not granted within an hour. Audacious well-doing would have solved the situation.

The Concert of Europe, however, is to be waited upon, and the chief element in it, as I regard England to be, must await, I suppose, another tragedy to invoke its aid. If that should come—and vacillation is its chief stimulus—then even with the Powers against us, but America and our colonies helping England, the Sultan must be thrown from that pivotal position he now occupies.

(3) "THE TURK MUST GO!" A. J. WILSON.

Like John Burns, Mr. A. J. Wilson of the *Investors' Review* for October, lifts his voice in favour of independent action, even if it should lead to war. Mr. Wilson says, whether Russia can be squared or not, we ought to be ready to risk something for the cause of humanity in fulfilment of our duty to rescue the enslaved whose liberation we have so often prevented, else of what good is our civilisation, our unrivalled fleet, our immense resources? The concerted action of the Powers, he says, has long been a disgusting farce. It is our bounden duty to say "The Turk must go" alone, and on our own responsibility if neither Russia nor France will join us. He admits that we deserve to be distrusted, and that our neighbours would be justified in believing we had taken action in the name of philanthropy merely in order to cover an enterprise of plunder. But be the risks what they may, said Mr. Wilson, the Turk must go. Human nature cannot bear longer the horrors of his rule. On us lies the heaviest—

responsibility of having kept him so long where he is; ours, therefore, is the duty to effectually bid him begone. If Lord Salisbury sits quiescent much longer he may find an angry nation roused and eager to force upon him measures far more perilous than anything involved in a prompt suppression of

the Turk's power to ravish and slay. What hinders us from landing a few troops, arresting him in his lair, and deporting him to a comfortable prison in Cyprus?

(4) PARTITION THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE—SCHEME I.

Captain Gambier in the *Fortnightly Review* lets himself go in an article on "The Turkish Question in its Religious Aspect." It is seldom that a more slashing, uncompromising, reckless onslaught upon Christianity and Christendom in the interests of Mahomedanism has appeared in any English magazine. Captain Gambier has evidently his heart in his work, and he has said many things which it is well to have said, although of course there is a certain roystering paradoxical method with him which will offend many people. His practical point, however, is sensible enough, namely, that it is most mischievous to aggravate the Eastern Question by inflaming Christian feeling against Mahomedanism, for the Mahomedans would, as much as the Christians, benefit by the disappearance of the Ottoman tyranny from the world. This is Captain Gambier's method of settling the Eastern Question:—

A great and final partition of the Ottoman Empire is the only possible solution of the Eastern Question, and if England were powerful enough to insist on a conference, a conference would be held. The bold plan of a partition is no will chimera. It is thoroughly practical on the following lines, drawn roughly:—

Constantinople neutralised in a zone to be agreed on, extending both sides of the Bosphorus and including the Dardanelles. Armenia and Asia Minor, to include Smyrna and the Gulf of Scanderoon, to be Russian. Syria and Palestine, from the Amasia range to the Dead Sea Desert, including the Mediterranean littoral—to be French. Salonica, to be Austrian; Macedonia to be Greek, with Crete.

Egypt neutralised as far as the Second Cataract. All beyond that, from the confines of the Congo State to the shores of the Pacific and of the Red Sea, to be British.

To Italy would fall Tripoli, and Tunis would be recognised definitely as French. The only person left out in the cold would be the German Emperor, but the signs are not wanting that whatever happens, East or West, His Imperial Majesty by the grace of God will have enough to do to look after what he has got.

And by this partition England's great gain would be the liberty to consolidate all her power on her own colonies and Indian Empire and hold a position in which we should defy attack. Moreover, this partition is practically what the ultimate division of the Ottoman Empire will be. But, whereas now it might be accomplished peaceably, if matters drift it will only come about through seas of blood. Would it not be worth trying, to relieve us for ever of the horrid nightmare of this miserable Sultan and his brother murderers?

It is odd that Captain Gambier falls into the same blunder as the *Progressive Review*, in imagining that it would be possible to give Macedonia to Greece. Macedonia will never pass into the hands of Greece until Bulgaria has been beaten flat, and Bulgaria will never be beaten flat as long as Russia has a man or a rouble to send to her assistance.

(5) PARTITION THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE—SCHEME II.

The writer of the editorial in the *Progressive Review* upon "Turkey and the Near East" professes to believe that the Eastern Question can be easily solved when certain illusions can be dispelled. That the writer himself harbours many illusions may be seen from the following summary of his conclusions:—

Europe can never put an end to the dangers and daily complications of the Eastern Question until she has the wisdom, the courage, the firmness and righteous determination to say that the Sultan shall no longer rule within her borders.

When that sentence is given and executed—and it might conceivably be executed without much bloodshed, with less than the bloodshed of the August massacre, with incomparably less than that of the massacres in Anatolia, and in any case with an incalculable saving of bloodshed and misery in years to come—it is possible to imagine the recuperation of Armenia as an autonomous province of Russia, the organisation of Albania under the suzerainty of Austria, the establishment of a guaranteed State on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, extending from the Black Sea to the borders of Macedonia, and such rectification of the frontiers of Bulgaria and Servia as policy might seem to demand. As for Macedonia, it could not with justice or safety pass, together with Epirus and the islands, into the possession of any State but Greece.

(6) THE LION IN THE PATH.

The editor of the *National Review*, discussing the various proposals that have been made for the solution of the present problem in the East, deprecates any isolated action, and, generally dwelling upon the difficulties which the Government have to face, he says:—

Generous indignation is a creditable emotion, but the rescue of Christians is a practical undertaking. Have we the means for effecting it, should we decide it to be the duty of the British Empire to come forward? There is no doubt that ultimately we could smash up Turkey, but that is not the object. The object is to prevent the extermination of Christians now in Turkish clutches. Mr. Labouchere has put the problem very pithily: "We could, it is true, force a passage through the Dardanelles. But what next? Should we bombard Constantinople? If so, the entire town, which consists mainly of wooden houses, would be burnt. To occupy the town would require an army of 100,000 men, for it must not be forgotten that the Turks have a large, well-armed, and brave army. The bombardment would not only let loose against the Christians all the Turkish riff-raff of the capital, but it would serve as a signal for their massacre in all parts of the Empire." Russia is willing, we know, to take charge of Armenia when its Christian population has been destroyed. Great Britain's policy is the exact reverse; she has no project of aggrandisement, but desires to prevent extermination. She is confronted at the threshold by the fact that if she crosses it the one and only thing she desires to prevent will at once take place.

(7) OTHER SUGGESTIONS.

The Rev. Guinness Rogers, Lord Meath, and Professor Salmoné have their say on the subject of the hour in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Rogers's article is wordy and fumbling. We can at least, he says, withdraw our ambassador—a lame and impotent conclusion indeed! Mr. Rogers sees clearly enough that nothing can be done in the East unless we keep step with Russia, but beyond this he does not see anything very clearly. Mr. Salmoné is quite certain that the deposition of the Sultan is the one way out of the difficulty, and, according to him, it is as easy to depose the Sultan as it is to snap your fingers. He says:—

The deposition of Abdul Hamid could be effected in a single night without the shedding of one drop of blood; for should it be felt that Europe would even only stand neutral the whole nation would openly rise, and the *Sheikh-ul-Islam*, the chief Turkish Muhammadan dignitary, himself would be at their head and readily grant the necessary *fatwah* for his deposition.

Lord Meath is indignant with the Sultan, apologetic for Lord Salisbury, and he deprecates the selfish jealousy of the Powers which frustrates Lord Salisbury's best endeavours.

(8) TWO VIEWS OF AMERICAN POLICY IN TURKEY.

In the *North American Review* for September there are two articles which, curiously, contradict each other. One is by the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the founder of the

Robert College in Constantinople; the other is by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Dr. Hamlin, in his paper, replies to an attack made upon the American missionaries by Senator Sherman, of Ohio, and in the course of it he complains bitterly that the United States Government has utterly failed to compel the Turk to pay any respect whatever to the interests of American citizens in Turkey. Mr. McCarthy's article, on the other hand, which is an attack upon the English foreign policy, uses as one of the sticks with which to beat Lord Salisbury the assertion that the American Government has compelled the Turk to do everything it wanted. Mr. McCarthy says:—

I am not an Englishman, but what I complain of in Lord Salisbury and his colleagues is that they seem to have undervalued altogether the strength and the authority of England. I utterly deny that England has fallen so low in her influence and power that she is unable, for very fear, to insist on the carrying out of the conventions which were especially entrusted to her care. It would be very hard indeed to convince me that Russia would have ventured to join with Turkey in a war against England because England insisted upon the recognition of agreements for the protection of Christians in Armenia to which Russia herself was a consenting party. I observe, that the United States Government has got the better of the Ottoman Porte in many questions regarding the treatment of American subjects in Armenia. Now the United States have got a very small navy, and, roughly speaking, no army at all. But everybody knows that America can have an army and can have a navy whenever she is in need of both, and the Sultan knew very well that when dealing with America he had to deal with a Government which would do what it said.

So far from this being the case, Dr. Hamlin says:—

The "Great Republic" is justly the derision of other nations, and cowers before a poor Sultan who cannot pay a piastre of his public debt, nor make the smallest loan in the money markets of Europe. No Turk has yet been punished for robbery, pillage, murder, rape, rapine, torture unto death of women and children, and the horrid work still goes on. Why should it not? The nations, our own nation especially, have for two years been giving the Sultan *carte-blanche* to do as he pleases; and his pleasure is the extermination of all Armenians who will not Islamize, the expulsion of the American missionaries, the destruction of their property, and the showing of himself as superior to all treaties and to all the claims of truth, justice, and humanity towards all men of the Christian faith.

Dr. Hamlin speaks with great authority. He lived thirty-five years in the Ottoman Empire, his children and grandchildren are still working in the country, and he has known personally many of the four hundred missionaries who have devoted themselves to preaching and teaching in the Sultan's dominions in the last seventy-five years. It is worthy to note that Dr. Hamlin thinks that the Sultan's hatred of the Armenians is an old-standing grudge due to the hostility with which the Christian Armenians were regarded by his mother, who was an apostate Armenian. From the beginning of his reign he has harried and persecuted all those who would not follow his mother's example.

(9) WHY RUSSIA DISTRUSTS ENGLAND.

Sir T. Wemyss Reid, writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, adds his voice to the chorus that is going up on all sides, recognising the justice of Russia's distrust of British policy. Sir T. W. Reid says:—

No Englishman, trying to put himself in the place of a Russian, and remembering the events of 1876-78, can feel surprised that Russia is distrustful of our present policy, and is even cynically unmindful of the protestations of absolute disinterestedness with which we accompany our expressions of

sympathy with the Armenians. The misfortune is that, whether well or illfounded, so long as this is the temper of the Russian people—so long as they believe in their hearts that Great Britain, whatever policy she may appear to be pursuing, is thinking only of herself and is chiefly desirous of procuring her own aggrandisement at the expense of her great rival in the East—there can be no real security for the peace of Europe, and the nightmare of constant anxiety must continue to weigh upon the statesmen of Great Britain.

Is it not time for us to do something to convince Russia that we have changed our views with regard to her position in Europe?

At present the Russian people stand upon the unpleasant memory of the Berlin Treaty, and with that memory enshrined in their hearts they listen with sullen indifference to the cries of distress which reach them from Turkey. If we could pluck that memory from their breasts, if we could give them reason to feel confident that if they undertook, either single-handed or along with others, the work of liberation and chastisement in the dominions now given over to the Sultan, they would not find that when the work was done England would snatch the fruits of victory from them, they might assume a different and nobler attitude. So far as one can understand it, the opinion of this country would be warmly in favour of such a pledge being given by our statesmen. Are our statesmen themselves of the same way of thinking?

That is all very well, but that is not good enough. Pledges are words. The time has come for acts, and the one indispensable act that is required at our hands is the repudiation once for all of the policy of defending the Sultan against the consequences of his crime, which policy finds diplomatic expression in that illegal document, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and which has the occupation of Cyprus as its visible territorial expression.

(10) THE RUSSIAN POINT OF VIEW.

"Diplomaticus's" article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, on "The Russian Ascendency in Europe," points out that this ascendency is due to the conviction which has at last gained possession of all the European Courts that the Russian Empire means peace. The French Alliance was concluded chiefly in order to enable Russia to borrow money whereby to devote herself to the pacific development of her enormous industrial and agricultural resources, and also to enable her to restrain France from plunging into war. The ascendency of Russia being therefore based upon the belief that it is her policy and her interest to maintain peace at almost any price, she finds it necessary to avoid any unsettling of the Eastern Question, which would expose her to suspicion and might jeopardise the peace of Europe. "Diplomaticus" states the Russian case fairly well. He is, however, dubious as to the possibility of anything being done with the Tsar during his visit to Balmoral. He says:—

The Tsar is not entirely his own master in the Empire of which he is autocrat; still less has he a free hand as the leader and mandatory of the European Concert. The condition of his ascendency is, as I have already said, his uncompromising hostility to breaches of the international peace, and the test of his sincerity in this respect is his attachment to the *status quo* in Turkey. What chance can there be of our moving him from this position? I have reason to know that even among the best-informed Russians the agitation in this country has been honestly interpreted as conceived less in the interests of the Armenians than with a view to the creation of difficulties for Russia in her internal affairs, and her embroilment with Powers with whom she is now on a friendly footing. What remedy does it suggest? The deposition of the Sultan? Surely those who glibly make this proposal can have formed no conception of the difficulties

and dangers of carrying it out. Do they think it is to be managed by the landing of a few boat-loads of marines from the guardships? Turkey is not Egypt or Zanzibar. The first step in such an enterprise would be an act of war against an empire which, if it can do nothing else, can certainly fight. Before the Dardanelles could be forced probably not a Christian would be left alive in Constantinople, while the provinces would be given up to anarchy. Moreover, as Prince Lobanoff told Count Goluchowski, before you depose Abdul Hamid Russia would like to know who is to take his place. In these circumstances it would scarcely serve a useful purpose to inquire which of the Powers would or could undertake the task of forcing the Dardanelles and landing at Constantinople without exciting the suspicions of others. The difficulty of an agreement on this point, however, would not be inconsiderable. This, as I understand it, is a brief summary of the views of the Russian Foreign Office on the present crisis in the East. These views embody practical considerations of great weight which the advisers of the Tsar cannot treat lightly.

(11) A CRY FROM AMERICA.

Richard Watson Gilder contributes three stirring stanzas, dated July of this year, on the Ottoman Empire, to the *October Century*:—

Let fall the ruin propped by Europe's hands!
Its tottering walls are but a nest of crime;
Slayers and ravishers in licensed bands
Swarm darkly forth to shame the face of Time.

False, imbecile, and cruel; kept in place
Not by its natural force, but by the fears
Of foes, with hand on hilt; even by the grace
Of rivals—not blood-guiltless all these years!

Aye, let the ruin fall, and from its stones
Rebuild a civic temple pure and fair,
Where freedom is not alien; where the groans
Of dying and ravished burden not the air

Cassell's Magazine.

Cassell's Magazine is full of interesting and diversified reading. A leading feature is the story of the Queen's pilot and his predecessor, and of the stirring adventures through which they have passed. On one occasion the Russian Imperial yacht, with a royal and imperial party on board, with the ex-pilot in charge, was carried without the knowledge of any one on board clean over the dreadful sands off Yarmouth. Mr. A. A. F. Robbins recalls many interesting events connected with the origin and development of the newspaper press in this country, and brings out the peculiar fact that the provinces preceded the capital. Newcastle-on-Tyne is said to have produced a newspaper in 1639, Birkenhead a *Mercurius Aulicus* in 1642, and Bristol a *Mercurius Hibernicus* in 1644. On Tuesday, November 14th, 1665, was published the government newspaper, the *Oxford Gazette*, so called because the Court was then resident in Oxford by reason of the London plague, afterwards replaced by the still-appearing *London Gazette*. There are miniature reproductions of some of these early prints and portraits of living provincial press leaders. An excellent feature is the reproduction of pictures of Classic Scenes and Stories in Modern Art.

In the *Sunday at Home* for October there is an article entitled "Moosonee." It is a description of Bishop Newnham and the diocese of Newnham, which lies round about Hudson's Bay, and must be one of the coldest and most inhospitable dioceses in the world.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE interest in the Presidential Contest in the United States deepens, and I note, as an interesting sign of the times, that the Editor of the *National Review* announces that, owing to the profound importance of the American political situation, and its immense interest to the readers of the *National Review*, he will proceed to the United States on October 2nd, to stop over the Presidential Election in order to study the crisis on the ground. The *Daily Chronicle* New York correspondent has been making excursions to some of the middle States, and Mr. Harmsworth, on behalf of the *Daily Mail*, that most enterprising and successful of all the halfpenny dailies, has despatched a special correspondent to follow the campaign. Meanwhile, with astonishing unanimity, all the correspondents declare that McKinley is going to win hands down. I quote here many of the expressions of opinion that are to be found in the periodicals that have reached me since our last number was published, giving the preference to Dr. Albert Shaw, whose judgment on this matter is impartial, and whose means of getting information are unrivalled. Dr. Albert Shaw's summary of the month is at this juncture quite invaluable as, though he desires to see Free Silver defeated, he declines to confine himself either to the *bona fides* or to the force of the movement.

(1) WHAT DR. ALBERT SHAW SAYS.

In the *New York Review of Reviews*, the advance proof of which reached me on the 30th of September, I find that my colleague and partner shares the general impression that the prospects of Mr. Bryan are overclouded. He says, speaking of the progress of the fight, "The sectional bearings of the pending political campaign have been made constantly more evident as the situation has developed, and the lines of battle have been formed. A special election of Vermont and Maine resulted in enormous Republican successes. The country was not prepared to find that in Vermont the Silver voters would number about 20 per cent. of all the men who appeared at the polls. The result in Maine has been even more crushing, for the leaders of Mr. Bryan's party were not merely hopeful, but were well-nigh confident of success. They worked hard, making from six hundred to seven hundred speeches throughout the States. When, however, the votes were counted up, it was found that the Republicans polled 87,249 votes, a majority of 48,000, which is greatly in excess of any Republican majority ever polled in that State in recent years. Elsewhere in the East the Republican prospect seems to be growing brighter from day to day:—

Yet, after all, the situation is so extraordinary that all old-fashioned methods of forecasting must be condemned as worthless. The Republican party in New York is in excellent form, and it seems easy to make up great mass-meetings composed in large part of men prominent enough to be recognised as persons of consequence when their names are printed in the newspapers.

For many days and even weeks prior to the Democratic convention of New York, the one question in Democratic circles was, what Senator Hill would do. The question was not asked in local circles alone, but at length, when the Convention assembled, Mr. Hill concluded not to attend. Through his henchmen he exercised some measure of control over the doings of the convention, but left it still a matter of uncertainty whether or not he would support Bryan. Whether or not the free silver sentiment is growing among the farmers of the state of New York is a disputed question.

The Chicago convention was as fair and frank a political assembly as was ever held in this country, and its candidates and platform have the fullest right to hold the Democratic party name. But although the name has been fairly captured and is rightfully held, the fact cannot be disguised that the success of free silver at Chicago meant the birth of a new party. It is not the old traditional Democracy that the Republicans are meeting in this contest, but an entirely different opposing force. This new force is not as yet definitely organised; and inasmuch as it has found no way to compute its own strength, it is not strange that its opponents are unable to measure its possibilities.

The situation lends itself to ordinary calculations almost as little as did that of 1860, when the approach of the war crisis

was obliterating old party lines. The general opinion is that the State of New York will give a large Republican majority, and that New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio will follow the example of the New England States and increase their Republican votes. But for the simple reason that the banks, the capitalists, and the representatives in general of property interests in these eastern States are almost unanimous in supporting the gold standard, it is the more difficult to estimate how many working men may conclude to array themselves on the other side. It has not been popular in New York to be recognised as a silver man; and it is undoubtedly true that great numbers of working men, rightly or wrongly, would think themselves in danger of injuring their standing with their employers and imperilling their permanence of tenure if they should wear the Bryan badges. Enormous flags by the hundreds, with the names McKinley and Hobart attached to them, are suspended from wires stretched across the streets of New York City, while, so far as we are aware, there is not a Bryan and Sewall flag in any prominent place in New York except at the headquarters of Mr. William P. St. John, who is treasurer of the party's campaign committee. To the casual observer everything would seem one way; and yet those who know how to find out the real sentiment of the working men report an apparently general intention to vote for Bryan.

Among the men who work for wages, the strongest organised movement that has arisen against the free coinage of silver is that of the railroad employees of the country. Many of Mr. Bryan's supporters have been taking the ground that the railroad men's sound money clubs are the outcome of intimidation on the part of railway managers. But the facts do not seem to sustain such a charge. The movement has grown out of the plain presentation to railway employees of a very clear and simple argument. They are told that all the railway properties of the country are covered by huge mortgages, and that the interest for this vast volume of bonded indebtedness is for the most part payable in gold. If the gold standard is abandoned by the United States, the railroads will still have to provide gold or its equivalent, to meet their fixed charges. The rates which the railroads are permitted to charge for carrying passengers and freight are in many of the States so fixed or controlled by law that the companies would practically be compelled to continue doing business at the old rates, even though prices in general had greatly advanced, as measured in terms of the standard silver dollars. A much larger proportion, therefore, of the earnings of the roads would be required to meet interest charges. Since the American railroads could not readily equalise the situation by advancing their rates to compensate for the loss incurred by the premium on gold, they would have to economise in some other way. And they have notified their employees that in all likelihood they might be forced to a *régime* of economy which would reduce the number of men employed, even if it did not scale down nominal wages. Real wages, they assert, would inevitably be scaled down.

The world of investment and finance is not talking for political effect. Undoubtedly it is the opinion of a majority of the ablest railway financiers that the election of Mr. Bryan

followed by the withdrawal of gold from circulation and a drop to the silver basis, would not only precipitate the most fearful panic of the century as its immediate consequence, but would also lead to the inevitable bankruptcy and complete re-organisation of the greater part of the railway companies of the United States.

On the other hand, the silver men of the West take the ground that these railroads must go into bankruptcy sooner or later anyhow. The process of liquidation must, therefore, inevitably be faced. Neither horn of dilemma affords a very comfortable resting-place.

Whatever the facts may be, the arguments presented by the railway managers seem likely to be effectual with a majority of the railway employees. There is, however, so strong an undercurrent of sentiment in favour of the Bryan movement as representing the cause of the people against the money power, that it is doubtless true that many a working-man will gratify his feelings by voting for Bryan, even though more or less strongly convinced that his own interests would be furthered by the retention of the gold standard.

As already said, all attainable evidence points to the strong dominance of the gold sentiment in the New England States, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and it may be added that the great manufacturing State of Ohio also promises to give a large majority for McKinley and the gold standard. Up to date, there is nothing on the other hand to indicate any serious break in the solidity of the South for free silver, and in the dominance of the silver sentiment throughout a vast area of the far West. The battle must be fought out—lost and won—in the great States of the middle West, that is to say, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The Pacific coast may be set down as doubtful. There is held to be some fighting chance for the Republicans in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, but Illinois is in the very centre of the real debatable ground, the capture of which must decide the issue. Several recent elections in the far South have only served to make it clear that the free silver majority will hold its own in that section without fail.

Happily this memorable campaign of 1896 is not destined to be gained or lost by the astuteness of managers or the size of campaign funds. It may fairly be expected that there will be less purchasing of votes and less fraud at the polls than in any presidential election since the reconstruction period. The so-called "campaign of education" is the only kind that either of the great parties in the contest is attempting to wage. There has thus far been no damaging abuse of the candidates by their opponents. Public speaking has also, of course, been elaborately organised and provided for. But the Republicans are undoubtedly accomplishing more through the use of the printing press than by mass meetings and oratory. The silver men, on the other hand, while also making large use of the printing press, are giving their principal attention to public speaking and direct canvassing. They have been distributing their printed matter through the West and South for two or three years past; and they are now engaged in exhorting and encouraging their disciples.

The *Review of Reviews* of New York, which is edited by Dr. Shaw, contains in its October issue brief character sketches of Mr. Hanna, Mr. McKinley's manager, Mr. Butler, the Chairman of the Populist party, and the manager for Mr. Bryan. There is also a special article describing the rising of the new party of the national democracy which nominated Senator Palmer for the Presidency on the sound money platform.

(2) THE CAMPAIGN BY SENATOR TILLMAN.

In the *National Review*, Senator Tillman, one of the leaders of Mr. Bryan's party, prophesies hopefully as to the issue of the contest. He says:—

Bryan declares the people are too poor to come to see him, therefore he is going to see them; and if his strength holds out, he is going from State to State, until the 1st of November. Aside from the influence of personal contact and gratification of the people at being courted, leaving out of account the

inspiration of political independence, the Democratic candidate, untainted by connection with syndicates and banks and millionaire manufacturers, appeals to the sensibilities and admiration of his countrymen by a simplicity of manner and eloquence of utterance rarely equalled. His daily speeches of one or two columns are telegraphed all over the Union. The suffering masses are enthused as they have never been before in their lives. The Republicans have unlimited money, and will use it without scruple to buy all the votes they can, but the Australian ballot law in most of the States protects the individual voter from the dictation of his boss or the delivery of his vote, should he sell it. It is a battle between capital and labour, a battle between the yeomanry of the country and the wage-earners of the cities, against the domination of money. The campaign has opened in all the States, and thousands of speakers on both sides are at work day and night. The people, even at this early day, two months before the election, turn out by the thousands at any and every opportunity to hear the issues discussed. It is a campaign of education sure enough, and so far as I can judge, the Democrats have the best of it, and Bryan's chances are far brighter than McKinley's. The wish may be father to the thought, but I myself have been in the northern States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, and of my own knowledge I can say the number of Republicans who are leaving their party to vote for Bryan is astonishing.

The same Review publishes a somewhat slight and somewhat disappointing sketch, entitled "A Visitor's Glimpse at the Contest." There are also three short papers by Messrs. Powell, Arnold Hepburn, and Hermann Schmidt dealing with "The Bimetallic Side of the American Crisis."

(3) MR. MCKINLEY WILL WIN HANDS DOWN.

One of the most remarkable and most interesting of all the articles that have yet appeared on the chances of the Presidential contest is that which Mr. F. H. Hardy contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for October. Mr. Hardy's paper is full of information which could only be gained by one who was on the inside track. He is lost in admiration of the efficiency and power of the great party machines, and as the Democratic party organisation has gone to pieces, and the Silver men have overreached themselves, he thinks that McKinley will win hands down. He admires immensely the magnificent organisation of the Republican party, which is sparing no expense to drive home to the mind of every voter who has ten dollars invested in anything that Mr. Bryan's election would reduce the value of his savings by at least fifty per cent. :—

Every good speech delivered in any part of the Union was at once printed and distributed, not scattered carelessly over the land, but, five days after its delivery, from ten to fifteen million copies had been placed by trusty agents in the hands of actual voters. Of one such speech the Republican National Committee distributed sixteen million copies, and over 25,000 men took active part in this distribution. Everything that the brightest minds could suggest, every plan the most experienced politicians could devise, has been carried out without regard to expense. Barring the entrance of some new feature, of which at present no hint is apparent, I shall expect the following:—

1st. The vote cast will exceed by at least 1,000,000 the vote cast in 1892. The new voters (voting on age) will about offset the old voters who from disgust stay away from the polls, and the negroes, disfranchised by force or by new laws, in the South. This new vote, then, of 1,000,000 will be composed of men who never took the trouble to deposit a vote before, although fully entitled to one; they will cast a solid vote for McKinley because he stands for property rights.

2nd. Mr. Bryan's total vote in the Electoral College will be nearer 100 than 200; McKinley's vote nearer 300 than 250. (224 votes elect).

3rd. McKinley's popular vote will show a plurality (or majority over next highest candidate) exceeding 1,250,000 votes, or four times the plurality obtained by Cleveland in 1892, when both the English and American press stated he had carried the election "by an overwhelming majority."

4th. The combined popular vote of McKinley, Republican, and Palmer, National Democrat (which will represent honest money sentiment in the United States), will be equal to seventy-five per cent. of the total vote cast at the election.

(4) HOW WILL THE FARMERS VOTE?

Mr. J. M. Stahl, Secretary of the Farmers' National Congress, contributes to the *North American Review* for September a very interesting and well-informed paper, entitled "Are the Farmers Populists?" He believes that they are not; that they will, on the contrary, vote for McKinley, and cannot be relied upon to support Mr. Bryan. He bases this opinion upon the line which the farmers have taken in previous crises. In 1868 the question of the greenback currency was put forward by Mr. Seymour, who argued the case with great plausibility, advocating the same currency for the bondholders and the plowholder. Mr. Stahl says:—

How did the farmers respond to his seductive appeals, that on the one hand magnified debts and taxes and on the other hand offered easy means of paying debts and a smaller tax burden? Every agricultural State gave a majority for the Republican ticket. And the Democratic vote was strongest in the cities, the Republican vote in the country.

Four years later there was again a demand for tampering with the currency. The Democrats, headed by Horace Greeley, advocated what was called fiat money. Mr. Stahl says:—

The same issue, and the same conditions and divisions confront us this year. How did the farmers vote in 1872? Read, and know how they will vote in 1896. As in 1868, every agricultural State gave the Republican national ticket a large majority. Mr. Greeley had been very popular with the farmers. He had been an oracle to many of them. Perhaps no other man in our history has enjoyed such a closely personal popularity among the farmers of this country. But this popularity availed him naught, when a vote for him meant a vote for national discredit. The farmers turned from their old and once trusted friend and voted to pay the national debt in coin and not in fiat-greenbacks. Maligned and abused and ridiculed, they have kept the faith! In all the history of our country, no other class has shown by its votes such a sublime devotion to principle as have the Republican farmers!

The articles on "The Duty of the Hour," by the Hon. Warner Miller on the Republican side, and the Hon. R. P. Bland on the Democratic side, I need not notice. One is set off against the other—the Republican arguing that Bryan's supporters are predatory hordes, bent on plunder; Mr. Bland arguing that Mr. McKinley's supporters are of the Trust thieves and monopolists of the country.

(5) IF MR. BRYAN SHOULD WIN.

In the *Forum*, Mr. I. L. Rice publishes a very passionate article, entitled "Thou Shalt not Steal," the tone of which, and the nature of Mr. Rice's arguments, may be inferred from the following quotation:—

If the Democratic party should be victorious, our Government would thereby announce its fraudulent bankruptcy. Simultaneously our community would lose its ability to pay taxes, all imports suddenly ceasing. Borrow the Government could not, for no one would lend; even if the Administration were not bound by the platform to issue no bonds in time of peace, it could not raise money, for no one would trust it. Then all Government employees, and with them the employees of the States and the municipalities, the judges, the police, the army, the navy, and the pensioners, would have their

means of subsistence cut off at once. The general paralysis of business would at the same time cause the stopping of all factories, shut down all mills, close all avenues of useful employment. Famine, compared with which all those of which history has a record would appear as plenty, would reign throughout the land. Fathers would witness their families suffering the pangs of hunger, and nowhere to look for food. Thousands and tens of thousands would perish in the agonies of starvation. Desolation would spread from one end to the other of the country. The Government could give no succour. The paper money which it would hurry to issue would, like the note of any fraudulent bankrupt, be utterly worthless. Its promise to pay would be deemed a hollow mockery. In vain would we look for help toward foreign nations. A dynamiter mutilated by his own bomb can hardly expect sympathy. A pirate sailing under the black flag can expect no aid. The days of the Republic would not be lengthened in this land. We cannot be an abomination to the Lord and live.

(6) A SOCIAL PHENOMENON.

In the *Contemporary Review* for October, Mr. J. O. Herdman, writing on "The Old Silver Dollar," gives some account of "Coin's Financial School," and of the debate which took place at Chicago between the author of that famous little pamphlet and a sound money advocate from Vermont. Mr. Herdman says:—

It is hardly too much to say that the present silver crisis in the United States is the most momentous social phenomenon, not merely of the present century, but of modern history. I say social phenomenon advisedly, for it is no mere economic issue that divides America to-day; it is a startling compound of race-hatred, party politics, class-antipathy; of the antagonistic interests of debtor and creditor, the jealousy of West for East; of the frugality of the farm crying out against the luxury of cities. But, in outward form at least, the question is purely a monetary one; and in so far as it touches on economics, a glance at its history and at its meaning may not be without interest. If ever the Southern and Western States make good their case for silver as the money of their people, they must be content to abandon their claim to being included in the advanced nations of the globe. Rightly or wrongly, the verdict of the civilised world will be against them.

(7) THE FARMERS AND THE FOREIGNERS.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. G. F. Parker, United States Consul at Birmingham, writing on "The Cry for Fraudulent Money in America," predicts Mr. Bryan's defeat. He pins his faith, curiously enough, to the farmers and the foreigners. Of the latter, he says, 11,000,000 poured into the United States during the last twenty-five years; but it is not in their ranks that the unsound money quacks find their support:—

In all the agitations through which the United States have passed, no foreign-born element, as such, has given encouragement to questionable financial schemes. The Germans, or the Irish, or the Swedes and Norwegians, have at various times had a controlling vote, and in every case it has been cast for sound money. The Germans especially have arrayed themselves in opposition to such doctrines everywhere, and have turned the scale against inflation or free silver in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

But he is also equally confident as to the honesty of the farmers:—

In this crusade, of which free silver coinage is only an incident, it is continually represented that it is for the relief of a class—the farmers. Yet of the 5,000,000 farm families, two-thirds own their own holdings, worth on the average 3,400 dollars, half of them free from encumbrance. From these farms come probably one-half of the students in all the colleges, three-fourths of the men in the professions, and a large proportion of those who own and manage the railroads, banks, mines and manufactories. From them are drawn the majority of the men who hold offices, Federal, State, or local.

Nowhere does the soil and its owners bear so close a relation to all the influences which combine to make a wholesome society.

THE JACOBINS OF CHICAGO.

A FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY PARALLEL.

THE HON. A. D. WHITE, writing in the *Forum* on the Presidential Election, under the head, "The Encouragements in the Present Crisis," devotes the opening pages of his paper to defending the parallel which he has drawn between the Democratic Convention at Chicago and the Jacobins of the French Revolution. He says:—

There on the floor I seemed to see that old Jacobin tragedy-comedy; the same advocates of every extreme principle and extreme want of principle, outbidding each other for the applause of the galleries; the same demagogues, vilifying those who were labouring most faithfully to serve the country; the same fanatics ready to plunge their country in ruin to vindicate their nostrums; the same declaimers stirring hatred between different sections of the country; the same sensation-mongers arousing distrust between the men whose co-operation is necessary to the national peace and prosperity; and withal the same body of thinking men, dazed by the tumult, stunned by the noise, silent in an orgie of unreason. There, too, in the vast galleries was the same crowd of unbalanced men and hysterical women in ecstasies over statements more and more extreme; discouraging the reasoners, deifying the phrasemongers, proposing thus to develop the activity and direct the policy of a great nation.

THE AMERICAN DESMOULINS.

There was Camille Desmoulins—"The Boy Orator"—beautiful, mellifluous; floor and galleries hanging on his stock phrases and as delighted to call him their leader as they were delighted later on to send him to the guillotine;—when they had discovered his hollowness. There, too, were far worse types: Barrère, Barras, Tallien, and the rest, exploiting credulity and encouraging anarchy; in the hope of picking place or pelf from the ruins.

THE FRENCH ALTGELD, TILLMAN, AND WAITE.

I noted that while they gave the first place on their ticket to an elocutionary attorney whose gifts and graces had been at the service of any corporations willing to pay the moderate fee required to secure them, they gave the second place to a banker and manager of eastern railways and steamer lines, who had grown rich in practising the arts and conniving at the schemes which the convention affected to condemn.

Then it was that there rose before me Fouché, Cambacérès, and other Jacobin extremists, who, having begun their career by advocating every wild scheme, and having ridden into power on the storm they had raised, received the fruit of their labours after their dupes had perished by millions, and treasure had been thrown into the abyss by billions. These controlling spirits at Chicago seemed to me essentially of the same breed.

FROM ASSIGNATS TO SILVER AT 16 TO 1.

As I read the proceedings at Chicago, I recall those revolutionists at Paris who initiated the long series of sterile revolutions not yet ended; who thwarted all real efforts at rational reform; who brought in misery infinitely worse than that which they pretended to remedy, and despotism infinitely worse than that which they pretended to oppose. Their speeches come back to me with a strangely familiar sound; especially as I hear these men of to-day clamouring for fiat silver and foreshadowing fiat paper. I seem to hear the long line of demagogues, successful in pressing on the issues of billions more of fiat money, declaring it "the best currency in the world," insisting that the laws of nature did not operate in a free country like France, ascribing the rapid depreciation of this fiat money, and the wreck of business, to the corruption of the ministry, the perversity of merchants, the machinations of bankers, the intrigues of England—to every cause save the right one.

I seem to hear Prudhomme declaring—"Coin will go on

rising until the people have hung a broker," and Couthon, first carrying a law punishing any person selling paper money for less than its nominal value with imprisonment for twenty years in chains, and next a law punishing those making investments abroad with death. I seem to hear the same demagogues who, when farmers refused to sell their produce for worthless fiat money, carried laws which obliged the farmers, under pains and penalties, to bring in their grain, the millers to grind it, and the merchants to sell it.

THE END OF IT ALL.

And all this financial debauch, going on until the entire issue of fiat money had reached close upon forty thousand millions of francs, with the result that all thrift had been obliterated, all business vitiated, the working classes plunged into abject distress, the country given over to an aristocracy of stock-gamblers and money-changers, until finally a Bonaparte was needed to force the nation back to sound money. And I note that on July 16, 1796—a hundred years, almost to a day, before the assembling of the convention at Chicago—the whole fiat-money system in France collapsed, and the vast mass of thirty-six thousand millions of assignats, and two and a half thousand millions of mandats, issued "under the sanction of a free people," all became refuse.

But he concludes by enumerating the various forces upon which honesty and good sense can rely in the United States to-day which were absent in revolutionary France. His article is a very powerful one. Taking that and Mr. Rice's together, it is difficult for an outsider to feel that Mr. Bryan has even the ghost of a chance. The difficulty is, that outsiders were so convinced of this from the first, that they never would have credited the possibility of Mr. Bryan's nomination.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

In the *Windsor Magazine* the editor reproduces in his "Scrap Book" column one of the charming poems for children which the late Eugene Field threw off almost without an effort in the rush of grinding newspaper work in Chicago. It is entitled "The Sugar-plum Tree":—

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town:

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,

And a gingerbread dog prowls below;

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog,

And he barks with such terrible zeal,

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,

As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marsh-mallows, gum-drops, and peppermint canes,

With striplings of scarlet or gold,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains

As much as your apron can hold!

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me

In your dainty white nightcap and gown,

And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

PROTECTION PREVAILING.

IS COBDENISM DEAD?

MR. ERNEST WILLIAMS, author of "Made in Germany," comes out in *To-morrow* as an unblushing advocate of Protection. What is more, he begins by declaring in effect that we are all protectionists now. "Protection is the elliptical form of the State protection of private industry." "The utter elimination of protection is not possible so long as the State exists;" it has not been eliminated even as far as was possible. Mr. Williams pronounces Cobden discredited and disproved. "The principles dear to Cobden outside international commerce have now been generally discredited." The Radicals of to-day, except "the attenuated and belated remnant led forlornly by Mr. John Morley," are believers in widely extending State action, and are, therefore, anti-Cobdenite. "The Free Trade promises were illusive." "Corn Law Repeal had an ignoble though appropriate origin in panic." "The jubilee feast celebrated by the Cobden Club was 'rather the eating of funeral baked meats.'"

Cobden omitted from his calculations the rise of manufacturing rivals; to-day we have to face it. Those rivals penalise our manufactures, making it hard for us to sell at all in their markets, and easy for their own manufacturers to sell at a good profit. We, on the other hand, admit their goods free of duty to our market, where they compete on more than equal terms with our home produce, because the profit foreigners can make in their protected home market enables them to cut their export prices; also, the bounties and subsidies which they receive gives them further advantage over the English manufacturer. And these advantages are operative in the neutral markets of the world as well as in England.

Thus Mr. Williams arrives at his fourth and final point:—

The fact that an Imperial Customs Union would involve the establishment of that form of Protection known as a Tariff system is not an argument against the Union. Seeing how Tariff duties have aided foreign industry, and how the absence of them is injuring English industry, the prospect of their imposition opened up by the proposal for a Customs Union is an argument particularly in favour of that Union.

AN IMPERIAL CUSTOMS UNION:

ARE THE TIMES RIPE FOR IT?

A strong affirmative is given to this question in *To-morrow* by Mr. John Lowles, M.P. He recalls with joy that of the projects discussed at the Ottawa Conference in 1894, the Pacific Cable, completing the All British telegraphic girdle of the earth, and the line of steamships between England and Halifax, Nova Scotia, have almost attained realisation. The next item to be realised will, he avers, be Commercial Federation. Of the three important Colonial groups—Canada, South Africa, and Australasia—Canada has officially declared for it, and South Africa, as voiced by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Hofmeyr, is for it. Australasia, of whose "deep unswerving loyalty no doubt can exist," has been somewhat unpronounced. But Mr. Lowles reports the reassuring results of his Australian tour. He put to the Governments and Chambers of Commerce in each colony the two questions:—

(1) Is it desirable and practicable to establish closer commercial intercourse between Great Britain and her Colonies?

(2) Will you co-operate in bringing about such a result, and, if so, upon what general lines?

He found the Colonies unanimous in desiring Great Britain to free herself from the most favoured nation clauses in the Belgian (1862) and German Zollverein (1835) treaties. Queensland, he reports, is ready for the proposed reciprocity with the Mother Country. New

South Wales is promising. Victoria would warmly welcome the change. It would not be difficult to get South Australia to discuss a definite scheme. The proposals were everywhere received with favour in Western Australia. He did not visit New Zealand, but from the New Zealanders he saw, he infers that he may count on New Zealand also. Tasmanian Ministers expressed strong sympathy. He concludes from this summary survey of the whole field that the time is ripe for action.

NATIONAL SERVICES TO CIVILISATION.

MR. ELIOT contributes to the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, an interesting article entitled "Five American Contributions to Civilisation." He begins by thus summarising the services which other nations have rendered to the world:—

Thus, the Hebrew race, during many centuries, made supreme contributions to religious thought; and the Greek, during the brief climax of the race, to speculative philosophy, architecture, sculpture, and the drama. The Roman people developed military colonisation, aqueducts, roads, and bridges, and a great body of public law, large parts of which still survive; and the Italians of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance developed ecclesiastical organisation, and the fine arts as tributary to the splendour of the Church and to municipal and private luxury. England, for several centuries, has contributed to the institutional development of representative government and public justice; the Dutch, in the sixteenth century, made a superb struggle for free thought and free government; France, in the eighteenth century, taught the doctrine of individual freedom and the theory of human rights; and Germany, at two periods within the nineteenth century, fifty years apart, proved the vital force of the sentiment of nationality.

He then considers certain characteristic and durable contributions which the American people have been making to the progress of civilisation. His claim for some of these contributions will provoke comment, for of none of them can the American say, "Alone I did it." He says that the first and principal contribution is the advance made in the United States, not in theory only, but in practice, towards the substitution of arbitration for war. The second is the establishment of absolute religious toleration. The third, the development of manhood suffrage. The fourth, the welcome of new-comers, even when they are aliens in race and religion, and have arrived by the hundred thousand at the time. They have also brought about a more general diffusion of well-being by universal education and labour-saving machinery. Mr. Eliot says:—

As proof of the general proposition, it suffices merely to mention the telegraph and telephone, the sewing-machine, the cotton-gin, the mower, reaper, and threshing-machine, the dish-washing machine, the river steamboat, the sleeping-car, the boot and shoe machinery, and the watch machinery.

Harper's is very much given up to fiction this month. As a frontispiece it has the portrait of Mr. Du Maurier, who begins his new story, which is briefly noticed elsewhere. Octave Thanet has a short story entitled "The Hypnotist," which is not calculated to encourage maiden ladies to subject themselves to the ordeal of being thrown into a mesmeric trance. With the exception of a small natural history paper on "Some American Crickets," and an account of the attempt made in the eighteenth century by England, with the aid of an American contingent, to drive the Spaniards out of their settlements in South America, there is nothing but fiction in the number, always excepting a very elaborate article on electricity, which is almost an encyclopædic description of electricity as one of the great American industries.

THE REAL CARDINAL MANNING.

PROTEST AGAINST "PURCELLISM AND —."

THE outrageous article which Archbishop Tiffany based upon Mr. Purcell's biography of Cardinal Manning has borne good fruit, in that it has led the Rev. J. T. Smith to write an article in the *Forum* for September, in which he deals with Mr. Purcell with ungloved hands. Mr. Smith wields a trenchant pen. He knows his subject thoroughly, and he does not hesitate to express the opinion of honest men concerning the extraordinary performance of Mr. Purcell.

THE MEANNESS OF PURCELLISM.

Mr. Smith says:—

From first to last the biography has scarcely a trace of the Cardinal, except in the extracts from his own letters and writings. The portrait is not the Manning of the Vatican Council, or of the great strike in London, but the Manning of the bath-tub, where greatness disappears in the healthful but ridiculous pastime of washing the human skin. It is a portrait of littleness and of meanness. Incapacity for so severe a work, determination to avoid the ideal altogether, and the nasty, courtier habit of finding a very mixed motive for every human action,—these three things are the explanation of Mr. Purcell and his biography. Mr. Purcell has had no discretion either for his hero or himself. His book, according to the testimony of its readers, leaves a taste of meanness in the mouth, and in the soul a hopelessness for human nature which could soar so high in Manning's case only to descend with Simon Magus into the abyss.

"A VOLUMINOUS LIBEL."

The note of incapacity is everywhere. The book, however, helps to confirm the old conclusion, at which so many observers had long ago arrived: that Manning was the greatest churchman of his day, and the most splendid figure which English Christianity has given the world in five centuries. And indirectly it helps to a new one: that he was very much greater than he or his contemporaries suspected; otherwise he would not have chosen his biographer, and Mr. Purcell would not have dared to compose what the majority of Catholic Americans will call "his voluminous libel."

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

When Mr. Smith comes to deal with the specific points which Archbishop Tiffany made against the Cardinal on the strength of Mr. Purcell's book, he is not less trenchant. He says:—

Many of the reviews have taken Purcell seriously, as he has taken himself. They have allowed themselves to believe that the picturesque figure, which gave to this age the lively colouring of the days of Anselm, or Stephen Langton, or Thomas à Becket, which played so splendid and powerful a part in the Vatican Council, and stood so nobly before the world for the rights of the workers, was a thing of shreds and patches, a mean and contemptible soul directing a clever brain, ambitious, led by the lust of power always, facile to the point of dishonesty, persuasive to the undoing of truth, morally a degenerate, spiritually a fraud, and naturally an intriguer. Archbishop Tiffany has deduced all these charges from Mr. Purcell's indictment of the Cardinal—charges which the biographer would be the first to deny as contained in his book. Men who seek popularity do not choose to stand so completely alone, and the lust of power avoids isolation and seeks combination. There is no evidence of deterioration of the moral nature in a man who turned his back on an Anglican mitre for conscience' sake, put aside the building of a cathedral that the poor might have both earthly and heavenly bread, spent thirty-five years in utter devotion to the wretched, which not even church politics could disturb, and in the midst of his labours wrote spiritual books quite beyond a hypocrite or an extraordinarily imperfect nature. The world is very well acquainted with Manning the philanthropist, and there is no need to dwell on this part of his career. But for the benefit of Mr. Purcell, who seems to have overlooked the matter

altogether, and for the benefit of Archdeacon Tiffany, two striking facts must be named. He himself built the road to eminence, to the honours of the purple, by taking up the cause of the Holy See when it was most unpopular in Europe, when its advocacy brought him only odium, and when even the friends of the Papacy thought his methods uncalled-for and his aims inopportune. The event justified his foresight and his enthusiasm. He himself built the road to popular favour by his lifelong interest in the people, and in time had the honour of seeing among its travellers the Pope of social reform, Leo XIII. First and foremost he made the social feature of Pope Leo's social programme possible and natural.

WHAT THE CARDINAL DID FOR HIS PRIESTS.

Mr. Smith then refers to the services which the Cardinal rendered to the clergymen of his own Church, and in doing so gives us many suggestive glimpses into the mind of the American priesthood. Speaking of what Cardinal Manning did for his priests, Mr. Smith says:—

Manning found them in corners, afraid to raise voice or hand for the salvation of that heavy Irish contingent driven from Irish farms to English factories,—living, marrying, dying among themselves, shut out from healthful careers in business and politics; and almost with his single arm he lifted them, as this day bears witness, into such a position as the Catholic body of America holds, a normal and natural portion of the great English community, with no door and no road closed to them. He repeated this service for the timid diocesan clergy, whom hard circumstances had left in a nerveless condition.

THE MANNING THE WORLD KNEW.

Mr. Smith then describes the splendid isolation of the Cardinal at the Council of the Vatican, and his unparalleled triumph. He concludes as follows:—

Manning played his great part in that memorable council, and won distinction sufficient to have placed the tiara on his head, had he been Italian or English, been Catholic. As a matter of fact Cardinal Bilio suggested his name as successor to Pius IX. It is no disparagement to Leo XIII. to say that had Manning become Pope his reign would have been only a degree less brilliant than Leo's own. At the death of Pius IX. he was the idol of the English-speaking Catholic world and its only real representative in Rome. Moreover, Manning had outgrown his diocese and his nation, and even the Sacred College, even Leo XIII. in the first days of his pontificate, could not compare with Manning in the world-wide fame. He had become the world's Cardinal. It crowded his doors, bringing every cause and every theory that man's restless brain can invent, for approval and blessing. His delight was to be with the children of men, and their delight was to be with him; and prudence of the clerical sort stood mourning in the street while the motley procession went in and out of the Cardinal's doors, undisturbed, unchecked, until that day when it followed him weeping to his grave. Let us stop here. This is the Manning the world knew; the gracious, noble, exalted figure, whose native dignity the world's honours could never obscure, and to whom a world turned with confidence and love.

MR. PURCELL'S GOOD OPINION OF HIMSELF.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Purcell writes on the "Ethics of Suppression in Biography," and complacently assumes that he is the personification of the virtuous historian who tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He pats himself vigorously on the back, exclaiming in almost every other sentence, —like little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner, eating his Christmas pie, as he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum—"What a good boy am I!" Jack Horner, however, had some reason for admiring his exploits. It was his own pie, and his own plum, nor is there any suspicion that he obtained the pie surreptitiously, without the knowledge or consent of its legal owners. Concerning the ethics of the conveying of documents, however, from the custody of guileless trustees, without giving

them any inkling of what use one is making of the liberty so permitted, Mr. Purcell says nothing, and in this case, no doubt, silence is golden. But our little Jack Horner quotes with much delight three eminent authorities in praise of his handiwork. The first is Mr. Gladstone, who has written to him saying:—

The importance of your work rather grows upon us than loses in weight with the passage of time. I do not think any of us exaggerated the importance of the *Life* as an event.

The second is the present Archbishop of York, who told Lord Halifax:—

I always had a high opinion of Manning's powers, but since reading his *Life* I look upon him as a saint. The chapter on "Hindrances" is the most attractive and edifying record in the book.

And the third is no other than His Holiness the Pope, of whom Mr. Purcell tells the following anecdote:—

Some one in the presence of the Pope was regretting that Manning's character should have been so hurt by what had appeared in his biography, and Pope Leo the Thirteenth spoke as follows: "Truth is the only thing that matters. What would the Bible have been if the writers had considered the effect of what they wrote? What would have become of Mary Magdalene and her sin; what of Peter and his fall?"

None of the three, however, cracks Mr. Purcell up as much as Mr. Purcell likes to be cracked up, and so Mr. Purcell cracks himself up with hearty goodwill, and this is the net result of his attempt at a *Life* of Cardinal Manning:—

The upshot is that without an attempt to conceal his faults and weaknesses, the character of Cardinal Manning is held to-day in higher esteem than ever; his personality—the real Manning as he lived and breathed—is known far and wide; honoured and appreciated by all men, Catholic and Protestant alike; honoured all the more because his whole nature stands revealed.

Turning upon his critics, Mr. Purcell then charges them with suppressing facts which he brought out in his book. Speaking of his Catholic critics, he says:—

Not one of them has ventured to utter a word on Cardinal Manning's change of front in regard to the Temporal Power of the Pope. This conspicuous and startling change has been absolutely suppressed in the Catholic newspapers; not one of those pious Catholics, whose knowledge of the *Life* is derived solely from what is told to them in their newspaper, is aware to this hour that Cardinal Manning, not long after the death of Pope Pius the Ninth, declared that the policy of upholding the Temporal Power was bringing spiritual ruin and disaster on the Catholics of Italy.

He also accuses them of suppressing all reference to the feud between Cardinal Manning and the Jesuits, whom the Cardinal regarded as the Presbyterians of the Roman Catholic Church, being anti-episcopal to the backbone. Mr. Purcell says:—

Cardinal Manning, as is known of all men, regarded the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 as the work of God's hand; he likewise looked upon its restoration in 1827 as God's work. But his abiding hostility to the Jesuits, based, as he declared, on their corporate action in England and Rome, was testified by the prediction which he uttered on various occasions: "I foresee another 1773."

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON CARDINAL MANNING.

"AT HEART AN ATHEIST."

Wounded and mangled in the house of his friends, the good name of the great Cardinal naturally invites the attack of unbelieving scribes of the vulture type, who scent the carcase afar off. Here, for example, is R. de Villiers in the *Free Review*, trying to make out that Cardinal Manning was at heart an infidel! M. de Villiers is writing on the immorality of religious education and

illustrates from his own experience. Trained as a boy to accept implicitly all the dogmas and wonder-stories of the Church, he brings his first doubts to his father and to the Archbishop Darboy. He finds that the latter was "at heart an Atheist like many of his brethren in the Church," but "a firm and honest believer in the usefulness and necessity of religious education." He later comes over to Cardinal Manning with a letter of introduction from the Archbishop, written a few days before his death:—

The Cardinal received me with kind affability, which encouraged me to open my heart to him, and to tell him of the interesting discussions on the subject of Belief that I had had with the Archbishop.

I tried to discover if the Cardinal believed in the literal truth of the fairy tales and dogmas of the Church, or if he shared Darboy's opinion that religious teaching, although it involved the deception of the young, although it was based on so-called *allegorical truths*, yet was useful or necessary, and therefore to be approved from the ethical point of view.

The Cardinal, however, was more cautious or less candid than the Archbishop. After patiently listening to all I had to say, he remarked most solemnly: "My friend, be silent about these things. Darboy has been incautious; he always is." He then laid his forefinger across his thin lips, as if he wanted to emphasize his advice.

I understood what he meant, and felt relieved when I saw that he abstained from exacting a promise which I could not have given. Many times thereafter I met Cardinal Manning, and I enjoyed his protection and friendship to such an extent that long before his death I was able to ascertain that his standpoint was exactly the same as that of the much-lamented Archbishop of Paris, purely utilitarian. However, he strongly disapproved of admitting this much even to intimate friends. He said, with emphasis, that nobody had ever dared to mention this subject to him, as English Catholics as well as Protestants would consider it an insult to ask a Cardinal of the Church of Rome if he believed in the literal truth of dogmatic religion. "In France, and even in Rome," he exclaimed, "they have different ideas; and you, my friend, are privileged, as you have Archbishop Darboy's profession of faith at your back."

The Democratic Art of the Future.

In the *Progressive Review* for October, Mr. Edward Carpenter contributes an interesting article on "Art and Democracy." He believes that in the time yet to come the democratic art of the future may emerge:—

When the time at length arrives for Life itself to become lovely and gracious, Art as a *separate* thing from actual life will surely surrender much of its importance; the sense and expression of Beauty will penetrate all our activities. But before that it is more than possible that there will be a great outburst of special art-production, inspired chiefly by the splendours of the coming sunrise. Of this outburst Wagner, Millet, and Whitman are the great fore-runners (Shelley as the lark which almost before dawn soared from the darkened earth). Without wishing to limit too closely the achievements of these three men, we may say that certain common marks distinguish their work and methods. These are (1) Intense Realism and acceptance of the Actual—all facts of life, all discords, nothing blinked or concealed; this involving a kind of primitive directness of method and style, the opposite pole of all formalism and artificiality; (2) An intense sense of the Whole and acceptance of the universal and unseen, by which alone the brute facts can be redeemed and set "in place"; involving for its expression utmost command of all the resources of Art, perfect mastery of style, and the power of making the same motive appear in myriads of forms; and (3) a most intimate, prophetic sense of the life of the people, a perception through each individual, even the lowest, of the vast unuttered human heart, the revelation in dim outline of the gods; carrying with it a sense of sympathy, and even of triumphant joy and gladness, hardly conceived in art before.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

REMINISCENCES. BY SIR ALGERNON WEST.

ONE of the most interesting papers in the magazines this month is that which Sir Algernon West contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* for October, entitled "Lord Churchill as an Official." Sir Algernon West was head of the Inland Department when Lord Randolph Churchill was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"THOSE D—D DOTS."

He regarded the advent of Lord Randolph at the Treasury with no little dismay, which was not surprising, seeing that Lord Randolph regarded him as a d—d Gladstonian, and his knowledge of figures was elementary in the extreme:—

A story is also told of Lord Randolph, that a Treasury clerk put some figures before him. "I wish you would put these figures plainly so that I can understand them," he said. The clerk said he had done his best, and he had, pointing them out, reduced them to decimals. "Oh!" said Lord Randolph, "I never could understand what those d—d dots meant."

Nevertheless, Sir Algernon West succumbed at once to the charm of Lord Randolph's personality. This article is sufficient to show, even if there were no other evidence, how tender a feeling Lord Randolph succeeded in inspiring in the bosom of this veteran civil servant. Sir Algernon West says:—

Rarely has English political biography furnished one gifted with a personality of such dazzling brilliancy.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE PERMANENT OFFICIALS.

But he is not content with quoting his own impressions. He puts on record the opinions formed of Lord Randolph as an official by Sir Arthur Godley, Secretary of the India Office, and Lord Welby, who was at the Treasury. They all three agree in declaring that Lord Randolph Churchill was marvellously able. Sir Arthur Godley says:—

Besides this, he was very industrious, very energetic, and decided when once his mind was made up, and remarkably skilful in the art of "devolution," by which I mean the art of getting the full amount of help out of his subordinates. He knew at once whether to take up a question or to leave it to others. If he took it up, he made himself completely master of it; if he left it alone, he put entire confidence in those to whom he left it, and endorsed their opinion without hesitation. I need not tell you how invaluable this quality was both to himself and to those who worked with him. It should be added that his perfect candour and straight-forwardness were not only admirable in themselves, but were a great assistance to business. What he said he meant; and if he did not know a subject, he did not pretend to know it.

CHURCHILLIANA.

Sir Algernon West says:—

Lord Randolph's admiration for Mr. Gladstone was unbounded and sincere. I recollect on one occasion when Mr. Gladstone had been talking after dinner, as the men were leaving the room, Lord Randolph said to a Unionist friend: "And that is the man you have left. How could you have done it?" When present at his funeral service in the Abbey, I could not but think sadly of what he many a time said humorously: "Mr. Gladstone will long outlive me: and I often tell my wife what a beautiful letter he will write on my death, proposing my burial in Westminster Abbey."

Sir Algernon West thinks that of all English statesmen he most resembled Fox, and he draws a very pretty parallel between the two. But he says:—

Fox possessed a courage that knew no fear; but Lord Randolph once confessed to me that there was a limit to his courage, for he did fear two men—Bismarck and Gladstone.

THE BUDGET THAT NEVER SAW THE LIGHT.

When Sir Algernon West speaks of his own dealings with Lord Randolph, he hints mysteriously at the unveiled secret of Lord Randolph Churchill's Budget which never saw the light. He says Lord Randolph Churchill had the—

very rare gift of keeping his mind exclusively devoted to the subject in hand, and impressed on all those with whom he worked the idea that the business on which they were employed was the only one of interest to him. For a man of his rapid thought and excitable temperament he was scrupulously patient and quiet in discussion; and from frequent conversations with him on financial subjects I can safely affirm that no one ever ended an official interview with him without at any rate having arrived at a clear knowledge of his views and intentions. No time spent with him was ever wasted, nor would he suffer any interruption from whatever source it came.

In the autumn preceding the session of 1887 he knew that the duties of leadership would absorb all his time and strength, and, like a wise and prudent statesman, he prepared himself for his financial statement by a performance such as was never equalled, in getting ready and passing through the Cabinet the Budget for the forthcoming year. On the evening of the day on which he carried his Budget through the Cabinet, after describing to me how he had done so, he said, "There in that box are all the materials of our Budget. They are unpolished gems; put the facets on them as well as you can, but do not speak to me on the subject again till the end of the financial year." What that Budget was cannot yet be told; but it may be fairly said that it far exceeded in importance any Budget since Mr. Gladstone's great performance in 1860. It was often said that Lord Randolph won his popularity among the permanent officials by his subservience to their views. Nothing could be farther from the truth; and when some day his Budget comes to light, as I trust it will, it will be seen how original were some of its provisions, and how unlike to any plans that would probably have emanated from the ordinary official brain.

In a letter he wrote to me shortly after his resignation, Lord Randolph said: "The Budget scheme we had in contemplation will now be relegated to the catalogue of useless labour. The essential principle of any financial policy which I cared to be identified with was zeal for thrift and economic reform. This was wanting, and the scaffolding was bound to come down." It was the extravagance of the spending departments that induced him to write that fatal letter which could only bring about his absolute supremacy or his resignation. No new fancy it was that defeated it. In October, 1886, he had said that, "unless there was an effort to reduce the expenditure, it was impossible that he could remain at the Exchequer." Again he said: "If the decision of the Cabinet as to the amount of the Estimates was against him, he should not remain in office." I recollect, after his fall, his appealing to me and saying that I knew that his resignation was not the consequence of a moment's irritation, but was from his deliberate determination that in matters financial he would be supreme. This I was able fully to endorse.

The article is pleasing to read, and those who read it will feel that they have learned to know and esteem better both the writer and the deceased statesman, to whom he pays so generous and enthusiastic a tribute.

A STRANGE Jewish rite is annually performed at Meiron, near Safed, in Upper Galilee, at the tomb of Rabbi Shimeon, the reputed originator of the Cabbala. As described by a writer in *Macmillan's*, the ceremony consists in heaping the altar of the Rabbi with shawls and other offerings, in pouring oil over them, and, at a given signal, in setting fire to them, amid singing and dancing and clapping of hands. To participate by gift in this burning of Meiron is supposed to cure barrenness in women and disease in children.

THE CASE FOR UNLIMITED FAMILIES.

FROM A JESUIT POINT OF VIEW.

THAT Father Clarke, of the Society of Jesus, is a bold man goes without saying. Audacity is the note of the disciples of Loyola wherever they are found; but Father Clarke is also candid and frank, qualities in which Jesuits are not always supposed to abound. His article in the *North American Review* on "Neo-Malthusianism" will be read with pleasure and profit by all who are interested in the serious discussion of practical questions.

LIMITATION WORSE THAN PROSTITUTION—

Father Clarke, of course, takes the extreme view of his Church as to the heinous wickedness of any application of conscientious forethought to the regulation of the most important of all human acts. He accepts it as a matter of faith that the multiplication of the human species is one which ought to be left absolutely to the unchecked operation of physical instincts, as the multiplication of the aphides on the apple tree. To use judgment in a matter which should be left to instinct is to him a violation of the natural law, and degrades any woman or man who is guilty of it below the level of the harlot. Considering that the immense majority of the devout women of Catholic France—the nation which is still the eldest son of the Church—are guilty of the crime which Father Clarke condemns, this sentence with which he concludes had better not be translated into French:—

The practices advocated by the Neo-Malthusians are most serious offences against Nature and Nature's God. In the eyes of men those who are guilty of them may pass for honourable and virtuous citizens, but in the eyes of Him who sees in secret, the poor wanderer in the streets is far less culpable than those who thus set at naught, for the sake of their own comfort and enjoyment, the laws that God has laid down to regulate the increase of the human kind.

—AND NEXT DOOR TO MURDER.

But to limit the number of a family is not only worse than prostitution—it is, according to Father Clarke, the stepping-stone to murder. In his eyes, and those of most controversialists of his school, there is only a difference of degree between the preventing of conception and the murder of a living child. In some religions this doctrine is carried to its logical ultimate, and any person who does not marry at the earliest possible moment, and have the maximum number of offspring, is equally held to be guilty of murder, in that he has allowed potentialities that might have produced children to remain undeveloped. That I am not misrepresenting Father Clarke, the following passage is sufficient to prove:—

The consequence of Neo-Malthusian doctrines would be gradually to abolish the sanctity of human life, and to condone, or rather to sanction and approve, deliberate murder.

FAMILIES MUST BE UNLIMITED.

Father Clarke, I am glad to see, has at least the candour to admit what some of those who argue on his side pretend to deny. He, at least, indulges in no nonsense concerning the possibility of preventing the overcrowding of the family by the practice of conjugal abstinence between married people. Speaking of the proposals to limit the number of children in the family to the means of the parents and their opportunities for rearing their young, Father Clarke says:—

If after the birth of just such a number of children as they believe they can bring up in their own station, they were henceforward to live as brother and sister, we should not have so much to say against their proposal. We could not approve of it. The separation, moreover, is in a large majority of

cases impracticable. It is only the upper class whose houses admit of its being effectually carried out. We may, therefore, put it aside as impossible for the masses, and undesirable in all but a few exceptional instances.

That, no doubt, is true. Therefore we are shut up to the alternative that a liability to a devastating flood of unwanted children is the law which Nature and Nature's God has prescribed for all married people.

IS OVER-POPULATION POSSIBLE?

Father Clarke stoutly maintains that, while arithmetically over-population can be proved to be possible, practically it is out of the question. On this point I do not care to follow him, because the real question which settles the method in which this problem will be solved, is not the over-population of the world, but the overcrowding of the family. Father Clarke, however, does not hesitate to maintain that there is no such thing as the overcrowding of the family. He says:—

The chance of bringing into the world little ones to starve is practically limited to those who, through their intemperance or sloth, themselves create the very evil which these new doctrines pretend to meet. Was there ever, or, at all events, is there to be found now in any city on the face of the earth, any considerable number of individuals who, without any fault of their own, are unable to provide a sufficiency of food for their little ones? I am convinced that even in London there is room for every one. A man or woman who is not utterly incapable, or so hopelessly demoralised as to be unable to persevere in any sort of continuous occupation, need scarcely ever remain long unemployed.

LARGE FAMILIES AS A CURE FOR POVERTY.

Waxing bold as he proceeds, Father Clarke argues that the more children a man has, no matter how poor he may be, the less danger there is that he will become a pauper. He says:—

Does a large family tend in the long run to greater poverty? It may for the first few years after marriage. But this is not, as a rule, the time when the pinch is felt.

The real danger of pauperism is when a man gets old and is past work, and then it is his large family that comes to his rescue:—

If a man has half a dozen children, there is a far better chance of one of them being the stay of his old age than if he has only two or three.

MATERNITY AS A DETERRENT TO VICE.

There may be a certain element of truth in these arguments, but they will not count for much. There are two arguments which are serious, and of which due account must always be taken. The first, which Father Clarke sets forth briefly and without exaggeration, is that any general knowledge of the fact that maternity is not a necessary consequence of intercourse will tend to destroy one great penalty which, as Father Clarke says, has saved thousands from falling who otherwise would have fallen. If women are placed on the same footing as men with regard to the bearing of personal penalties as the result of incontinence, there is undoubtedly a danger that their ideas as to the obligations of purity would tend to approximate to those of men—which undoubtedly would be a great misfortune.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

The second argument is one which Father Clarke states very forcibly. The great problem of evolution is to secure the multiplication of the fittest and the best; but, he argues, if the doctrine of the limited family is held to be lawful, its general adoption would secure the multiplication, and therefore the survival, of the unfittest. Malthusianism, he says—

appeals to the educated class most of all, to those who are provident and who have a care for the future, to those who are capable of self-control, and have a keen sense of their duties to posterity. Such men will be the few and not the many. They will be men who have achieved for themselves and their families some sort of position, or who inherit resources which they feel bound to hand on in their integrity to their children. They will be (I am speaking from a Neo-Malthusian standpoint) the prudent, the temperate, the self-relying, the self-restrained. If we suppose two families, one of which is limited by the parents to three children, while the other in the absence of any such limit has twice that number—if, moreover, the same rate of increase for similar reasons is maintained for six generations—the respective numbers, when the sixth generation is reached, will be 729 on the one hand, and 46,656 on the other. In this way Neo-Malthusian doctrines are of a most retrograde character. So far from tending to the welfare of the human race, they tend to a steady deterioration of it. They would, in the natural course of things, bring us back to a class of plutocrats on the one hand, few in numbers, but possessed of superior natures and plenteous wealth, and on the other a continually augmenting class of the poor and the degraded with all the dangerous elements that follow from this class being sufficiently numerous to swamp those who belong to the nobler race.

The answer to this is that only one side of the doctrine of limiting the family is stated by Father Clarke. While it is the duty of no married pair to bring into the world any more children than they can properly provide for, feed, educate, house, and control, it is not less the duty of every civilised human being, who has arrived at a sufficient degree of intelligence to recognise the responsibility of parentage, to rear the maximum number of children which their means and circumstances permit. There is no obligation to the state or to the race so sacred as this, just as there is no offence so great as the excessive multiplication of the worse types, moral and physical, of the human race.

FRENCH-CANADIAN INFANT MORTALITY.

In the *Annals of the American Academy* for September there is an article by Professor Davidson on "The Growth of the French Canadian Race in America," in which there is at least one reference to the subject handled by Father Clarke. Mr. Davidson points out that, contrary to the usual belief, the French Canadians do not increase like rabbits. Their rate of increase is very little more than that of the other Canadians, and this notwithstanding the fact that the French Canadians, who all accept the doctrine laid down by Father Clarke, have enormous families. The good French Canadian Catholic world, of course, shrink with horror from such an unnatural crime as limiting his family before birth; but as the figures prove, he and his religion appear to see nothing repugnant either to God or man in allowing the surplus unwanted children to die after they are born. Mr. Davidson quotes from a letter received from Dr. E. P. La Chapelle, President of the Conseil d'Hygiène of the Province of Quebec, in answer to inquiries, may suffice:—

I do not believe it would be correct to ascribe to any single cause the phenomenon you inquire about, and I am convinced it is the result of several factors. For one, the first cause of the heavy infant mortality among the French Canadians is their very heavy natality, each family being composed of an average of twelve children, and instances of families of fifteen, eighteen, and even twenty-four children being not uncommon. The superabundance of children renders, I think, parents less careful about them, and I have no doubt that for one instance, the want of care about the alimentary diet is an important cause of their premature death, and may explain the abnormal proportion of deaths from diarrhoea during the summer

months; and this, not on account of poor or insufficient food, but on account of babies being allowed to drink and even eat anything they want and at any time, just the same as grown-up persons. In a word, I think that want of proper care in every way is the principal cause of this heavy infantile mortality, and I am sure it is not due to any constitutional or radical debility.

WIVES IN REVOLT.

ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S., PH.D., writes in the *Humanitarian* on the "Degradation of Woman," which is now-a-days said to come of accepting what have hitherto been considered the inevitable consequences of marriage. He says he has been again and again consulted about cases in which this modern idea has caused great domestic misery:—

What we do refer to is the fixed idea which possesses some young wives, that to submit themselves to those conjugal relations, when not prompted so to do by their own feelings, is for them a *degradation*! So closely have they thus come to associate mere feeling with conscience—or rather to substitute the former for the latter—as to have occasioned the avowal with strange frankness, to a devoted and unhappy husband, that the sense of degradation so incurred with him would not attend such relations with another personality. And the ladies who are the victims of these mistaken ideas as to degradation have not been forced by parents, or circumstances, to contract an unsuitable, or repugnant, marriage. Their husbands have been young, handsome, well-born and deservedly esteemed for their physical and mental endowments. In each case the suitor was willingly accepted by the maiden he sought. He had no reason whatever to anticipate post-nuptial disappointment. In each case also, so far as we have been able to judge, the wife has been convinced that her refusal was meritorious, and tended to preserve her "purity of soul," while sometimes such refusal has been to her a really distressing sacrifice to a mistaken view of duty, from reluctance to cause pain to a husband, admired, esteemed, and, in her own way, the object of a very sincere regard.

The writer proceeds to inveigh against "mere feeling" being allowed to take the place of conscience or sense of duty, and argues from the primary duties of race-maintenance to the obligations incurred in matrimony. His main premise is thus clearly stated:—

Unless the husband and wife have mutually agreed from the first to live together in absolute chastity, it is evident that the main end of marriage renders submission to intimate conjugal relations an obvious duty on the part of the woman. It is plainly, also, but justice to the husband, who otherwise may incur too serious a disadvantage. By submission, then, the wife yields to the injunctions of reason and justice, and conforms to the moral law. If such submission is distasteful, her compliance acquires the increased merit of self-sacrifice to duty.

This is all very well—provided always that a similar heroic sense of duty animate the husband and regulate his action, otherwise the "mere feeling" on the one side may be of value as a protection against the "mere feeling" which has too generally ruled on the other side. Probably it is not the woman who needs most lecturing about following the dictates of reason and conscience as opposed to those of sensation.

A BISHOP holding service on a lightship—for the first time in the history of the Church of England—is described by the Rev. T. S. Treanor in the *Sunday Magazine*. The same issue contains a chatty account, by David Paton, of Dr. Heber Evans, "the greatest orator in Wales," in his Bangor home, and many other brightly written papers.

HUMAN EVOLUTION: NATURAL OR ARTIFICIAL?

AN ARGUMENT AGAINST NATURAL SELECTION.

MR. H. G. WELLS, whose remarkable essays in fiction have compelled every one to recognise that in him we have a new, daring and original thinker, contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for October an article entitled "Human Evolution an Artificial Process," which is thoroughly characteristic of the man. Mr. Wells begins by challenging the doctrine that the evolution of man is brought about by natural selection. Natural selection, he says, operates by means of death. Only by a process of killing out the unfit, generation after generation, does it operate in producing efficiency. Now, says Mr. Wells, the human family breeds too slowly for this ruthless machine to get a chance of improving him much by killing off the unfit. The human being breeds very slowly. He does not begin to multiply until he is at least sixteen years old, and when he does begin to breed, his offspring are very few compared with those of, let us say, the rabbit. Then, again, the human dies a natural death for the most part; most other animals are killed off before they attain their full length of years:—

Taking all these points together, and assuming four generations of men to the century—a generous allowance—and ten thousand years as the period of time that has elapsed since man entered upon the age of polished stone, it can scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he has had time only to undergo as much specific modification as the rabbit could get through in a century. Indeed, I believe it an exaggeration to say that he can possibly have undergone as much modification as the rabbit (under rapidly changing circumstances) would experience in fifty years.

Therefore, it appears to Mr. Wells impossible to believe that man has undergone anything but an infinitesimal alteration in his intrinsic nature since the age of polished stone. Now, the age of polished stone, says Mr. Wells, has lasted the 100,000 years during which mankind slowly fashioned the wonderful instrument of articulate speech. Mr. Wells maintains that it is incredible that a moral disposition could be developed by natural selection, as moral restraint is directly prejudicial to the interests of the species into which it is developed, which is, to say the least, an arguable proposition. How then was civilised man evolved? Mr. Wells's solution of the problem is as follows:—

That in civilised man we have (1) an inherited factor, the natural man, who is the product of natural selection, the culminating ape, and a type of animal more obstinately unchangeable than any other living creature; and (2) an acquired factor, the artificial man, the highly plastic creature of tradition, suggestion, and reasoned thought. In the artificial man we have all that makes the comforts and securities of civilisation a possibility. That factor and civilisation have developed, and will develop together. And in this view, what we call Morality becomes the padding of suggested emotional habits necessary to keep the round Palæolithic savage in the square hole of the civilised state. And Sin is the conflict of the two factors—as I have tried to convey in my "Island of Dr. Moreau." If this new view is acceptable, it provides a novel definition of Education, which obviously should be the careful and systematic manufacture of the artificial factor in man.

The artificial factor in man is made and modified by two chief influences. The greatest of these is *suggestion*, and particularly the suggestion of example. With this tradition is inseparably interwoven. The second is his reasoned conclusions from additions to his individual knowledge, either through instruction or experience. The artificial factor in a man, therefore, may evidently be deliberately affected by a sufficiently intelligent exterior agent in a number of ways: by example deliberately set; by the fictitious example of the

stage and novel; by sound or unsound presentations of facts, or sound or fallacious arguments derived from facts, even, it may be, by emotionally propounded precepts. The artificial factor of mankind—and that is the one reality of civilisation—grows, therefore, through the agency of eccentric and innovating people, playwrights, novelists, preachers, poets, journalists, and political reasoners and speakers, the modern equivalents of the prophets who struggled against the priests—against the social order that is of the barbaric stage.

In the future, it is at least conceivable that men with a trained reason and a sounder science, both of matter and psychology, may conduct this operation far more intelligently, unanimously, and effectively, and work towards, and at last attain and preserve, a social organisation so cunningly balanced against exterior necessities on the one hand, and the artificial factor in the individual on the other, that the life of every human being, and, indeed, through man, of every sentient creature on earth, may be generally happy. To me, at least, that is no dream, but a possibility to be lost or won by men, as they may have or may not have the greatness of heart to consciously shape their moral conceptions and their lives to such an end.

This view, in fact, reconciles a scientific faith in evolution with optimism. The attainment of an unstable and transitory perfection only through innumerable generations of suffering and "elimination" is not necessarily the destiny of humanity. If what is here advanced is true, in Education lies the possible salvation of mankind from misery and sin. We may hope to come out of the valley of Death, become emancipated from the Calanistic deity of Natural Selection, before the end of the pilgrimage. We need not clamour for the Systematic Massacre of the Unfit, nor fear that degeneration is the inevitable consequence of security.

POINTS OF PROGRESS IN THE RACE.

MR. LESTER F. WARD writes in the *International Journal of Ethics* on ethical aspects of social science. He regards the ordinary ethics as essentially negative—the ethics of restraint—which are bound to perish by their very success. He develops by contrast his system, which he describes as essentially positive—the ethics of liberation. His "good" consists in the exercise, not the repression, of the faculties: the satisfaction of the wants of man. And these wants are continually expanding and increasing. This contrast is scarcely just to the old ethics, and the "new" ethics are by no means so new as Mr. Ward seems to imagine. What is of interest to us is the illustration he gives of development in taste and appetite. Music, he points out, is a comparatively modern art. "The love of nature as a whole, especially in its amorphous aspects—mountains, waters, cloud, etc.—is a recent acquirement, like the love of music."

AS REGARDS SEX—

In the domain of social life, the more refined sexual sentiments furnish a striking example of the power of man to acquire new wants. It is only in the European race that these have assumed any marked prominence, and even in this race they have been developed within comparatively recent times. Brilliant as were the intellectual achievements of the Greeks and Romans, and refined as were many of their moral and æsthetic perceptions, nothing in their literature conclusively proves that love with them meant more than the natural demands of the sexual instinct under the control of strong character and high intelligence. The romantic element of man's nature had not yet been developed. This constitutes a distinctly modern need. It is rooted in the lower passion and has grown out of it, but it is distinguished from it by the fact that the presence alone of the object is its satisfaction. This step is an exceedingly long one, and was gradually taken during the Middle Ages, assuming its developed proportions under the knights-errant and the troubadours from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. To-day it

prevails throughout Europe, America, and other countries that have been settled by Europeans, and nowhere else. It has completely revolutionised the social life of these peoples and has purified their literature. This is why the older literature requires to be expurgated before it is fit for modern ears. It was too erotic. Modern literature, although it deals with love to a far greater extent than ancient, is chaste, because love means something entirely different from what it formerly meant. The needs of modern peoples growing out of it are much more numerous and imperative than before, but they are so pure and elevated that it is possible to treat them with the utmost freedom without causing the least shock to the finest sensibilities.

—AND MARRIAGE.

Again, true conjugal affection, as it exists to-day in enlightened communities, and which is a different thing from the spiritualised sexual sentiment last considered, although an outgrowth from it as that is an outgrowth from the sexual instinct, constitutes another and still more modern source of social enjoyment developed by civilisation. Nor is it less important, for it has done more than all other influences combined to cement and solidify the most important of all social structures, the family. The monogamic sentiment is gaining strength and becoming more and more the bulwark of society. Those who see in the prevailing unrest relative to marriage only signs of degeneracy fail to interpret these signs correctly. It is in reality due to the very strengthening that I have mentioned of the true bonds of conjugal affection, coupled with a rational and altogether proper determination on the part of individuals to accept, in so important a matter, nothing less than the genuine article.

Not such a bad result of the old ethics, suggesting that "restraint" was not, after all, chiefly negative.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FAMILY.

An interesting study of the stages through which animal life has developed into family life is contributed to the *Monist* for July by Dr. Paul Topinard. He points out that in the fishes and certain batrachia there is no maternal sentiment, but, as an offset, the rudiment of a paternal sentiment. The passion of the male, not being awakened by the female, is expended entirely on the eggs, and tends to be continued on the young. But in other batrachia and in the reptiles this paternal sentiment disappears, the sexual sentiment is mutual, and the female takes some charge of the eggs she lays. The maternal sentiment begins to dawn.

This fact, that fatherliness comes before motherliness in the ascending order of life and then disappears, is worthy of remark.

IN THE BIRD.

Passing to birds and mammals, Dr. Topinard finds in the female bird the maternal instinct consolidated to its last degree of efficiency and one of the marvels of adaptation to ends. The male either abandons his mate after pairing, or shares her work of building and brooding and training the fledglings. Correct unions, conjugal and familiar, are the rule among birds:—

To recapitulate, evolution tends towards the most favourable conditions for attaining the ends of reproduction, outlined in the fishes and reptiles and reaching in the majority of birds approximate perfection. It is no longer the isolated male or the isolated female who has charge of the development of the young, either within or without the egg. A contract of union is established between the two agents of reproduction, an association has been effected, a more or less powerful sentiment

unites the male to the female and to their young. The two concur in the work, each according to its organisation.

IN THE MAMMAL.

Despite many variations the goal seems to be the family which is not merely maternal but also paternal. Among mammals, Dr. Topinard finds that—

it is on the female, in fine, that adaptation has concentrated all its efforts. The maternal family is a necessity, the paternal-maternal family a luxury. Outside of the hours which he devotes to reproduction, the male has always time for living and enjoying his individual life. As to the female, she has among the birds no leisure except in winter, and none at all among the majority of the higher mammals. From the moment she is capable of reproduction the object of her life is one thing—love. She seeks to please her nearest spouse, she loves him and admires him. She loves the eggs on which she broods and the offspring which are born of them; she loves him who has made her a mother and who shares with her her affection for her offspring. What a difference between her and the male, particularly among the mammals! From the beginning it is pleasure which he seeks, frequently without any ulterior motive; later it is satisfaction of his activity, the need of possessing and of dominating. The male is the egoistic element in the association, the female is the altruistic element. . . . United they form a complete whole—the physiological unit. All this is realised in the monogamous form of the family. . . . Polygamy in the Ungulata is a digression of adaptation. If it still persists in the monkeys, it is because it has not been able to regain the straight path. In the anthropoids, it is true, the scene is changed, and these animals have again become monogamous.

The ethical lessons suggested by this review of the way the family has come are too obvious to need mention.

The French in the United States.

In the *Annals of the American Academy*, for September, Professor Davidson, discussing "The Growth of the French Canadian Race," brings out the fact that there are now more French Canadians in the United States than there were in the whole of Canada sixty years ago. In 1850 there were only 53,000 French in the United States; in 1890 there were half a million. Mr. Davidson says that this increase is not due to the average size of the French Canadian family, which, indeed, is only a fraction higher than the family in other parts of Canada. The following are his figures as to the growth of the French population on the other side of the Atlantic:—

TABLE OF FRENCH CANADIAN POPULATION, 1765-1891.

Census Year.	French in Canada.	Rate of Increase.	French in United States.	Total.	Rate of Increase per cent. per decade.
1765	69,810	69,810	..
1784	98,012	98,012	..
1805	215,000	215,000	..
1822	310,000	310,000	..
1844	538,213	538,213	..
1851	695,947	..	(1850) 53,749	749,696	..
1861	880,902	(1851-61) 26.4	(1860) 102,260	983,162	(1851-61) 30.6
1871	1,005,200	(1861-71) 14.2	(1870) 201,371	1,207,071	(1861-71) 23.0
1881	1,186,008	(1871-81) 18.0	(1880) 325,939	1,511,997	(1871-81) 25.38
1891	1,304,745	(1881-91) 9.7	(1890) 500,000	1,804,795	(1881-91) 21.64

The resulting rate of increase per cent. per decade from 1765 to 1890-91 is 29.7, which gives the result that the French Canadian population has doubled itself every twenty-seven years, Malthus accepted as his standard a doubling every twenty-five, and the result of our investigation practically corroborates his standard.

A FRENCHMAN ON THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

M. DE PRESSENSÉ, the distinguished French Protestant, whose recent life of Cardinal Manning has attracted so much attention, contributes to the September number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a very well-informed appreciation of the International Socialist Congress recently held in London. M. de Pressensé endeavours to penetrate through the turbulent scenes which disgraced the meetings, and to reach the true significance of what occurred.

BRITISH TRADES UNIONS AND SOCIALISM.

He begins with the English delegates, and traces the evolution of the Socialist spirit out of the energetic individualism of the race through the troubled times of the Chartists and Disraeli's "Young England" movement. The operation of the Trades Unions has created a kind of aristocracy of labour in the shape of the skilled artisans, who are really the great safeguard in England against the Socialist invasion. We are thus confronted with the spectacle of a double movement: the New Unionism from outside, and the old individualist Unionism, on the lines of which the Trades Unions were originally established. At the same time, whether by conviction or whether it be merely a matter of tactics, the great majority of Trades Unions have really ranged themselves on the side of the Socialist programme. The prophecy of a speaker at an International Congress thirty years ago has become true, and eight thousand English Unionists are enrolled in the Socialist movement. M. de Pressensé notes that the Trades Unions in their annual Congress pass, not only practical measures, but also declarations of principles on the resumption by society of property and land and of the means of production. The shibboleth of Collectivism is on the lips of the old champions of Individualism.

A FUSION NOT COMPLETE.

The best proof of the conversion of the English is that they actually practise Internationalism; they accept the solidarity of a Socialism which is often primitive enough, but it is the best means of showing that they are no longer ashamed of their principles. It is not true, however, to say that the fusion is now complete. It is always possible to distinguish at the first glance the British element and the Continental element. If the English are proud, somewhat intolerant, and disdainful of the rights of others, it must be remembered that there is a wide gulf which separates such a man as Mr. Broadhurst, an old Under-Secretary of State, from the free lance of the New Unionism. The English working-man's representative has more often than not the look of a prosperous farmer, and in too many cases he has forgotten the early struggles out of which he has raised himself. He flirts with Socialism, but the first crack of the party whip recalls him to the heel of an orthodox Liberalism.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHED.

M. de Pressensé's account of the Fabian Society, though written with knowledge, nevertheless attributes to that organisation a somewhat sudden origin. He tells us that one fine day the young and cultivated minds of the English middle-class were seized with a sudden disgust for the then fashionable political economy of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Stuart Mill. The movement was really a thing of slow growth, though it is probable enough that the reaction appeared to be sudden. M. de Pressensé passes in review all the distinguished personalities of the Fabian Society—Mr. George Bernard Shaw,

Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Wm. Morris, Mr. Herbert Burrows, Mr. Belfort Bax, hitting off each one with a brilliancy of phrase and an accuracy astonishing in a foreigner.

THE I.L.P.

He goes on to the Independent Labour Party. The French writer sums up Mr. Keir Hardie as being the English counterpart of the late M. Thivrier. As for Mr. John Burns, he has finally admitted that his point of view is changed now that he is member for Battersea. Trafalgar Square has not seen another Bloody Sunday. And yet John Burns is by no means a traitor. He wishes to succeed, and he does succeed by having the wit not to call his little bits of Socialism by that terrible name. It is curious to note that both these men—Keir Hardie and Burns—are ardently religious. They are soaked in the spirit of the Bible, and, above all, of the Old Testament, and it is easy to see how different a revolution conducted by men of their nature would be from a revolution conducted by disciples of Voltaire and of Rousseau. M. de Pressensé sees clearly enough that the great defect of the working classes is organisation. The artisan is absorbed in political rivalries.

He goes on to the German delegates to the Congress. The famous trio Herren Bebel, Liebknecht, and Singer—two foremen and a rich employer, two Christians and a Jew, or three heads under one hat—form one of the most marvellous examples of political alliance. German Socialism will sooner or later have an importance numerically proportioned to its real strength, and equal or superior to that of the Catholic Centre Party. It is, in a word, a thing too great and too lofty for the London Congress to be anything but a secondary incident in its history.

THE ROCK ON WHICH THE CONGRESS SPLIT.

M. de Pressensé comes to the really curious point of the Congress. Here is a kind of Ecumenical Council of Socialism brought from the four corners of the world to decide—what? The programme of future action, the bases of the society of the future, the ideal of the twentieth century? Not at all, but whether they ought to accept for colleagues the worst enemies of their party.

The rock upon which the Congress split, in M. de Pressensé's opinion, is the old irreconcilable opposition between the principles of Socialism and the principles of Anarchism. There can be no real agreement between men who demand the strict subordination of individual rights to the common welfare, and between men who acknowledge the unlimited rights of the individual. He reminds us that the Congress of 1872 marked the death of the old International. The reason of its failure was that an international organisation had been attempted before the national organisations were completed. The recent premature attempt to reconstitute the great International Conventions is a clear indication of the change which Socialism has undergone—a change from the simple to the complex, from the national to the cosmopolitan.

The most startling thing in the *Free Review* is the charge of Atheism—noticed elsewhere—brought against the late Cardinal Manning. After this it seems tame to find John M. Robertson suggesting, in the last of the papers on the subject, that Shakespeare went beyond Montaigne in the direction of modern agnosticism and pessimism. Mr. E. S. Galbraith has a most vigorous philippic on "the blight of respectability."

LADY HARCOURT.

In the *Woman at Home* there is a somewhat piquant, and not to say spitefully penned article, by a writer signing herself "Stella," upon Lady Harcourt, in which she says comparatively little about Lady Harcourt, and a good many unpleasant things about Sir William, as may be seen from the following extracts:—

Among our public men Sir William Harcourt is happy in the collaboration of a wife ideal in the circumstances. If it were permissible to flash on this page, in whatever severely modified light, the frankness of conversation which takes place in corners of a drawing-room, when, after a dinner party, the gentlemen are left to their wine, I might hint that Sir William is the kind of man peculiarly in need of the gentle influence of a graceful wife. There is, in his ordinary manner and address, no medium between extreme urbanity and vitriolic disagreeableness. It is a very old story how six men uniting to give a dinner at Brookes's agreed that each was to ask as his guest the most disagreeable person he knew. No confidences were to be exchanged, leaving untrammelled the curiosity that centred upon the meeting when each man would be able to see wherein his particular selection was excelled. Covers were laid for twelve, but only seven sat down. Each man had asked Vernon Harcourt.

Of course, the tale is apocryphal, and, being spiteful, is equally, of course, a man's story. To me the point of it lies in the fact that the great man at whom the venom is slung was known as Vernon Harcourt. That shows it dates back many years, long before Sir William married, *en secondes nocces*, Mrs. Ives. She has rained sweet influence over the household, and Sir William Harcourt has become quite bearable over a wide circle of society. It is even said by those who flatter him that he reserved all the frost of his manner for the occasional dinners he gave to political supporters whilst yet he resided in Downing Street as Chancellor of the Exchequer. I have been told (this, again, is obviously the sort of scandal men circulate about each other) that on these occasions, sitting at the head, or rather in the middle of his own table, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has dwelt in silence through six courses, whilst his trembling guests have conversed with each other in funereal whispers. Anything more awful than the picture here roughly limned and boldly coloured the mind cannot imagine. In pleasing contrast is the attitude, appearance and manner of Sir William when, under the same roof, still weighted with the cares of the Treasury and the collegialship of Lord Rosebery, he has acted as host, whether at dinner or through an evening party, with Lady Harcourt beaming as hostess.

Lady Harcourt's charm is not wrought or nourished by anything approaching a gushing manner. She does not set up as a brilliant talker, nor does she lay herself out to be a leader of fashion in dress or other social matters. She is just a woman, but one of innate good nature, kindly feeling, high intelligence, and perfect breeding. Though, as far as her friends know, she never meddles in literature, she inherits from her father—the historian of the Netherlands—a keen literary taste. She has read most books worth reading, and is at home with those who write books, even if some of the products are not of the best.

In the main, setting aside the personal interests of marriageable maids and widows amongst us, this *fin de siècle* fashion is distinctly to the advantage of London Society. The American girl has freshened us up considerably, giving a wholesome fillip to our stodginess. Lady Randolph Churchill visibly brightens up any circle in the centre of which—and she instinctively makes for the centre—she finds herself set. In different ways two of the most charming women in London society are Mrs. Chamberlain and the almost latest comer, Mrs. George Curzon. Both are absolutely unspoiled by all that is meant in the transplantation from comparatively quiet homes into the fierce light that beats upon a London drawing-room situated within the radius of the Court.

In a way peculiarly her own, Lady Harcourt adds to the grace of English womanhood the indescribable charm of the younger, more vivid more virile life of the born American.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE QUEEN.

In the *Woman at Home* the ubiquitous Mrs. Sarah Tooley contributes an article concerning Her Majesty. In it we are told that her favourite flower is the rose, and that she has a bed of pinks at Osborne near which she often takes tea, and similar things. There are one or two items that may be quoted:—

The Queen gave her countenance to ladies riding the tricycle at a very early stage of the introduction of that machine. It was while taking her favourite drive along the Newport Road in the Isle of Wight that she for the first time saw a lady riding a tricycle, and she was so much pleased that she ordered two machines to be sent to Osborne for some of her ladies to learn to ride upon. When the more expeditious bicycle came into use, Her Majesty looked askance for a time at ladies riding it; but now she takes the greatest delight in watching the merry cycling parties of Princesses which start daily from Balmoral in the autumn, and she has enjoyed many of her hearty laughs at those who were in the learner's stage, and had not mastered the mystery of maintaining the balance. That latest innovation in the way of vehicles—the motor-car—is regarded by the Queen with special interest.

A more serious theme is touched upon by Mrs. Sarah Tooley when she says:—

It had always been the practice to forbid the attendance at Drawing-rooms of ladies divorced, even though it was for no fault of their own, but the Queen, with her admirable sense of justice, came to the conclusion that this was scarcely fair, and decided that a lady of blameless life ought not to be excluded from Court by reason of her husband's misdeeds. The matter was brought before the Cabinet some years ago, but allowed to drop without its being decided. The question was revived in 1889, and it was arranged that ladies debarred by divorce may make special application for admission to Court to the Queen herself, who decides on the merit of each case after having had the report of the trial laid before her. There is, I believe, a record of one lady who had obtained divorces from two husbands in succession gaining the Queen's permission to be presented on her third marriage.

The Author of "Festus."

In the *Young Man* for October Mr. Arthur Mee describes how he found Philip James Bailey living in retirement in The Elms, on the Rope Walk, Nottingham. Mr. Bailey is now in his eightieth year. He was twenty-one when he penned the first line of the poem by which his name is known throughout the world, and he has done very little since beyond revising, rewriting, polishing and improving his masterpiece. He wrote "Festus" in order to introduce the doctrine of Universalism. The book is now double the size that it was when it was first published. Many lyrics have been introduced, and the scope of the work has been considerably enlarged. Some of the lyrics which have been omitted will probably be republished in separate form. He is working at the notes to "Festus," to be ready when another edition is called for. Mr. Mee asked him if he had any message for the young men of to-day. Mr. Bailey pointed to the last edition of "Festus," and said, "That is my message."

Among the very readable contents of *Gentleman's* for October may be mentioned Mr. E. V. Howard's tobacco paper, "The Home of the Indian Weed"; Mr. W. Miller's sketch of Montenegrin history in view of the forthcoming Bi-Centenary; Mr. S. Wilson's "Guesses at Shakespeare," what he may have been and done; Mr. Rees Davies' plea for a Commission of Naturalists to be sent out by Government to ascertain whether present regulations are not leading to the extinction of the fur-seals; and Mr. Villacott's "Thieves' Slang," which claims separate notice.

MR. DU MAURIER'S NEW STORY.

In *Harper's Magazine* for October, Mr. Du Maurier gives us the first instalment of his new story, with which *Harper's* hope he may be able to reach the success of "Trilby." The scenes of the opening chapter at least are laid in Paris, but they describe life in a French boys' school, and sketch it more pleasantly and sympathetically than such institutions are usually described. M. F. Brossard has selected as the vehicle for telling his story an imaginary person, unaccustomed to writing; an Englishman, whom he names Robert Maurice, who describes himself as a mere prosperous tradesman, a busy politician, and a man of the world. To this Robert Maurice has been entrusted the duty of writing the life of the greatest literary genius this century has produced, of revealing the strange

secret of that genius, which has lighted up the darkness of these latter times as with a pillar of fire by night. This extraordinary secret has never been revealed before to any living soul but his wife and myself. And that is one of my qualifications for this great labour of love.

This marvellous genius, it seems, is an illegitimate son of Lord Runswick and Antoinette Josselin. The name of his prodigy is Bartholomew Josselin, who in the story figures as Barty, and he is introduced to us from the moment when he is brought in an Eton jacket to the institution of M. F. Brossard, where Robert Maurice was also educated. Of Barty Josselin we are told strange things. Robert Maurice says:—

He has been idealised as an angel, a saint and a demigod; he has been caricatured as a self-indulgent sensualist, a vulgar Lothario, a buffoon, a joker of practical jokes. He was in reality the simplest, the most affectionate and most good-natured of men, the very soul of honour, the best of husbands and fathers and friends, the most fascinating companion that ever lived, and one who kept to the last the freshness and joyous spirits of a schoolboy and the heart of a child; one who never said or did an unkind thing, probably never even thought one. Generous and open-handed to a fault, slow to condemn, quick to forgive, and gifted with a power of immediately inspiring affection and keeping it for ever after, such as I have never known in any one else, he grew to be (for all his quick-tempered impulsiveness) one of the gentlest and meekest and most humble-minded of men.

As a schoolboy Barty was an universal favourite; but in the October number not much light is thrown upon this strange secret, although enough is said that he was quite uncannily gifted:—

He could see the satellites of Jupiter with the naked eye; this was often tested by M. Dumollard, maître de mathématiques (et de cosmographie), who had a telescope, which, with a little good-will on the gazer's part, made Jupiter look as big as the moon, and its moons like stars of the first magnitude. His sense of hearing was also exceptionally keen. He could hear a watch tick in the next room, and perceive very high sounds to which ordinary human ears are deaf (this was found out later); and when we played blind-man's-buff on a rainy day, he could, blindfolded, tell every boy he caught hold of—not by feeling him all over like the rest of us, but by the mere smell of his hair, or his hands, or his blouse!

But the most extraordinary and incomprehensible talent which the boy possessed was that of being able intuitively to find the north. He was as good as a compass. Blindfold him, and twist and turn him about as much as you please, he could always indicate the

direction of the North Star. On one occasion, Robert Maurice asked him about this:—

"But what do you feel when you feel the north, Barty—a kind of tingling?" I asked.

"Oh—I feel where it is—as if I'd got a mariner's compass trembling inside my stomach—and as if I wasn't afraid of anybody or anything in the world—as if I could go and have my head chopped off and not care a fig."

That does not help us very much further, but it is as far as we get in the first instalment of Mr. Du Maurier's new tale.

IAN MACLAREN.

In the *Woman at Home*, Ian MacLaren's first attempt at a serial is drawing to a close. "Kate Carnegie" will be published before Christmas in its complete form. As the magazines announce that he is returning to short stories next year, we may assume that the attempt at a longer work has not been altogether successful. In "Kate Carnegie" the story is very slight, being little more than a string with which to thread some stories of the Drumtochty people which were not good enough to put into the "Bonnie Briar Bush." In the whole story, so far as the *Woman at Home* has brought it out, there was only one passage that would move to laughter, and none that would move to tears. The humorous passage is that which occurs in the colloquy of a Free Church minister and an old Highland woman, who, after confiding in him various legends concerning her ancestors, who were out with Prince Charlie, ventured gravely to express her doubts as to the wisdom of Our Lord as to the selection which he made of the Apostles. The passage is as follows:—

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it was maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing: they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk. It was fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it was a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear. It was not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful?"

"There was a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief. Thirty pieces of silver was a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and him one of the Chief's tail too; it was a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men. There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident, "that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much to-day, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson—to all traitors."

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

In the *Leisure Hour* for October there is an interesting article describing the success of Mr. Gurney's steam motor sixty odd years ago. It is somewhat discouraging to find that we have barely advanced to the position that we reached before the Reform Bill was passed. The description which the *Leisure Hour* gives of Mr. Gurney's run with his steam carriage is very interesting, but what is still more notable is that a select committee of the House of Commons reported entirely in favour of permitting the use of motor carriages on the public highways:—

A Parliamentary Committee was appointed, which included Mr. Shaw Lefevre, afterwards Lord Eversley, Sir M. W. Ridley, Mr. Torrens, Mr. Hume, and others, and they held a nine days' inquiry into the subject, examining a number of witnesses in the most careful and ample manner, and finally issuing, on October 12th, a very full report. There was not the slightest doubt or hesitation about their verdict. They declared themselves entirely satisfied as to the safety of steam propulsion, the absence of any nuisance to the public from smoke, steam, or noise, the effect on the roads, and so forth. And though they espied rocks ahead in the form of strong prejudice which would call for caution and prevent the very speedy triumph of the new power, and also in the contentions and antagonism of rivals who might wrench the gains from the original inventors, they were certain the steam coach was powerful enough to vanquish all such difficulties; and they made known their united conviction that "the substitution of steam for animal power in draught on common roads is the most important improvement in the means of internal communication ever introduced. Its practicability they consider to have been fully established; its general adoption will take place more or less rapidly in proportion as the attention of scientific men shall be drawn by public encouragement to further improvements." They also came to the unanimous conclusion that steam carriages could be propelled by steam on common roads at an average speed of ten miles an hour; that their weight, including engine, fuel, water, and attendants, might be under three tons; that they could ascend and descend hills with facility and safety; that they were perfectly safe for passengers, no nuisance to the public, would become a speedier and cheaper mode of conveyance than horse carriages; that they did not cause so much wear and tear of the roads as was caused by horses' feet; and finally, that rates of toll had been imposed which prohibited their use on several lines of road were they to be permitted to remain unaltered. They therefore recommended the immediate repeal of all prohibitory tolls, and an experimental rate for three years, placing carriages containing not more than six persons on a par with two-horse carriages, and others on equal terms with four-horse coaches.

Alas for the inventive genius of Mr. Gurney, nothing was done to give effect to this recommendation, and it is only this year that Parliament has legislated on the lines which this committee recommended as long ago as 1831.

In the *New England Magazine* for September, Mr. G. W. Cooke contributes a long, illustrated essay upon Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is critical and biographical, and contains specimens of her handwriting, and several portraits.

To-morrow is chiefly notable for Mr. Ernest Williams's plea for Protection, and for Mr. Lowles' argument for Imperial Federation on a Commercial Basis, both of which demand separate notice. Capt. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., cracks up the Navy as a profession, pointing out that the cost to the parent in the first year need only be £150; in the second, £100; in the third, £120; and in the fourth and following years of apprenticeship, £70. At about nineteen years the boy becomes sub-lieutenant, and home assistance can be greatly reduced.

HOW NAPOLEON WOULD HAVE INVADEN ENGLAND.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for October there is a very interesting and historical document now published for the first time. It is the diary kept by Sir George Bingham who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena. The diary begins on August 6th, 1815, and closes the following February. The notes which General Bingham gives concerning Napoleon are vivid and life-like. He mentions among other curious little touches that Napoleon at dinner ate eagerly, frequently taking up both fish and meat with his fingers. The most potent and interesting passage, however, is that in which General Bingham reports what Napoleon said concerning his project of invading England. It was on his birthday, August 15th. Napoleon was about this time recovering from the sea-sickness which troubled him at the earlier stage of the voyage:—

Tuesday 15th.—Napoleon's birthday. The Admiral complimented him on the occasion, and his attendants appeared in dress uniforms. After dinner a long conversation took place, which turned on the intended invasion of England. He asserted that it was always his intention to have attempted it. For this purpose he sent Villeneuve with his fleet to the West Indies, with orders to refresh at some of the French isles, to return without loss of time, and immediately to push up the Channel, taking with him the Brest fleet as he passed (it was supposed that his trip would have withdrawn the attention of our fleets); 200,000 men were ready at Boulogne (of which 6000 were cavalry) to embark at a moment's notice. Under cover of this fleet, he calculated he would have debarked this army in twenty-four hours. The landing was to have taken place as near London as possible. He was to have put himself at the head of it, and have made a push for the capital. He added, "I put all to the hazard. I entered into no calculation as to the manner in which I was to return; I trusted all to the impression the occupation of the capital would have occasioned. Conceive then my disappointment when I found that Villeneuve, after a drawn battle with Calder, had stood for Cadiz—he might as well have gone back to the West Indies. I made one further attempt to get my fleet into the Channel. Nelson destroyed it at the battle of Trafalgar, and I then, as you know, fell with my whole force on Austria, who was unprepared for this sudden attack, and you remember how well I succeeded."

Why Americans Visit Europe.

In the August number of the *Chautauquan* Mr. Franklin Matthews gives some interesting statistics of ocean travel between Europe and America. He explains why Americans come over to Europe in such numbers:—

The two chief reasons, doubtless, are that it is cheaper to cross the ocean and spend a few weeks in Europe than it is to spend a similar amount of time in sightseeing in America, and also because one can see so much in a comparatively small territory in Europe. One has to travel enormous distances in America to see the real show places. Then, aside from the sights which nature herself affords, there are no such sights to be seen in America as in Europe. Architecture and historical reminiscence play a part in the holiday of an American in Europe such as they never could play in America.

The month of June shows the heaviest traffic to Europe, and the month of September the heaviest from Europe to the other side. Statistics also show that the number of second-cabin passengers on the high-grade ships is largely on the increase. On the older and smaller vessels the voyage in the second-class cabin is of course not so enjoyable as it is on the best steamers.

BOOKS THAT INFLUENCED ME.

DEAN FARRAR.

IN the *Temple Magazine* Mrs. Tooley tells the life-story of Dean Farrar in an illustrated article, which is a kind of cross between our Character Sketch and the illustrated interviews of the *Strand*. In the course of her article she describes the books which exercised the greatest influence upon the mind of the Dean when he was a boy:—

When quite a child he received a present of a small volume of Milton's poems; and this became his constant companion. He read and re-read "*Paradise Lost*," until he could repeat many passages if the first line was given to him. Milton and Coleridge, he says, have exercised a deeper influence over his life than any other authors; and that little, worn copy of Milton, which first opened the treasure-house of poetic thought and imagery to his mind, is still to be seen on the Dean's study-table.

After he went to school—

He became familiar with the poems of Goldsmith, Byron, Scott, Shelley, Moore, and Wordsworth, as it was the custom in the school to learn poetry for recitation. He had a particularly retentive memory, and could repeat long poems like "*The Deserted Village*" and "*The Traveller*" from beginning to end. In after years, when the poems of Tennyson were first published, he was able to repeat "*In Memoriam*" and "*The Princess*," as well as the shorter poems, merely from reading and re-reading, without any idea of memorising them. But to a boy athirst for reading, the supply of books was very inadequate; and the Dean frankly confesses that he resorted to his very "improving" prize books, because he could not get his fill of anything more entertaining. This accounts for the fact that before he was sixteen he had read such books as Hooker's "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," Prideaux's "*Connection between the Old and New Testaments*," and Coleridge's "*Aids to Reflection*."

But although Dean Farrar read anything in the shape of a printed book, he was ever true to his first love, the poets. Mrs. Tooley says:—

Among his most valued possessions is a collection of autograph letters received from the great poets of the time, many accompanied by original verse. "I owe an immense debt to the poets," he says, "not only because I have found in them the greatest and best of moral teachers, who revealed to me the purest truths on which it is possible to live, but also because they have illumined many a dark hour, and have added sunlight to many a bright one, by noble lessons set to natural music in noble words. They have helped me to hang the picture gallery of imagination with lovely and delightful scenes, and to take refuge from any storm which might beat upon me from without, in that flood of unquenchable sunshine which they had kindled for me within."

Other books, however, had some influence upon him, and men who wrote prose as well as those who wrote verse:—

In his early manhood no preacher influenced him more than Frederick Denison Maurice, to whose pure noble life Dean Farrar has paid many eloquent tributes. But one sermon preached by his friend and teacher stands out prominently from others. It was on the text, "Now the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal;" and the Dean is fond of describing it as "the noblest sermon of ancient or modern times."

Mrs. Tooley adds an item of personal detail, which may interest many. Dean Farrar always begins to compose his Sunday sermon on Monday. It is always written in full, and read from the pulpit:—

For, in spite of his natural gift of oratory, he adheres to this method, believing it to have been commended by the greatest preachers; and while he deprecates the lack of elocutionary training at the universities, he says that if he began life over again he should write and read his sermons.

STORIES OF THE LATE SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

REV. DONALD MACLEOD, D.D., tells some good stories about the late president of the Royal Academy in this month's *Good Words*. Here is one which illustrates his early struggles as well as the affectionateness of his home:—

A Jew dealer commissioned him to paint a picture, naming £100 as the price. Millais was delighted, and after six months' hard work "*Ferdinand and Ariel*" was completed. He was living at that time with his father and mother in Gower Street, and the family circumstances were somewhat straitened. The £100 had been appropriated in advance to pay "butcher and baker and candlestick-maker." When the picture was finished, Millais asked the dealer to inspect it. He came, peered at it, sniffed round it, and turning to Millais, said, "It is not the sort of thing I want; in fact, I don't like it at all. You can let some one else have it, and perhaps some other time you will let me have the offer of something else;" and so he took his departure.

This was a knock-down blow. Millais knew that his father and mother were waiting anxiously in the adjoining room to hear the result of the dealer's visit; but it was some time before he could summon courage to tell them. "First my mother began to cry, then my father, and I am afraid that I was at it too!" "Well, it has just come to what I anticipated, and we must let one of our rooms," was my father's rejoinder; and he straightaway proceeded to write an announcement to that effect on a half-sheet of note-paper, which he affixed by wafers to the window-pane. Just at that moment a ring came to the door, and the doctor who used to attend the family was announced. He was accompanied by an elderly gentleman.

The doctor was told the disappointing story, while his companion, a collector of water-colours, was ostensibly looking at sketches in another part of the room, but really listening to every word. Before going he offered young Millais a copy of a book on water-colour-painting, saying, "Be sure and look into my little book. I think you will find it interesting":—

When his visitors had left Millais sat down in despair to consider his situation. After a time his eye fell on the book, and on lifting it a piece of paper fluttered out. On picking it up he found a cheque for £150, and a line saying, "I am glad to be the possessor of '*Ferdinand and Ariel*.'" He rushed into the next room to tell his father and mother, and the first thing he saw was the ticket "Apartments to let" on the window-pane. In an instant he had torn it down, crumpled it up and threw it in the fire. He used to say that he still recollected the feeling of the half-dry wafers coming away from the window-pane. In another moment, by way of explanation, the cheque was thrust into his mother's hand.

THE BUSY AMERICAN.

Here is a characteristic story of a rich visitor from the U.S.A.:—

"Sir," he said, "I wish to take a present back to my wife. She says she would like to have my portrait painted by the very best artist in the country. I have been told that you are the man. When can I have a sitting?" "I am at present very busy," said Millais. "So am I," was the reply. "But I am a very expensive artist." "How much do you charge?" A large price was named. "Shall I give you a cheque now?" "Not at all," said Millais, "I merely mentioned it to prevent misunderstandings." "How many sittings will you require?" "Five or six at the least." "If you can do it in fewer so much the better, for I am a very busy man and my time is valuable." Millais enjoyed the manner in which his own plea of being busy had been met, and agreed to paint him.

Of the closing scene Dr. Macleod remarks:—

He was in absolute peace of soul. All his work had been finished. Not one canvas required a touch from that cunning hand. He looked at the future with more than calmness, resting himself wholly on God.

LIVING CHURCHES OF TO-DAY.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

In the *New England Magazine* for August, Mr. G. W. Cooke, in an article entitled "The Institutional Church," describes in a copiously illustrated paper the methods of several of the American churches which have thrown themselves most into the forward movement of modern times. Among those churches the first place is given to Mr. McCulloch's Plymouth Church at Indianapolis, where the good work has been in progress since 1877. Mr. Cooke, speaking of Mr. McCulloch's work, says:—

He interested himself in the poor of the city and established means for their relief, opened his church to lectures and evening classes, and in other ways sought the practical improvement of the people around him. In his first sermon after the opening of a new church building he said: "I know exactly what line I shall urge this church to take. It is that of educational Christianity. I would make this church a people's college. What Peter Cooper did in a large way, we must undertake in a small way. Our schools teach the three R's; but who teaches the practical things of life, the laws of pure living, of good books, of nature, of courteous manners? This church is to give itself to this work; opening schools of sewing or industry, classes in drawing, design, music, language; interesting talks on literature and science; arranging lectures, concerts, exhibitions; meeting weekly in religious, social and friendly ways—the rich and poor meeting together, the Lord the Maker of them all; while through all, like the simple, original melody running through varied music, is the thought of loyalty and love to Jesus Christ."

A PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

No better statement could be made of the aims and methods of the institutional church. Mr. McCulloch did not borrow his ideas from others. They were the outgrowth of his own earnest, thoughtful and loving nature, and of his careful study of the needs of the people. To carry out his ideas he founded, in connection with his church, an institution called Plymouth Institute. Church and Institute were under one roof and worked together as organic parts of one whole. It was his aim to make the Institute a people's college, a place in which the young could improve themselves on all sides of their natures, and a place where working men could find the means of culture adapted to their needs. A cheerful reading-room and library were provided, which were open day and evening. Classes were formed in all the common branches of education and in such studies as English literature, current history, civil government, French, German, Spanish and geometry. The class in modern literature went through systematic courses of reading and study in the works of Hawthorne, Emerson, Kingsley, Spencer, Froebel, Lowell, Tolstoi, Carlyle, Mazzini, and Ruskin. A class made an earnest study of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." A Browning class had an existence for several years. A class in general literature devoted itself to Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, George Eliot, Dante, and Shakespeare. Courses of popular lectures were given in the church every winter, and some of the ablest speakers and writers of the country appeared before intelligent audiences. The University Extension idea was here taken up almost from the start, and made use of to enlarge the work already begun.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE AND PHYSICAL TRAINING.

By no means has Plymouth Church confined itself to the advancement of intellectual culture. Much attention has been given also to physical training. Music has been taught to large classes. The kindergarten has been made use of as well as sewing and cooking classes. Mr. McCulloch interested himself eagerly in the needs of the poor and unfortunate of all classes. He was active in establishing wood-yards, *crèches*, kindergartens for the poor; and in many forms of self-help for the struggling and unfriended his interest was untiring. Many activities of this sort gathered about his church. His preaching was of such a kind as to inspire his

congregation with a desire to assist him in every way possible. He made his church a home for all classes. Into the evening services he introduced the stereopticon, and in that way gave his congregation some knowledge of the best art of the world.

Plymouth Church became thoroughly a working church. Its minister made his church a church of the people, not for the teaching of theology, but for the helping of each other and the world, in the Master's spirit. This was made the first article of its organisation. The second article said: "As a church of Jesus Christ, gathered in His name and to do His work, we declare our union in faith and love with all who love Him. We associate ourselves together for Christian worship and for Christian work. The third article defines the basis of membership as being religious and not theological, humanitarian and not doctrinal."

SOME MEMORIES OF CANON LIDDON.

THE *Young Man* for October publishes a brief article which I wrote at the suggestion of the editor, containing some personal reminiscences of Canon Liddon. I went to the Canon first in the summer of 1878, when Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were consummating the crime of Berlin, by which they claimed to achieve peace and honour, by giving a new lease of life to the Assassin at Stamboul. I went to consult him when I came up to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and after I came up to London I used to take him out for his afternoon walk all the months he was in residence in St. Paul's. It came about in this way. Dean Church told me the Canon was so absent-minded he always dreaded him passing the corner of Ludgate Hill, feeling some day or other that a horrible accident would happen. Of course, I was delighted, and used to turn up at Amen Corner at two o'clock, and walk him along the Embankment as far as Westminster Bridge, sometimes crossing it, so as to walk almost to Lambeth by St. Thomas's Hospital. These Monday afternoon walks were very pleasant and interesting:—

To me, coming as I did, fresh from getting the *Pall Mall Gazette* to press into his presence, it was as if you had stepped suddenly from the heart of the nineteenth century into the Middle Ages. For the Canon was far more mediæval than Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal was emphatically a man of this century, whereas Liddon belonged to a fast vanishing past. It was not so much anything that he said that could be quoted as indicative of this mediævalism of his mind, but the note of his talk, the standpoint from which he habitually judged things, seemed to me always a curious anachronism in the midst of the hurry and worry and turmoil of these busy days. It was extremely interesting to me to live, as it were, sandwiched between Cardinal Manning and Canon Liddon. Both held many sacerdotal doctrines, which seemed to me too fantastic to be credible, and yet both were in hearty sympathy with the most of my work. But although they both were exceedingly good to me, there was very little love lost between these representatives of rival Churches.

These walks lasted for nearly ten years, from 1860 to 1870.

I well remember the last walk we ever had. We had just taken the offices at Mowbray House for the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The rooms were being done up ready for our occupation, and Canon Liddon came upstairs to look at them. He looked out of the bow window up and down that magnificent arc of the Thames which stretches from St. Paul's to the Abbey, and marvelled, as every one does, at the beauty of the scene. He expressed his warmest sympathy with the magazine, and with his heartiest good wishes turned to go. I little thought I should never see him in life again. I have hung the excellent portrait of him that was published after his death in the window where he stood—to me that will always be "Liddon's Window."

MY GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

To the first number of the new magazine, the *Lady's Realm*, the Countess of Warwick contributes a charmingly illustrated article entitled "My Plaisance," in which she asks the reader to wander across the park at Eastnor to the Garden that she loves, her playground, far from the busy haunts of men. In that pleasure-ground, as in the garden which the Duke gave to Lady Corisande, in "Lothaire," are the remains of an ancient garden of the ancient house that had long ago been pulled down. Through an avenue of hornbeams, beneath old gnarled oaks, centuries ago, Queen Elizabeth, with Cecil in attendance, rode down after the chase was over in Hainault Forest, seeking a night's resting-place at the lodge. But a stone's-throw



MY "GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP."

away are the foundations of the old Manor House, that two centuries before was the scene of the honeymoon of Elizabeth Woodville. Scaring the red deer amid the bracken, we emerge from the wood to an open space where, amid patches of yellow broom, sheltering the pale dog-tooth violets, the great elms stand sentinel over the entrance of her Plaisance. It is surrounded by a gorse thicket, golden in springtime with pink and white thorn trees standing out in contrast. Within the thicket stands the old stone hall, around which the green ivy is clinging, forcing its way even through the old oak roof. Passing through the low oak doorway, we enter her garden library, on whose shelves repose a collection of nearly all the books ever written on the art and practice of gardening. Through the open lattice windows enter the sounds of many birds, for the garden is a sanctuary which no hostile foot is permitted to disturb, and as the feathered visitors are carefully fed in winter time, there is never lack of music among the trees. In the garden stands her sundial fashioned out of a yew-tree, the figures which record the hours are cut out and framed in

box. On its outer ring is the legend, "*Les heures heureuses ne se comptent pas.*" They were outlined for me, says Lady Warwick, those words by a friend who is no more, who loved my garden, and who was good to it. Shakespeare's border contains all the trees and flowers and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare, and in front of each shrub or plant stands a green-brown pottery butterfly, with the words of the quotation and reference to the play which that particular flower or tree is named on its wings:—

Opposite this again is my "Garden of Friendship," where the kindly gifts of friends are memorialised on heart-shaped labels. An apple-tree stands in the middle, up which a brilliant red honeysuckle twines, and around are hung mottoes and fancies redolent of the true friendship that poets sing of and that philosophers find so rare, but that, to my mind, still exists to help us out on the road that "winds uphill all the way—yes, to the very end!"

Will you turn now to what I call my "Border of Sentiment," where the dear old herbs and flowers are labelled with the quaint meanings and emblems of bygone times? There are many labels, and each is a tiny swallow in pottery, with the flower-name on one wing and the emblem on the other. There is balm for sympathy, and the bluebell for constancy; the basil plant of hatred, the white clover for memory, the bay-leaves for glory, and the foxglove that spells sincerity; the wild yellow heart's-ease means waiting, and the heath and the hemp mean solitude and fate. That blue salvia is knowledge, and the ear of wheat is intellect; the veronica is fidelity, and that blue violet is love. And so on, for there are tokens planted here, and they make a brave show.

We go on to the "Roserie," where the flippant motto greets you, "*Peu de choses, mais roses.*" Here in the centre is my rosette, grown over by Crimson Ramblers and "Félicité Perpétuelle," and sitting inside

with the thick-coloured canopy overhead is a joy to be experienced. All around old-fashioned roses make the air fragrant, such as the Moss, the Damask, the Provence, the Bourbon, the China, and many more; while the standard fir-stems are covered with lovely climbing Pink Rovers and Fair Rosamonds. Verses on Tudor rose-labels tell of the poet's love of the queen of flowers.

A winding shrubby walk leads to the Rock Garden, bordered by starlike blooms of St. John's wort, with background of golden yews and golden elders, with here and there a graceful *Veronica*, the *Spiraea Thunbergii*, the shaded plum-coloured leaves of the *Berberis*, and the white blossoms of the *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*.

The time is waning, and the Rock Garden would take pages to describe all its treasures labelled and stowed away on the steep banks, for it lies in a hollow.

You will weary of my Plaisance, and I will hold my pen, and only tell you that on yonder green slope, encircled by spreading chestnut-trees, is my "Lily Garden," with the quotations on labels of pottery *fleurs-de-lis*; and round that old stone sundial, in reverent seclusion, is planted my "Garden of Scripture," where beautiful thoughts will be written from the world's greatest Book.

WOMEN'S BATTLE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

A PARTIAL SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

MISS FRANCES M. ABBOTT, in an article in the *North American Review* on "The Pay of College Women," describes the results of an inquiry undertaken by the American College Association into the status of women who have graduated in American colleges.

THE PAY OF AMERICAN COLLEGE WOMEN.

They sent out a number of circulars, enclosing schedules to be filled in:—

The number of schedules returned in response to this investigation was 451. They represent all parts of the country—90 from New York, 61 from California, 59 from Massachusetts, 55 from Minnesota, 44 from Connecticut, 40 from Rhode Island, 39 from Indiana, 14 from Illinois, and the remainder (153) scattered among other States. The total number of occupations given is 66, but many of these are very nearly allied. There are 169 teachers, the largest number in any single employment, 22 librarians and women engaged in library work, 28 stenographers, 22 nurses and superintendents of nursing, 19 journalists, including editors and reporters, and 19 clerks without specification as to the kind of service. To show the variety of occupations represented, it may be mentioned that there is an actress, advertising agent, assistant in the National Herbarium, assistant on dictionary, assistant in observatory, astronomer, car recorder, draughtswoman, insurance broker, insurance solicitor, writer of advertisements, reviser of patents, water analyst, beside several proof-readers, telegraph operators, book-keepers, and artists.

Miss Abbott says it is very remarkable that so few American women have taken to the profession of medicine. Out of nearly 2,000 members of the American College Association, less than 2 per cent. write M.D. after their names. What makes this all the more odd is that medicine is one of the few callings where payment is the same, regardless of sex. On this subject of the relative pay of women and men, there is a good deal of information given in Miss Abbott's paper, based upon the returns made by their correspondents:—

Of the 250 women who make reply, 150 get less pay than men for the same work, 95 receive the same pay, and 5 women actually receive more pay.

Circulars were then sent out to employers, in whose establishments about 5,000 men and 3,000 women were employed. They were asked to reply, stating their experience as to the relative value of work of men and women:—

Of the 90 employers who replied to the question on the comparative value of the services of men and women, 46 said that they were equally valuable, 29 said the services of women were less valuable, 7 made indefinite replies, while 8 answered, "On some work, yes; on other work, no." If this is not all that could be hoped for, it is probably a better showing than could have been made ten years ago. When asked for the reason why women, in general, receive less pay than men for the same work, 67 replied as follows: 29 attribute it to the effect of supply and demand; 21 to physical and mental differences or difference in general ability, while 17 allege custom as an excuse.

THE VICTORY IN BRITAIN AND AFTERWARDS.

Professor W. G. Blaikie, in the same Review, has an article entitled "Women's Battle in Great Britain." It is largely historical, and describes the struggle—first, for the higher education and admission to the universities; secondly, for medical examination, with a view to medical

practice; and thirdly, for the Suffrage. Dr. Blaikie regards the success of the Suffrage movement as a foregone conclusion, and he sums up as follows the results of his estimate of how things are going to go:—

First, we may say that the arbitrary rule by which certain pursuits and studies were held to be fitting, and others unsuitable, for women, must now be repealed. In place of it we must recognise the rule that no office or employment can be held unsuitable for a woman who shows that she possesses the requisite gifts for it, and in practice fulfils its requirements well. As "manifested fitness" has been the sesame that has opened so many doors during the past generation, so it must be held to be equally applicable in days to come. On the strength of this principle it must be held that no legislative obstacle should be placed in the way of women to bar them from employments for which they show themselves fitted; and that no social prejudice should be allowed to tyrannise where there should be a fair field and no favour.

But when this is done, he consoles his male readers by assuring them that everything will remain very much as it was before:—

The strongest forces of nature will still remain to draw women generally in the old directions. A select few with eminent gifts will share important positions with the other sex, but the rank and file will find their place in the old spheres. It is well for women to know that marriage is not the only outlet for their lives, but marriage will ever continue to be the outlet for the great majority.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

In the *Forum* Jeanne E. Schmahl, a leader of the Women's Rights movement in France, describes how they are getting on. At present, she says, there is much cry and little wool. The efforts of the party are concentrated upon passing the Married Women's Property Bill, which, although accepted by the Chamber, still waits acceptance from the Senate. She says:—

This very important modification of the French marriage laws affects about 4,500,000 workwomen, not to speak of authors, musicians, painters, actresses, teachers, shop-assistants and domestic servants—in all, about 6,000,000 women-workers, who, if married, have, as the law now stands, no right to their own earnings, if that right has not been stipulated for by a legal agreement made at the time of their marriage. Otherwise the French wife may not even work, much less economise for herself, without her husband's leave. The wage of her labour belongs by right of law to her husband, and he alone has the right to spend or otherwise dispose of it as he pleases. The pecuniary position of the Frenchwoman, whose marriage contract is that of the communion of goods, is worse than that of the old Roman slave, for he at least had a right to his *peculium*.

Women are employed by the Post Office, Telegraph Office, railway companies, and many of the larger private companies, because they are paid about half what men earn for the same amount of work. The same may be said of the women employed by the State as teachers and schoolmistresses. Women are also free to enter any profession, provided the practice does not clash with any article of the Civil Code. Thus, a woman may study law and take the highest degrees and honours at examinations, but she cannot practise, because the law requires that a barrister should be sworn into office, and this can only be done by a person in full possession of civil and political rights, and we have seen that women are named amongst those excluded:—"All persons under age, or of notoriously disorderly or immoral life, all lunatics and persons of unsound mind and women are excluded from parliamentary franchise and from all other political privilege"; furthermore, if she be married, "a woman can neither buy nor sell, nor can she appear in court save by her husband's authorisation."

A DIATRIBE AGAINST AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE MOST SELFISH BEINGS IN THE WORLD!

THE *Contemporary Review* for October contains an extremely vivacious, or audacious, article by a writer who apparently comes from Australia or New Zealand, who signs himself "Cecil de Thierry," and who gives us a paper on American women from the colonial point of view.

A more carefully put together compost of offensive remarks about the female American I have never read. He begins as follows:—

Good New Englanders are distressed to find that Maria Mitchell is the only American woman whose name is engraved on the external memorial tablets of the new Boston Public Library. The other names, similarly honoured, are Sappho, George Sand, Madame de Staël, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and Mary Somerville. Thus England, without Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who has, apparently, been forgotten, contributes to the glory of the ages five times as much feminine weight as the United States. The fact is significant, and not by any means flattering to Transatlantic pride.

GEESE THAT ARE ALL SWANS.

He remarks that it is very strange this should be so, considering the extraordinary high estimate which Americans appear to have of their womenfolk. The Americans indulge in extravagant eulogy of the American women, but, says Cecil de Thierry:—

An indirect but clear proof of the dead-level of life in America—at any rate from the feminine standpoint—is the nature of American biographies of "famous women." To read them is a weariness to the flesh. Yet at no period of the world's history has a nation created a happier environment for its women than the United States does to-day. The want of literary distinction among them is therefore the more remarkable.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

If the American woman does not shine in biographies that profess to describe facts, how does she appear in fiction? Let this audacious Australasian reply:—

Let us turn to the national literature. Instead of here making the acquaintance of creations breathing the charm and beauty and intellect of which so much is heard on both sides of the Atlantic, we find them conspicuously absent. In poetry the American woman is hardly recognised at all. In fiction the American woman appears more prominently, but her position is very far indeed from being supreme. The works of every writer, from Fenimore Cooper to Margaret Deland, may be searched in vain for a creation as heroic as the Antigone of Sophocles. Hardness and superficiality, combined with beauty and grace, are the most prominent features of the heroines of American novels.

To make matters worse, he maintains that, whenever an American author does draw a female character that lives and is loved, he usually makes her an Englishwoman. In "Hyperion," the heroine is an Englishwoman. In Hawthorne's "Transformation" she is an English Jewess, and Hester Prynne in "The Scarlet Letter" is also an Englishwoman.

NEITHER GREATNESS NOR GENIUS.

Zenobia, he admits, is an American woman, and cursed with the plague of self-consciousness which characterises all her sisters:—

Literature does but hold up the mirror to the daily life it sees around it. As Zenobia thought more of how her beautiful body looked after death than of the tremendous issues involved in taking her own life, so do a large section of the American public of these days; the end of the material part of them would seem to be more important than the spiritual. It will

thus be seen that American women are neither themselves great in literature, nor are they the cause of greatness in others. In poetry not one name is worthy to stand on the same plane as Mrs. Browning or Christina Rossetti; in fiction the record is even poorer. They have been distanced even by an English colony, South Africa, which has produced at least one work of genius in the "Story of an African Farm." The stage, that other congenial outlet for the energies of Old World women, knows as few distinguished Americans as literature. As Mrs. Brown-Potter remarked not so long ago, in reference to her own slighted merits, "the actresses in this country are foreign-born." She might have added that the dramatic profession generally is, and always has been, largely recruited from Great Britain.

DESTITUTE OF THE HIGHER EMOTIONS.

What is the secret of this strange dearth of charm in the American woman? The question is audacious indeed, but Cecil de Thierry unshrinkingly advances to the second part of his task:—

An abnormal development of self-reliance and independence, qualities which invest the feminine character with hardness, without adding to its strength is responsible, too, for their intensely practical outlook in the affairs of daily life, and their terrible facility in vulgarising the ideal. None of these characteristics—omitting the last, excellent as they are in themselves—make an individual or a people great, unless they are controlled by sentiment. Neither do they lend themselves to artistic treatment. Self-sacrifice, devotion, trustfulness, gentleness, tenderness, delicacy, a high sense of duty, singleness of purpose, are the themes of art and literature, especially when they are coloured by passion or imagination. So, also, are the faults inseparable from the highest virtues, and those emotions in which self can be completely submerged. In these, however, American women are deficient. How could it be otherwise when the very essence of a great situation is an unknown experience to them? They are the most finished product of the democratic principle—the most unconsciously selfish beings on the face of the earth. They demand and are given the maximum of rights, their ideas too seldom travel beyond the minimum of duties. In them the utilitarian philosophy has done its worst.

SOLELY MATTER OF FACT.

In like manner the American has all the hardness, and brightness, and crispness of her native air. But what she gains in one direction she loses in another. She does not live in an atmosphere such as artists love; she does not make one feel that her clear, calm eyes are the windows of a soul whose depths have never been sounded; she does not give one the impression of richness, intellectually and physically. She has not the repose of manner which suggests strength and vigour. Her qualities are all, with one exception, matter-of-fact. She has charm, and it is a quality peculiarly her own. It has very little in common with the charm, founded on passion, of a Cleopatra or a Lucrezia Borgia, but it has a fragrance which, when allied with beauty, does much to atone for the want of those feminine graces.

Speaking of the types depicted in the novels after Mr. Howells and Mr. James, he says:—

They are as insatiable as Moloch, and as ungrateful as republics. They are luxuries for which man must pay with the sweat of his brow, affecting the while to regard it as a privilege. And in a minor degree, the same is true of the average woman.

THEIR LIMITATIONS IN SOCIETY.

After a passing glance at the political and social condition of America, where, he maintains, the social war that is beginning to rage is largely due to the reckless extravagance of the women, he brings his article to a close by damning them with faint praise. He says:—

But if women have not made America altogether desirable as a place of residence, and have not given to the world great novelists, artists, poets, philanthropists, or national heroines,

they are recognised everywhere for their social gifts. The result is not a very brilliant contribution to the glory of the age, but it is something; and if it were not permeated by a fatal superficiality, Transatlantic Aspasias, Madame de Staëls and Lady Blessingtons might win the gratitude and admiration of civilised mankind. So far, however, Margaret Fuller is the only one of her compatriots who has the slightest claim to be included in the company of famous social lights. There are scores of American women, rich, beautiful, charming, in every European capital, but not one of them has made more than a conventional success in the art of entertaining. There are others also, the very flower of the South and New England, who have married European noblemen, sometimes influential in their respective countries. But what have they ever done, except to make society tawdrier and more unsatisfying than it was before? Not one has the individuality of a Lady Salisbury, a Mrs. Gladstone, or a Lady Beaconsfield, or the self-abnegation essential to the ideal helpmeet of a great man. Apparently they lack the depth of insight and intellectual weight to rival the glories of the palmy days of the *salon*. But on a lower level they are admirable—never dull, bright, clever, self-possessed, well-dressed, tactful, by no means strait-laced, prettily defiant of minor conventions, and absolutely free from prejudice. It is in social intercourse that the American woman is seen at her best, and, it may be added, at her worst. In a country where the political field is largely occupied by the "boss" and the Irish agitator, and the importance of the army, navy, and civil service dwarfed by the pretensions of the millionaire, it is the only outlet for her ambition outside of the literary and artistic arena. That it is so regarded by the great mass of the people is proved by the nature of the American girl's education. She must be amusing at all costs. She must be a past-master in the mysteries of raillery, too often at the expense of earnestness and sweetness. She must never be at a loss for a reply; thus her retorts are as crushing as they are merciless. Even her coolness tends to the same end. It would not carry her through the ordeal of Anne Askew, or enable her to surpass the achievements of Lady Derby, or Blanche, Lady Arundel. But the worst that can be said of her in her social character is her tendency to ostentation and extravagance. She is also too fond of making paltry class distinctions and of giving dress the importance of birth in Europe.

Golf at Sea.

GOLF as a pastime on board ship is an extension of the game which Eden Phillpotts in the *Badminton* introduces to the British public. It was first adopted a month or two ago on the steamship *Wazzan* in the Bay of Biscay. "Instead of a ball, a round disc or quoit of wood about four and a half inches in diameter is employed; and a fairly heavy walking-stick with a flat head takes the place of a club." The rolling and the pitching of the vessel added picturesque variants to the land sport. So satisfactory was the marine development that the writer prophesies:—

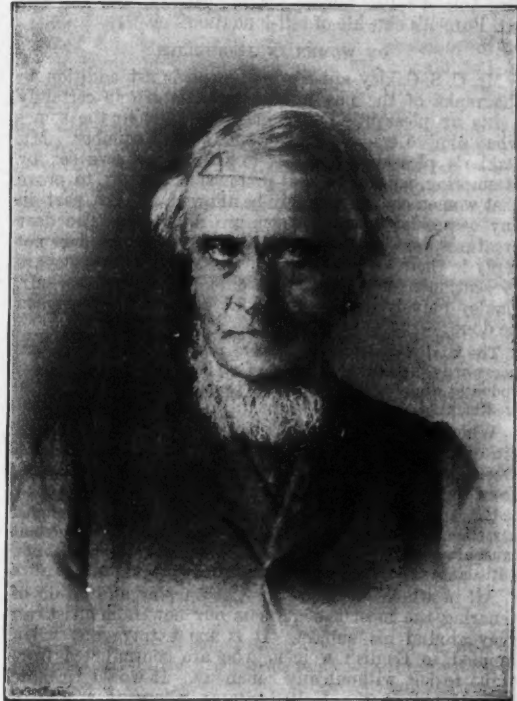
With prophetic eye I can foresee a time when neither "liner" nor war-ship will be complete without its round of holes. The "links" will doubtless be considered when the vessel is building; the holes will assuredly be permanent stars or circles flush with the deck, and placed in the happiest positions by some cunning expert skilled in the science of marine golf. The game is undoubtedly capable of vast development, and, given a big ship, keen players, and no official let or hindrance, the pastime should become sufficiently important to reconcile sportsmen to the ocean for a time at least, and go far to lessen the monotony of long days circled by the rim of the sea.

A HEARTY appreciation of Mr. Morris's poems by Andrew Lang, and a recital of anecdotes by A. K. H. B., illustrative principally of theological "survival," form the chief features of *Longman's* for October.

DR. MACLAREN OF MANCHESTER.

IN the first number of the *Temple Magazine*, Mr. Arthur Porritt contributes an interesting sketch of the well-known chapel of Manchester, in which is included an interview with its pastor:—

One of my first questions bore on his declaration that Lancashire is the best field of Christian work. I asked his reasons.



DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

(From a new Copyright Photo by E. A. Jones, Warrington.)

"I strongly believe," Dr. MacLaren responded with emphasis, "that for a Dissenting minister, Lancashire offers a better field than any other part of the country. The strength of the people's character, and the extensive influence of Sunday-school training upon the middle classes, are my chief grounds for the belief. And then," he added, "in Manchester the vigorous, intellectual life of the city, which is not yet so large that one man is lost in the crowd, and the fact that the population, which is very cosmopolitan, is more largely leavened by Nonconformity than the population of London, make the Nonconformity of Lancashire of a much sturdier type."

"What do you regard as the main characteristics of Lancashire Nonconformity: is it intellectual, or emotional, or practical?"

Dr. MacLaren paused a moment before replying, and then slowly remarked: "No, they are by no means emotional; but they are extremely reliable, and they are always just a shade better than they say they are going to be."

"Are they exceptionally good listeners, then?" I asked.

"Well," came the answer, again after deliberation, "they are stolid, they are not demonstratively sympathetic, but they are receptive, and they certainly are appreciative. They are willing workers too."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for October contains no fewer than six separate articles on the Eastern Question, which are noticed elsewhere, as also are Sir Algernon West's interesting reminiscences of Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Acland's Programme for Educational Reform, and Mr. Purcell's chuckle of self-laudation.

ON WOMEN IN ASSEMBLIES.

Mr. C. S. Oakley appears to be the latest addition to the ranks of the new humorists. His article certainly lights up pleasantly with nonsensical humour the somewhat sombre tragic pages of the October number. Mr. Oakley's pleasant notion is to satirise his own sex by attempting, with whimsical pretence of gravity, to prove that women cannot possibly be allowed to take part in any assembly to which men are admitted. The dear creatures, he says, are so fascinating that men dare not reply to their arguments, and, worse still, if women are present, men dare not be rude to each other, and, Mr. Oakley naively observes, without rudeness nothing can be done:—

The vital point is that the mere presence of her sex must necessarily disturb the freedom of style and the possibility of rudeness where necessary, which is indispensable to the real treatment of public questions.

When he is met by the objection that many women sit on boards of guardians, where they do very good work, he replies that they had much better stay away from them:—

Unreality, and the thin dropping of uncontradicted assertion, a lack of contradiction which to a large extent must always come to her by reason of her sex, must, I think, outbalance the advantage of her sitting at the board.

All of which shows with what an airy affectation of ignoring the most salient facts our new humourist can play around his subject. It is too extravagant when applied to English women, who are contradicted from right to left without any ceremony. It would be more appreciated in the United States where, if a woman chooses in company to maintain that two and two make six, no gentleman would be so rude as to tell her that she was making a fool of herself. They would wait until she had left the room, when they would shrug their shoulders and smile. In the old country, despite the fascination of which Mr. Oakley writes in such mock heroic style, men find no difficulty in dealing with woman's arguments in debate just as if she were a man, and although Mr. Oakley professes to ignore the fact, cases are actually on record in which Englishmen have been purposely and deliberately rude to the ladies who have met them in public assemblies.

THE VEXED PROBLEM OF PRISON LABOUR.

Sir Edmund Du Cane, in an article entitled "The Unavoidable Uselessness of Prison Labour," describes the difficulties which he has in vain attempted to overcome in order to attain the ideal of finding prisoners profitable work. His conclusion of the whole matter is:—

The only solution of all the difficulties, as I believe, is that prisons should be looked on as workshops for articles required for the Government service, considered as a whole; that is, they should be made sources of supply of articles required by other Government departments; and that it should be clearly established as a general principle that it is the duty of the officers of those departments to find employment for prisoners

in making some of the numerous articles they require in such large quantities. Prisoners are in fact workmen maintained at Government cost, and as Government requires plenty of work to be done, it is perfectly natural that the workmen it maintains should be employed for its benefit.

A GREAT MASTER BUT A RASCAL.

The late Sir Joseph D. Crowe tells the story of the disreputable life of the great artist Fra Filippo Lippi. He says:—

He became, in fact, one of the great masters of his age, and although beneath the level of Angelico, Masaccio, and other equally eminent men, is still entitled to rank high in the hierarchy of his profession. Morally he deserved the pillory yet Lorenzo de' Medici caused a monument to be erected to his memory on a model furnished by Filippino, and we still enjoy the lovely productions of the artist, whilst we are taught to abhor the actions which debased the character of the individual man.

A PLEA FOR HORSE AMBULANCES.

The Honourable Dudley Leigh has an article, full of facts and figures, which ought to lead to the introduction of horse ambulances into our great cities. Every year in London one hundred and fifty people are killed in the streets, and five thousand people are injured, but although this vast army of wounded men are to be dealt with, we leave them to be removed to the hospital either on a police stretcher or a four-wheeler. Mr. Leigh quotes the experience of New York and New Orleans, Vienna and other cities. He thinks that an ambulance costs about £90, and could be maintained in England for £150 a year. There are twelve ambulance waggons in Pittsburgh, thirty-one in New York City, twenty in Vienna. Mr. Leigh suggests that the London County Council should take up the matter, either by subsidising the hospitals according to the number of ambulances employed by each, which is the way things are arranged in Brooklyn, or by working them by means of their own employes in conjunction with the hospitals.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. E. H. Hankin, an Anglo-Indian official, who has been engaged in conducting a sanitary campaign among the natives against cholera, writes an article on his experiences which is full of interesting and out-of-the-way information. Mr. J. T. Bent describes his excursions around the frontier of the territory ruled by the Dervishes, and Mr. J. H. Round describes, with much detail, the unsuccessful effort made by an emissary of the Archduke Charles to induce Queen Elizabeth to marry.

The Cosmopolitan.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for September Mrs. Lew Wallace contributes an article on "William Wetmore Story," as she knew the sculptor in Rome. Camille Flammarion, writing on the photography of the stars, describes what is being done under the title of "The Wonderful New Eye of Science." There is a report concerning the *Cosmopolitan* competition for motor cars. The award of 3,000 dollars was given to the Duryea. The *Cosmopolitan* says that the horseless carriage promises to do away with overcrowded cable and electric cars, and substitute the smooth and agreeable carriage over asphalt roads at a three cent fare. Only nine motors entered.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for October is distinctly a good number, with articles almost all of which have ideas in them expressed by people who know how to write. I notice elsewhere Mr. H. G. Wells's remarkable article on "Human Evolution an Artificial Process," with two articles on the Eastern Question, and Mr. F. H. Hardy's forecast of the result of the Presidential Election.

A PLEA FOR A MISSIONARY JUDAISM.

It is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. O. J. Simon, who in his article on "The Mission of Judaism" once more raises his despairing voice in favour of a propaganda of Judaism, which surely might be undertaken if any Jew believed in his religion. Unfortunately, as Mr. Simon has found out to his cost, the only religion in which the modern Jew believes is the religion of material comfort, and he listens with a disdainful shrug to Mr. Simon's eloquent exposition of his religious mission. Mr. Simon would constitute the Church of Israel, which would hold services on Sunday, and endeavour to convert Christendom from its Trinitarianism to Monotheism:—

In England and America, and, perhaps, in another generation in France and in Germany, we might hold out the hand of religious brotherhood to our non-Jewish neighbours, and proclaim to them the simple and sublime faith which has borne the test of the most varied as well as the most enduring of all racial histories.

In the Church of Israel in the way organised, according to Mr. Simon's ideas—

the religion of the Jews should be presented in a form that would render it immediately intelligible to ordinary Englishmen. Such a synagogue or church as would be deliberately intended to welcome Englishmen who are not Jews, would be free from the restraint of that Orientalism which, in the ordinary Jewish place of worship, is justifiably preserved. The rite of circumcision would not be incumbent. Indeed, I should strongly repudiate any form of ritual initiation, on the ground that faith alone should be the passport to the Universal Jewish Theistic Church. The public worship would obviously be conducted in the vernacular and not in Hebrew. The Prayer-book would be compiled upon the existing Jewish Liturgies, with such modifications as would be indispensable to make it appropriate for a non-Jewish congregation. I could wish that the ministers of such a church should continue to be conforming members of the synagogue. The necessity for using Sunday as the chief day of public worship would enable the ministers to continue their seventh-day observance in accordance with Jewish tradition. The religious festivals of the synagogue would be to some extent adaptable to non-Jews. Those of Biblical institution are for the most part singularly catholic in their tendency, and are only incidentally particularised in their present application.

HOME ARTS IN CUMBERLAND.

Mr. A. M. Wakefield has a very pleasant and hopeful little article describing a visit paid to the Art Industrial School at Keswick, where Mr. and Mrs. Rawnsley have succeeded in carrying into practical operation many of the ideals of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Wakefield says:—

It may be noted that the little town of Keswick annually produces and sells some £700 worth of this art-work. Among the workers are men of all trades. Pencil-makers are numerous, as it is the special trade of Keswick, a trade that should be a very flourishing industry did not our Government get all their pencils in Germany, as one of the men indignantly remarked. But labourers, boatmen, gardeners, shepherds, tailors, and many another craft are all here banded together in pursuit of

the beautiful, and in devotion to their work; and there is among them, by reason of their teaching, something of the spirit of the Nuremberg wood-carvers of old, something of the attention to a tendril or a flower, which, in its highest degree, gave fame to such a man as Benvenuto Cellini.

WHITEWASHING PHILIP II.

Major Martin A. S. Hume, in a paper on "Philip II. and His Domestic Relations," draws a charming picture of the Spanish despot, for whom history has hitherto had hardly a civil word. In his pages Philip appears the devoted husband of three wives in succession, all of whom loved him, and as a most affectionate father. Major Hume says:—

Truly the human heart is a hard book to decipher. The man who could gaze upon human creatures undergoing the tortures of the damned by his orders because they differed from him, has been handed down to eternal infamy—and perhaps rightly so—on the strength of his public acts. It is unreasonable to ask that his tyranny and cruelty should be forgotten, because there was a soft spot even in his stony heart for those who were nearest him, that the sickening fumes of scorching human flesh should be overpowered by the scent of flowers which Philip loved, or that the shrieks of the myriad martyrs should be drowned by the song of his nightingales; but, at least, the facts I have adduced prove that he was a human creature and not a fiend, and go far to support my contention that he was conscientiously and devoutly convinced that he was acting for the best in ruthlessly crushing those whom he looked upon as the enemies of God and Society.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TO-DAY.

In an article on "M. Paul Hervieu," Hannah Lynch deals with this master of the latest school of French fiction. She says:—

In France to-day for romance we have the acrid piquancy of sin, for passion morose sensation. The conventional term "love" is still used, but the condition is a conscious suffering, a brutal and unsleeping curiosity in both sexes, the inextinguishable desire, the incurable wound of humanity. Yet, in spite of wasted and diverted effort, of emasculated taste, of a monotonous preoccupation of sex, steadily and insanely on the increase, of a morbid and febrile tendency to religion, without vigorous faith to give it conscious and consistent direction, of a brutalised style, without virility or humour, the recent literature of France is surprisingly vital and interesting. Anxious reflection, without distinct aim, and without any ideal, moral or artistic; an arrogant and exasperated self-consciousness, an implacable cruelty of word and regard, an unjoyous, blighted sensualism, a mingling of lassitude, disgust, and avid thirst of sensation, which replaces the old-fashioned road of experience by reflection; these are its characteristics. Its masters are many. After M. Paul Bourget, grand master, comes Paul Hervieu, the misanthropical "mondain."

THE WORLD'S BABY TALK.

Mr. Charles Johnston takes up the theme suggested by a recent paper of Mr. Walter Wells, and deduces from the lisplings of the nurseries a theory of the origin of languages which is novel and somewhat startling. Mr. Johnston says:—

Our study of baby-talk has led us to these conclusions: it is strictly spontaneous, from within outwards; it is the same in babies of different lands whose parents speak entirely different tongues. And these two conclusions very strongly point in the direction I have suggested, that baby-talk is strictly a survival, a repetition, by each individual of the long past life of the whole race.

He then asks himself where he is to find a race whose language approximates to that of the nursery, and which represents the aboriginal language of mankind. He says:—

In the great Polynesian family of tongues we have a whole

series of allied languages, rich in legends, songs, incantations, histories of war and emigration, whose range of sounds is exactly what we have described in the second period of baby-talk. Thus the speech of Polynesians, Chinese and Negroes—of the red, brown, yellow and black races—corresponds to definite stages of baby-talk.

As with children vowels come before consonants, so he thinks

we are justified in adhering to a vast period of vowel-language preceding by a long interval all consonant speech—a transition period of great wealth and variety, where breathings and semi-vowels were added to pure vowels, then probably nasals, and, last of all, pure consonants or full contacts, of which, in highly developed languages, there are five varieties.

HOW TO CHECK THE GROWTH OF INSANITY.

The interminable dispute between the Lunacy Commissioners and Mr. Corbet as to whether or not insanity is increasing, is touched upon by Mr. Thomas Drapes, into whose arguments we need not enter. I prefer to quote his suggestions as to the way in which the growth of insanity can be checked:—

Let the general public do their duty in the matter, and begin to regard drunkenness as what it really is, an act of immorality. It is nominally held so, but not so in practice. It is a weakness, a failing, a thing to smile at, wink at, excuse, condone. Anything but a vice. Let the public, who are largely to blame in this matter, adopt a different attitude towards intemperance. Let them put it in the same category with theft, for instance. Let them ostracise any one who practises it from decent society, as a person deserving contumely, until he chooses to recover his self-control. Undoubtedly more stringent measures on the part of the Legislature, and a more healthy, outspoken public opinion carried out unflinchingly in practice, would have at least some effect in checking intemperance, and, indirectly, the insanity that is due to it. Again, marriage must be made less a question of impulse, or of mere traffic, or of ambition, and some little consideration must be given to the importance of the perpetuation of a healthy race. In this way only is it possible to control the evils that result from heredity.

McClure's Magazine.

McClure's announces that in the last twelve months they have added to their circulation 155,000 a month. Their announcements for the coming year justify the expectation that this great increase will even be excelled. Rudyard Kipling's first American serial will begin in the new number, and will be entitled "Captain Courageous," and will be a description of the life and adventures of a luxuriously reared American lad among the Gloucester fishermen, on the cod fisheries of the Grand Banks. It is a story for young people. They will publish in addition to Rudyard Kipling's serial, Robert Louis Stevenson's last novel, which is entitled "St. Ives." It is completed with the exception of the last two or three chapters, and an outline of the ending was obtained from his secretary. Ian Maclaren will publish "How They Kept Christmas at Drumtochty" and other stories. Conan Doyle is also engaged to write several short stories of adventure, a field in which he has few equals. In the October number, Mr. Ross, a brother minister, publishes a character sketch of Dr. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren. The paper is illustrated with numerous views of Drumtochty and portraits of Ian. Chester Holcombe contributes "Personal Observations and Recollections of Li Hung Chang"; but one of the most interesting papers is entitled "The Survival of the Fittest," and it is a story by Morgan Robertson.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for October is bright and varied. The articles on the Constantinople massacres, American women, and ideals of education, are noticed elsewhere.

THE INVENTOR OF DIABOLISM.

A great deal of fuss has been made of late concerning the alleged practice of the worst kind of black magic by freemasons in France and elsewhere. Mr. F. Legge, in an article entitled "Devil Worship and Freemasonry," tells the whole story, and sums up very strongly in favour of the belief that it is a deliberate invention due to the perverse ingenuity, and money-making passion of Leo Taxil:—

That M. Taxil is really M. Riconx, Diana Vaughan, and "Dr. Bataille," "all rolled into one," can hardly be proved at present. Certain tricks of style, corruptions of words, and obvious misstatements of fact are common to the writings of all four, and, if they were historical documents, would convince an expert that they were all by the same hand. But let it not be said that M. Taxil's literary career gives the lie to either of these theories. In "Les Confessions d'un ex-Librepenseur," published by him in Paris in 1887, he narrates, not without glee, that when engaged upon "Les Amours Secrètes de Pie IX." he and his collaborators created "an imaginary Privy Chamberlain of the Pope, to whom was given the name of Carlo Sebastiano Volpi, and the romance appeared with this apocryphal signature. I even wrote a letter from the pretended chevalier, which was published in the shape of a preface, and contributed to further deceive the public." Later, he confesses that he willfully mistranslated cases of conscience, forged a Bull of Excommunication against himself, and took in the ultra-Socialist journal, *La Bataille*, by writing for it a series of revelations of clerical iniquity in the name of a non-existent secretary of the Archbishop of Paris. This was, of course, in his unconverted days, but—*qui a bu, boira!*

THE TRIUMPH OF THE ANTI-VACCINATIONISTS.

Mr. Picton, writing on the report of the Royal Commission of Vaccination, exults not a little, and not without cause, over the signal discomfiture of the insolent vaccinationists. He says:—

Jenner, say the Commission, believed that one operation "secured absolute immunity for the future." "It is certain in this he was mistaken." They, in correction of Jenner, put the period, not very confidently, at ten years, though Dr. Gayton, who has had more experience of the small-pox than any member of the Commission, would not guarantee the protection for six months. But even for this period of ten years they think that the influence amounts only to a diminution of the liability to attack of a modification of the character of the disease. To what insignificant dimensions do these admissions reduce the germ of the Jennerian myth!

It is not surprising, seeing that vaccination is now declared even by its advocates not to do one-half what its early champions were prepared to swear it would accomplish, that only two members of the Royal Commission ventured to say a word in favour of compulsory revaccination, although, without revaccination, the whole population above the age of ten is left exposed to the unchecked ravages of small-pox. Mr. Picton naturally regards this as an admission that the game is up, and he proceeds to discuss what will come after vaccination has been relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions:—

The poor must awake to their duties as municipal electors and vote for local councillors, not on political or personal grounds, but on grounds of social welfare. Telephones and ambulances should facilitate the quick removal of infectious patients, and suitable hospital accommodation should always be ready for those who cannot be isolated at home. All infected bedding and clothing should be burned, compensation

being made by the town or district. Local authorities should be empowered to compensate for loss of working time the poor who may have been exposed to infection, and to offer them comfortable quarantine. On evidence of initial small-pox in a school-child or teacher, the school should be preemptorily closed for a fortnight, and the scholars be prohibited from attending any other. Tramps should be more carefully watched, and power given to guardians for detention in hospital of any certified to show symptoms of small-pox. Such means of salvation as these would be far more effectual than blind confidence in an exploded theory. And if they are adopted, as they certainly will be, the generation living at the end of the twentieth century will find in the pathetic belief in vaccination one of the most interesting and instructive of the delusions of the nineteenth.

THE ORIGIN OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.

Mr. R. Heath has a highly ingenious article in which he argues that the origin, or, as he calls it, the archetype of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was no book, but the adventures of the Anabaptists, with whose sufferings Bunyan was familiar from childhood. Mr. Heath says:—

The framework and mode of thought of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" come from Anabaptist sources and originate in the actual history of hundreds of martyr-lives in the century previous to that in which Bunyan lived. We shall find at every step in the progress of Bunyan's pilgrim, an analogy to that of the Anabaptist who had determined to quit a society doomed to destruction for a divine community modelled on that which the Apostles gathered on the Day of Pentecost.

His article is very ingenious, and well worth reading.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Nevinson contributes a curious article entitled "*A Palinode to Apollo*," while no fewer than five persons solemnly debate the question whether or not Pitt was a prophet, which was raised by Mr. Dicey in the last number, much to the astonishment of most people, who saw nothing extraordinarily prophetic in Pitt's prophecy, even if it were ever made. Mr. Ericsson's extraordinary story of a man whom he met in Sumatra, who was believed to take hold of deadly snakes and order them to obey his bidding, and who, on one occasion at least, ordered the wind to abate, and it abated, is too extraordinary for the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, so I have delegated it to *Borderland*.

The Idler.

The *Idler* for October is a very good number, but the character of this magazine has been steadily improving of late. Archibald Forbes continues his illustrated life of Napoleon III., and adds what will be more generally read, a story of the Franco-German war entitled "*Ambush against Ambush*." There are several short stories; Mr. H. G. Wells being well to the front, and plenty of specimens of the new humour by the new humorists. The illustrated article entitled "*Among the Lions*" is a pleasantly-written interview with Mr. Nettleship, the famous painter of wild animals. Mr. Hatton continues his pleasant and gossipy papers entitled "*Revelations of an Album*," which deal this month with Miss Braddon in 1866, Charles Reade in 1880, Ouida in 1870, and Victor Hugo in 1869. The topic of the *Idler* Club is on the giving of presents. The illustrations are carefully executed, but vary in merit. Max Cowper's "*October*" would surely have made a better frontispiece than Louis Gunni's "*Fairy Queen*."

READERS of Lytton's romance of "*Rienzi*" will turn with interest to the illustrated article in the *Leisure Hour*, by Mr. G. Todd, entitled "*The Rienzi of Romance and History*."

CORNHILL.

THE October number of *Cornhill* is scarcely equal to the brilliant standard maintained in recent issues, but its contents are highly readable. Mr. W. Laird Clowes contributes an anniversary study on "*Trafalgar from the Spanish side*," as set forth in Don Perez Galdos' well-grounded historical romance. The formation of the allied fleets is represented differently from accounts in English histories. "*Amicus*" chats pleasantly of the transit of Earl Li. Sir M. E. Grant Duff runs counter to the general notion that the age of letter-writing has passed, and illustrates his assertion that people still write letters by making a few extracts from those which he received while he was in India, choosing only, of course, passages which seemed to him to be good from a literary point of view, considered by themselves, and absolutely irrespective of any interest which they might gain if they were published with the names of their authors. He challenges comparison with the best English letters written during the last four centuries, and concludes:—

Hundreds of people, if they will only carefully observe the letters which they receive from their friends at a distance, not from those in the next street, will, I am sure, come to the conclusion that they have hitherto underrated the epistolary merits of some of their correspondents, and will thank me for having suggested to them a new pleasure.

Mr. W. B. Duffield supplies an agreeable study in "*The Wit and Wisdom of Lord Westbury*," in which admiration for the great lawyer's abilities is not allowed to obscure sterner ethical judgments. "*Pages from a Private Diary*" tell of a dream in which the dreamer saw reflected in the windows of a passing train the crime committed in the compartment next to his own. The suggestion is made over to any author of detective fiction who may care to use it, with the exclamation, "*Why does not that up-to-date providence, the editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, establish some depot for illegitimate babies of the imagination?*" The memoirs of a Soudanese soldier are brought to a conclusion.

BLACKWOOD.

IN *Blackwood's* for October, Mr. R. D. Blackmore begins "*Daniel: a Romance of Surrey*." Forsaking Devonshire with its moors, Mr. Blackmore has now come to more civilised regions, and his hero in the opening chapters, we are told, lives within twelve miles of Guildford. Another interesting feature of *Blackwood's* is Mrs. Oliphant's article upon Mr. Gladstone's book on Bishop Butler. It is entitled "*The Verdict of Old Age*." General Bingham's diary is noted elsewhere. There are articles on "*The Stabling of Cavalry*," and one rather vicious article on "*Arbitration in Theory and in Practice*." Arbitration finds scant favour, as might naturally be expected, from the traditions of the magazine. There is also an article upon Li Hung Chang's visit. "*Looker-on*" is as discursive as ever. The most painful paper in the magazine describes the utter wreck of intelligence that is brought about in our large pauper schools. The writer received a girl of seventeen from a large barrack school where she had been trained—Heaven save the mark!—with eight hundred others.

The poor child was next door to an idiot, knew nothing, took no interest in anything, and was utterly ineffective. After some months, however, she burst out crying, and the walls which divided her from the rest of her kind seemed to break. The story should be printed as an appendix to the Poor Law report, or rather the report concerning the Poor Law Schools.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THERE are many interesting articles in the *Westminster*, although none of the first rank of importance. Mr. John Herlihy pronounces the Parliamentary session this year a failure. Mary Husband assails the morality of "Tribly," for making its heroine unconscious of the guilt of her early sinful practices. Maurice Todhunter objects strongly to the "dogmatism" of Professor Saintsbury in his history of nineteenth-century literature. Mr. Maxwell Lyte pleads for the gradual introduction of the metric system into this country. Like many other advocates of the decimal system of measures under a decimal notation, he forgets the prior question, which checks the decimal ardour of some minds, Is not a duodecimal notation to be preferred to a decimal? If we are ever to count by twelves, and not by tens, then to change our coinage and measures to a decimal system first would be a waste of energy.

A CURIOUS FEAR.

Col. White writes on "The Revival of Jacobitism." He is alarmed at the demonstration of Jacobite fanaticism witnessed at Charles's statue this year on January 30th. He proceeds to prove by Star Chamber and other records that Charles I. was neither saint nor martyr; nor did he die for his religion. He regards as weighty and deserving serious attention Bishop Ryle's foreboding that we may see a Papist on the throne, and Papacy made the national religion. He fears that if the Jacobite reaction is allowed to go on unchecked Parliament may, on the demise of the Queen, alter the succession from the present line to a living descendant of Charles I. The delusion, running on the lines of Ritualism and Romanism, "seems to be fast taking possession of the public mind."

UNDERPAID JOURNALISM.

Mr. Fred Wilson treats of "Journalism as a Profession," and while extolling the advantages of the successful London pressman, complains that journalists are lamentably underpaid. Reporters, he says, average £100 a year, editors, chief sub- or assistant, at £20 or £30 more. Pressmen ordinarily receive less than clerk or artisan. He pleads for a more effective union. The Institute of Journalists he declares to be a laughing-stock. The Newspaper Press Fund has done better, but is not enough. A Union is wanted which would guarantee help to pressmen when disengaged, assistance in time of sickness, and protection from persecuting employers.

THE BAR TO REUNION.

There are two distinct pleas for closer religious union. Rev. Angus Mackay finds "the middle wall of partition" to consist in a theory of Anglican Orders which has sprung up during the last fifty years. He argues against the validity of this view by an appeal to the words of the Prayer Book, and to the fact that "for a century and a half after the Reformation nearly all the most eminent sons of the Church, including the great High Churchmen, recognised Presbyterian and other orders as valid, though irregular." For one hundred and ten years after the Ordinal was drawn up and the Articles signed, "men who had received no Episcopal ordination were admitted without further ceremony into our Church; and this was done by High Churchmen" like Bancroft, Cosin, and Bramhall. Mr. Charles Ford pleads for a mutual approach of Christianity and the ethical spirit, the separation of which he bewails. He urges that the line of cleavage should be at character, not creed, and that hostile controversy be abandoned for friendly co-operation. He has no difficulty in pointing out the resultant gain to Christianity and to morality.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for October begins and ends with articles about bimetallicism. Lord Aldenham, President of the Bimetallic League, writes on "The Empire and the Gold Standard," while the two Vice-Presidents of the same League, and the Assistant Secretary wind up the number by writing on the bimetallic side of the American crisis.

ADMIRAL MAXSE ON ANGLOPHOBIA.

Admiral Maxse has a congenial theme in his dissertation concerning "Anglophobia" which rages in the press of the continent. Admiral Maxse feels it more than other people, because he takes the trouble to read some of the European newspapers, an exercise which is not congenial to John Bull. The Admiral thinks that England needs to be cracked up a little, and he cracks her up accordingly. He ventures to assert that the collective conscience of Great Britain, as it is expressed in International dealings, is higher than that of any other great nation. Admiral Maxse does not refer to the Anglo-Turkish Convention, but to our dealings with our neighbours as a whole. With the conclusion of his paper every one must agree when he expostulates with unscrupulous journalists who attempt to palm off a spurious hatred as an international manifestation of feeling.

RUSSIA'S STRENGTH.

Sponser Wilkinson is a well-meaning person who takes a great deal of pains, but somehow or other his articles fail to interest. They may be read the way you read school geographies, but the omnivorous devourer of periodicals always feels he must brace himself up to the task of mastering what Mr. Wilkinson has to say. Mr. Wilkinson's point in this article is that since 1887, Russia has concentrated her troops on her western frontier, leaving not more than 75,000 men in Asia. Hence she is prepared for contingencies with either Germany or Austria, but in any other direction, she is hardly prepared for a great effort. Her strength lies, not so much in her own arms as in the fact that she can dispose of the armies of France.

THE REAL ROBERT ELSMERE.

Mr. F. Reginald Statham, in an article under this heading, says that Robert Elsmere was James Cranbrook, and that James Cranbrook was the real Robert Elsmere. Cranbrook about thirty years ago accepted a call to the leading Congregational Church in Edinburgh. In 1866 he preached a sermon against praying for the removal of the cattle plague, which made so much controversy that he threw up his pastorship, and commenced a series of services in a large hall. Had he been a less sincere earnest man, he might have founded something like a new church in Scotland, but the critical spirit once set free would not rest satisfied. He launched out into fields of speculation and negation which offended even those members of his flock who had followed him into the hall. Domestic difficulties set in; he was a disappointed man, and he gradually drooped under the mental and moral strain to which he was subject. The movement which he started has disappeared, swallowed up in that general liberalising of religious conceptions which the slow course of time has done so much to bring about. Mr. Statham probably goes too far in declaring that Cranbrook was Elsmere, for he himself admits that Mrs. Humphry Ward in her book wrote the history of a man whom she had never seen, of whom probably she had never heard more than twenty years after his death.

THE NEW REVIEW.

In the *New Review* for October there are several articles of considerable interest. One upon "The Empire and Downing Street," by "Colonial," I noticed elsewhere, as also Professor Ramsay's "Case of the Pretoria Prisoners." Mr. Arthur Morrison continues his depressing series of photographs of squalid criminal life in the East End. Mr. Watt tells us all about "The Original Weir of Hermiston." Charles Whibley praises to the skies "Petronius," with whose peculiar genius he is in complete sympathy.

AN ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr. A. W. Ready, writing on "Public School Products," maintains

that our present system of upper-class cultivation is a costly farce; that its expense is quite disproportionate to its actual value; and that the Public School Product is not worth the price that is paid for him.

Mr. Ready knows what he is writing about, and puts the case with a vigour and force of conviction sufficient to satisfy even Mr. Walter Wren. He has no objection to the teaching of Latin, but he maintains that—

The fact is that, as Latin is at present handled for the training of the mind, it would be fifty times better to teach the boys to play whist.

His special wrath is specially kindled over the nonsense that is talked about giving boys a taste for play. On this point he carries the war into the enemy's camp with a vengeance, for he says:—

The boys get to hate games. The present writer was at a preparatory school for Rugby, where lines were set for not playing up at "footer." The time devoted to games is quite inordinate. In fact, it is games, as much as anything, that drive boys away from Public Schools, and account for the existence of the "Crammer."

THE BRITISH SUGAR TRADE.

Mr. Williams, the author of "Made in Germany," describes the way in which our sugar trade has been destroyed, and after passing in review all the other remedies, sums up in favour of the proposed Customs Union of the British Empire. He says:—

Under that Union raw beet-sugar, entering this country, would be discriminated against in favour of cane-sugar from British Possessions; and in this way the Colonial industry would be amply protected against the artificial, the unfair, the deadly competition of bounty-fed beetroot. Refined sugar from Europe would pay a duty on entering British ports; and in this way it would be made possible for the refining industry once more to lift its head in Britain. In fixing the amount of these duties our Government would have regard to the amount of the bounties paid by foreign Governments, and would take care that the tariffs were high enough to act as countervailing duties. Germany and the rest could then arrange their bounties, after their own sweet wills, without affecting us. We should only need to shift our scale in correspondence with any important alterations they might make in their export premiums. These they would soon abandon, our free and open market being the only reason of their existence; and whether they did abandon or not, indifference would cover us like a garment. This seems to me better than any number of Conventions.

The *Quiver*, now in its thirty-sixth year, will be enlarged next month by the addition of sixteen pages. A brighter tone and more numerous illustrations are also promised.

THE HUMANITARIAN.

THE October number is outspoken as usual on problems too often passed over in silence, but this time the outspokenness comes through the lips of devout Catholics like St. George Mivart, whose paper on the duty of wifely submission claims separate notice, and of Anglican revivalists like Father Ignatius. The latter denounces (in interview) "the sins of Society," and declares that "as there is a God above us, it will be more tolerable in the Day of Judgment for the outcast woman in our streets than for the Society mother." He admits an improvement on the past. "Bad and foul language is now practically unheard among the upper classes in Society, drunkenness is less; the man who appeared in the drawing-room drunk from the dinner table would in all probability never dine in the house again; duelling has been put down. For all this we have to thank the Queen, and for much besides." The crying sin of Society to-day is "turning its back upon Jesus Christ, the sole Giver of peace, happiness, liberty, and righteousness," and the only remedy is the second advent of Christ. A tale is told of a cripple for life cured by a leaf from a Llanthony bush where a vision of the Virgin had been seen. F. C. Gardiner pleads for counsel being provided for prisoners under serious charges. Rev. G. R. Vicars suggests means of saving the rural police from sinking into the usual illicit alliance with dishonest gamekeepers and disorderly publicans. Lucian Wetherell tells of strange village spells, which too often lead to women's ruin. J. Hooper gives ghastly incidents in the industrial slavery of women. "Cheiro" defends the study of palmistry as a science of temperament or disposition.

The Century.

THERE are some good papers in the October *Century*. Boris Sidis's study of mental epidemics claims separate notice, as also R. W. Gilder's verse on the Ottoman iniquity. W. M. Sloane, whose portrait is given, draws to a close his story of Napoleon's life. British readers will turn with special interest to this American account of Waterloo. One wonders what effect on the political future of the United States will be produced by this glorification of autocratic egoism. Th. Bentzon writes about French children, with pictures by M. B. de Mouvel. Interesting glimpses of Central Africa are given from the journals of E. J. Glave.

The Badminton Magazine.

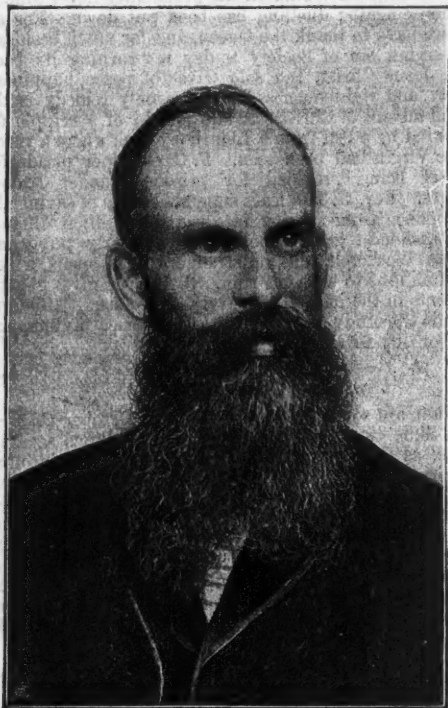
Badminton for October contains much of bright and varied interest. "Marine Golf" is a novelty which claims separate notice. As effective foil to this thing of yesterday stands Professor Church's review of the hoary antiquities known as games of the Far East, as set forth in an American work. It appears that Koreans or Japanese have the games "tug-of-war," wrestling, ball-batting or hockey, football, battledore and shuttlecock, pitchpot, pitch and toss, kite-flying, tops, chess, pebble-game, and other Western favourites—with variations. "Cycling Gymkhanas," by A. R. B. Munro, is a paper full of suggestions for turning cycles to account in feats of fun hitherto reserved for horsemanship. The first article is devoted to pheasants, and is from the pen of A. I. Shand.

The *Ludgate* is distinguished this month by several literary curios, among which there is a fac-simile of Rudyard Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzys."

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

THE latest addition to the list of periodicals is Mr. Silas Hocking's monthly, the *Temple Magazine*, the first number of which is issued this month. Mr. Hocking is a popular novelist, and he has come to the conclusion that it was better to run his novels as serials in his own magazine than sell them to any one else. Mr. Hocking's idea seems to be to produce a kind of semi-religious *Strand*. His own account of his aim and object had better be given in his own words:—

This is intended as a magazine for the home, the church, and the school—a magazine that may be read on the Sunday and week-day alike, and will be of interest to all classes and denominations. It will not be narrow or sectarian or goody-goody. It will be broad, tolerant, strong and devout.



MR. SILAS HOCKING.

Besides Mr. Hocking's serial there are three short stories: one by "Q," another by Baring Gould, and the third by Rosa N. Carey. There are to be papers on the "Churches that Live and Move," which Mr. Arthur Porritt begins by describing Dr. MacLaren's church and work at Manchester. "Preachers in their Pulpits" are sketched by the artist, the first selection for such treatment being Canon Scott Holland. Dr. Parker is to preach a sermon every month for "The Home Service." Ian MacLaren contributes a little sermonette on "The Right Appreciation of Riches." Mr. Haweis discourses concerning Marie Corelli, and Mrs. Tooley tells the life-story of Dean Farrar. There are also "Notes for Mothers and Housewives," and a kind of symposium of topics of the day, entitled the "Temple Parliament." The first subject dealt with in this new Forum is the Gambling

Curse, and those who take part in it are the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms, the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, Dr. R. F. Horton, Mr. John Hawke, and Mr. F. A. Atkins.

Mr. Gladstone's contribution amounts to little more than a general authorization to all and sundry to swear as hard as they please at the abominable practice of gambling:—

My engagements forbid me to enter upon this very important subject of which you propose to treat. But, in my opinion, there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the abominable practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife even than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads. I am aware of the arguments raised upon the definition of the word, but I regard them as little better than mere quibbles.

Mr. Hawke makes a direct appeal to the Prince of Wales, which is worth quoting:—

Is it not incumbent upon the heir to the throne, if he too is not in chains, to turn his back upon this vile system? At such a signal the machinery of the law would begin to work with smoothness, rapidity, and thoroughness. The book-maker's trade is the backbone of the gambling curse. Destroy it, and you give the moralists fair play with the poor tempted populace. It can be destroyed—yes, in the present condition of the law, whatever the Prince of Wales may do; but it will take longer without his help; and a considerable share in the moral responsibility for each succeeding year's record of suicide, embezzlement, crime, and ruin, desolate homes, and blasted hopes, should be a heavy burden even for a Prince.

Pearson's Magazine.

Pearson's Magazine continues to keep its even way between the *Strand* and the *Idler*; it making a special point of its illustrations, which its excellent paper enables it to print as they deserve. The best article in this number is Mr. H. M. Wilson's description of life on board the battleship *Sonsparvill* during the autumn manœuvres. Mr. Sherrard describes the sufferings of the chain-makers of Cradley Heath, and Harry Furniss discourses on a golf club. The illustration in "Ways that are Dark" are sketches of poachers and their methods.

Scribner's.

Scribner's October number is unusually good. The most serious political article is that by Francis V. Greene on the Government of the Greater New York. He suggests a mayor as absolute executive, elected for four years, who shall appoint all heads of departments for his term of office, and an assembly of two houses for all legislative purposes. Mr. E. L. Godkin bewails the lot of the American rich man who has no standard of expenditure such as is found in old aristocratic countries, and he comes to his rescue with the suggestion that expenditure on works of public magnificence which democracy is too poor or niggardly to incur is the privilege and duty of the wealthy American. Mary Gay Humphreys gives a lively and glowing account of the New York working girls, their unions, their strikes, and their balls. At the latter no girl is expected to dance with a non-union man or a man with a non-union girl. "Here is a girl, tall, slender, with well-modelled features. Yesterday she was making shirts. Last night she was speaking at the Social Reform Club. This afternoon she was at a conference of the uptown women in a luxurious drawing-room. To-night she dances, coquettes with her admirers, plays at the old, old game of man and maid." Kirk Munroe weaves together many a stirring tale of lighthouses and their occupants in his story of the U. S. Supply Ship *Armeria*.

THE PROGRESSIVE REVIEW.

THIS is a new shilling monthly, the first number of which appears this month. It is announced as a monthly review of progressive thought. Besides the introductory article, it consists of three editorials, two signed articles, a meagre survey of the progressive movement abroad, a causerie of the month, some book reviews, and some book notices. The earnestness of the editors is more conspicuous than their lucidity. A careful study of the introductory editorial fails to make it clear exactly what they want to do in the world. In its concluding sentence we read:—

The *Progressive Review* claims for its adherents all who realise this present urgent need for a rally of the forces of progress upon the newer and higher ground which the nineteenth century has disclosed. Faith in ideas and in the growing capacity of the common people to absorb and to apply ideas in reasonably working out the progress of the Commonwealth forms the moral foundation of democracy. It is upon this that we take our stand, and summon all well-wishers of democracy to aid in making it a reality in the world of thought and of action.

The drift of the editorial is that the 'old Liberalism is more or less played out, that the Liberal party more or less has gone to pieces, and it is therefore necessary to look at the new problems from a new point of view. Such, at least, we take to be the meaning of the following paragraphs:—

If it shall still be considered the chief business of the State to secure liberty, this term must carry an enlarged and enlightened conception of the functions of the State which shall be limited only by the power of the conscious organisation of society to assist in securing for its members the fullest opportunities of life. A clear recognition of this change must often find expression in legislation both apparently and really discrepant from the past policy of the Liberal party.

We shall consider by what means it is possible to impart vigour and certainty of action to the machinery of government, and to reconcile the rigorous precision of routine activity with a capacity of adaptation and of growth; how political power may best be generated, distributed, and controlled for the various purposes of local and central government, and what relations subsisting between the various participants and instruments of power, the elector, the representative, and the official in their several sorts, may best conduce to the attainment of these purposes.

A careful study of the laws of the composition and interaction of these social forces will help to relieve progressive movements from the imputations of blind opportunism, irrational compromise, and utopian aspirations under which they labour, and to establish a safer and more scientific basis for social activity. At the same time it is inevitable that this fuller and more rational conception of the State as an instrument for social progress should involve a recasting of many of the fundamental ideas of democratic structure and of the formulas in which these ideas took earlier shape.

There is more of wordiness than of wisdom in all this, nor do we get more light when we turn to the article on Collectivism in Industry, where there is at least some suggestions of a definite policy in the proposal that—

the collective policy should be confined to securing for collective use those economic rents due to the special values which public needs assign to funds of natural supply.

The editor says:—

A policy built upon a recognition of these principles of collectivist development is of course in no sense a compromise. It claims for collective action all work which the community can profitably undertake; it recognises that the absolute area of that work is constantly growing in two directions, first and foremost by the ripening of "routine" industry into the form

of private anti-social monopolies, secondly by the growing capacity of public management which experience should evolve in public bodies. But it also recognises that since the direct object of collective action will be to so economise the claims which Society shall make upon the individual as to leave him an ever increasing proportion of his energies for self-expression, the amount of energy which is organised directly for collective work will be a diminishing proportion of the aggregate energy of individuals, and that therefore the field of private enterprise in all departments of effort will grow faster than the field of Collectivism.

From which it may be gathered that the chief object of the *Progressive Review* is to arrange a *modus vivendi* between the hostile forces of individualism and collectivism, to reconcile the devotion to liberty of the old Liberals with the passion for social welfare of the new school. It is a good object, but if the editors would but think in French, their style would gain in lucidity, and we would better know what they are driving at. At present, the editorials in the *Progressive Review* seem as if they have been thought in German, and then translated into English. I notice elsewhere Mr. Edmund Carpenter's paper on "Walt Whitman, Millet, and Wagner," and the article on the Eastern Question will be found noticed in its place.

THE LADY'S REALM.

YET another new magazine, and this time, one which promises to be a very great success. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. kindly favoured me with an advance copy of the November number of the *Lady's Realm*, the new sixpenny illustrated monthly magazine for ladies. It is beautifully got up, contains one hundred illustrations, which are quite as good as those of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and the contents are varied and interesting. It is edited by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, the literary executor of Lady Burton, upon whose life he is believed to be at present engaged. This periodical lays just a trifle too much stress upon the fact that it is to be written by ladies for ladies, to parody the old saying about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the first number contains an article by a Duchess, a Countess, and an Ambassador's wife. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Duchess of Leinster, by the Marchioness of Granby. The first article is devoted to "The Childhood and Youth of the Princess of Wales." In fiction there is a complete story by Marie Corelli, a prose idyll by Mr. Crockett, and a short story by Mr. Norris, and an autobiographical article on "How I served my Apprenticeship," by Mrs. Burnett. Mrs. Haweis contributes an article upon the "Home Beautiful," and there are to be papers on fashions, and all the rest of it. The *Lady's Realm* promises to be one of the most popular of magazines that have been started this year.

As civilisation progresses, it seems almost as if mankind were going to revert to the habit of dwelling underground. In the *Engineering Magazine* for September, Mr. Parson writes on "The Underground Topography of a City." His paper is devoted to the possibility and need of utilising the sub-surfaces. The result of building sky-scraping edifices has been to direct more attention to the possibility of utilising their basements; hence the elevator, which was invented to convey man nearer to the sky, has been the most efficient instrument in enabling him to burrow underground. Two stories are quite common in the basement in New York and Chicago, and they are now talking of three.

THE FORUM.

I NOTICE elsewhere the articles on the Presidential Election, Cardinal Manning, and the Women's Rights Movement in France.

THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY.

President C. K. Adams reviews, with high praise, ex-President White's great book which Messrs. Appleton have just published, under the above heading, in two volumes. For twenty-eight years Mr. White has been engaged in laboriously preparing this book, which, Mr. Adams says—

is unquestionably one of the most important historical monuments reared by American scholarship, and whenever such an achievement appears, every scholar should give thanks.

Mr. White's thesis is that—

in all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direst evils both to religion and to science, and invariably; and, on the other hand, all untrammelled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous to religion some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good both of religion and of science.

Mr. White, it will be seen, is an uncompromising advocate of science, which, he maintains, has really re-discovered the Bible for mankind. It had become a bundle of oracles which no one understood, and the authority of which no intelligent man could recognise, but under the treatment of science it has become—

a revelation, not of the Fall of Man, but of the Ascent of Man—an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the Eternal Law of Righteousness—the one upward path for individuals and for nations. No longer an oracle, good for the "lower orders" to accept, but to be quietly sneered at by "the enlightened"—no longer a fetich, whose defenders must become persecutors, or reconcilers, or "apologists"; but a most fruitful fact, which religion and science may accept as a source of strength to both.

A GOOD WORD FOR ANTITOXIN.

Dr. W. P. Northrup, in an article entitled "Antitoxin Treatment of Diphtheria, a Pronounced Success," proclaims that since the day Lister proposed antiseptics in surgery, medicine has not taken so great a step in advance as that of antitoxin. Dr. Northrup's article is chiefly devoted to the analysis of the report of a committee of the American Pediatric Society, which claims to have obtained statistics in support of the new treatment. Dr. Northrup says:—

The results of the committee's investigation may be briefly summarised as follows:—Of the 3,384 cases reported to the committee 450 died, a mortality of 13 per cent. Of the 942 New York Board of Health cases, 169 died, a mortality of 17·8 per cent. Of the 1,468 cases treated by the Chicago Board of Health, 94 died, a mortality of 6·4 per cent. The total 5,794 cases gave 713 deaths, a mortality of 12·3 per cent. We may justly set beside them the reports of all cases of diphtheria occurring in New York city, which, for six years preceding the introduction of Antitoxin, from 1889-94 inclusive, gave a mortality of 30 per cent.—the lowest mortality during that period being that of 26 per cent. in 1889. The result of any comparison that can be made is a decisive verdict in favour of the Antitoxin treatment.

FIRE AND SWORD IN CUBA.

Mr. Clarence King, in an article which glows throughout with fervid enthusiasm for the insurgents in Cuba, brings out one thing, namely, that Cuban insurgents are

making a desolation of the island which they wish to liberate. Mr. King exultingly recalls the fact that when Gomez, the insurgent general, issued a proclamation from such an obscure place as remote Camagüey, he was ridiculed as Don Quixote, and every one assumed that Marshal Campos, who had 200,000 soldiers at his back, could treat the insurrection with contempt, but it was fated otherwise. But at Christmas, says Mr. King, there was end of Campos:—

He got back to his train and escaped to Matanzas and Havana, rails torn up and wires cut down behind him, the air growing blacker and gloomier with a hundred conflagrations. Smoke columns rose north, south, east, and west—close to Havana and Matanzas, along the shore of the Atlantic, and in every valley. Fires lighted up the Caribbean shore,—they were everywhere,—till two whole provinces were burning together and weaving their smoke into one great black pall that hung over Cuba for weeks, veiling the stars and quenching the sun to a murky ball of rayless red. Sixty million dollars of cane became drifting ashes and blackened sky! "Don Quixote de Camagüey" had enforced his proclamation—Spain, Havana, Campos, two hundred thousand soldiers, and a navy to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for September contains articles on "Neo-Malthusianism" and "Stage Scenery and the Vitascope," together with papers on Women's Questions, the Armenian Crisis, and the Presidential Election, which are noticed elsewhere.

WANTED—A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF NOISE.

Dr. Girdner, in an article entitled "The Plague of City Noises," expresses the inner feeling of most dwellers in great cities, whose nerve energy had been exhausted by the needless noise to which their ears are subjected morning, noon, and night. Dr. Girdner says:—

There can be no question but that a vast amount of nerve energy is expended on the sense of hearing and discriminating noises in a city like New York. Add to this the wear and tear, the jarring and actual pain produced on the sensorium by the endless roar in which we live, and you have a most potent factor in the production of that bane of modern city life—neurasthenia, or nervous prostration. I believe the solution of the problem will be found in the organisation of a society. Call it the Society for the Prevention of Noise. It should have a charter and certain powers and responsibilities conferred upon it by the Legislature. It should be modelled somewhat after the pattern of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or the Gerry Society. It should make a study of the noises of the city, and through its own powers, and by advice and co-operation with the various city departments, suppress such noises as are unnecessary, and reduce those that are necessary to the minimum of disturbance.

One proposal which Dr. Girdner makes will never be accepted, for he would not only license cats as much as possible, but he would compel the owners of the said cats to retain the same all day and night within their houses. The good doctor has evidently little idea of the difficulty of controlling our feline Romeos and Juliets.

THE POSITION OF SIR JOHN GORST.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, writing on "The Late Session of Parliament," makes some remarks concerning the position of Sir John Gorst, which are worth while reproducing here. Mr. McCarthy says:—

Sir John Gorst is at present what would be called in other countries the Minister of Education. He is a very able man—so far as my judgment goes, the ablest man in the Conservative

administration. He is not in the Cabinet now; he has never, so far, been in the Cabinet. Yet he is a man of great ability, as I have said, and he has a close knowledge of all questions concerning education, labour, and socialism; he has an open mind, is full of practical sympathy with the working classes; is a man of wide and varied experience, and is an excellent parliamentary debater. Why, then, should the Tories not give him a position adequate to his deserts? Well, if you question them, or some of them, at all events, they will tell you frankly that Sir John Gorst is not a man easy to get on with; not a man on whom his chief can always rely at a crisis; that he is, in fact, a sort of gifted, high-minded "crank." According to my impression, the truth is that the instincts of the natural man, the enlightened and liberal man, force Sir John Gorst now and then outside the limits of official discretion. He probably still thinks he is a Conservative, but I should say that he ought to be an advanced Radical.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BEET SUGAR.

Mr. E. Sowers, in a paper called "An Industrial Opportunity for America," argues strongly in favour of the sugar-beet culture in America. It seems that four-fifths of the sugar consumed in the United States is bought in foreign countries. This represents the payment of £20,000,000 a year for foreign sugar. The Americans consume one-fourth of the exported sugar produced in the world. Mr. Sowers thinks that the Americans had better produce this sugar at home. If Germany can make all the sugar she wants herself, and export 600,000 tons every year, the Americans might at least grow sufficient for their own consumption. Mr. Sowers gives some figures as to the comparative sweet tooth of the different nations. John Bull, we perceive with pride, comes out on top:—

The annual consumption of sugar *per capita* in England is sixty pounds; in France and Switzerland it is twenty-six pounds; in Germany it is eighteen pounds; while in the United States it is forty-four pounds.

FROM SILVER TO GOLD IN HONDURAS.

The Governor of British Honduras tells the story of how Honduras converted its currency from silver to gold. Silver currency had sunk to 50 per cent. discount, and the new gold currency was introduced on that basis. The results, he says, have been most satisfactory:—

Not only has trade considerably expanded, but there has been an appreciable increase—over 40 per cent.—in the number of importers since 1894. Formerly, the smaller importers did their business through the larger houses; it is so no longer. The labouring classes, the backbone of the Colony, have largely benefited as regards wages, the dollars now earned equalling the number formerly received by them in "sols." Savings bank deposits have increased. Land and house property, whether in town or country, has increased 100 per cent. in value, commanding now in gold the same amount received formerly in the money it replaced. This increased prosperity has also been reflected in the vital statistics of the Colony, as is illustrated by the marked improvement in the birth-rate and the lowering of the death-rate, and this improvement has been steadily maintained since.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Arthur Silva White, in an article on "The Coming Struggle on the Nile," discusses the reasons why we have pushed forward to Dongola. He says:—

It is, in fact, quite obvious that the term of the British occupation must now be indefinitely extended. If the Khedivial government cannot rule Lower Egypt without the aid of a foreign power, it is certain she cannot hope to administer the Soudanese provinces.

Mr. Alexander replies to Mr. Wells as to the moral guilt of the Opium War.

THE ARENA.

THE *Arena* is the only magazine that reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic which supports Mr. Bryan's candidature. It republishes in the September number a paper on the currency question which the Democratic candidate contributed to its pages in February, 1895. There are several other articles of the same strenuous nature. Mr. Williams writes on "The Evils of Land Monopoly"; Mr. St. John on "Free Silver and Prosperity"; Mr. Parsons continues his impeachment of "The Telegraph Monopoly"; Mr. C. W. Bowne pleads for "The Initiative and Referendum"; Mr. Flower writes on "Whittier as the Apostle of Lofty Spirituality"; Mr. J. N. Taylor discusses the possibility of an universal religion, in which he believes. Mr. Taylor's idea is a modification of the Second Coming. Mr. C. H. Chapman replies to Mr. Rossiter Johnson's attack on Women's Suffrage, published under the title "The Blank Cart-ridge Ballot." The point raised by Mr. Johnson is the old cry that women cannot fight, and that therefore they ought not to vote. Mr. Chapman maintains that even among the savages the deciding voice in politics is seldom with fighting men. It is the ancient chieftain, who is past fighting age, whose voice is most influential. Mr. Malcolm describes the remarkable report issued last year by the Illinois Bill of Labour Statistics, which sets forth in detail the extraordinary way in which the personal property taxes are evaded in Chicago. The *Arena* quotes a page of statistics describing the economic history of a quarter of an acre of the south-east corner of Twelfth and Madison Streets, which is considered the most valuable site of the city. Its value in 1830 was estimated at \$20. The population of Chicago was then fifty. Thirty years later, when the population of Chicago was 109,000, the quarter acre was worth 28,000 dollars. In 1894, with a population of 1½ million, its value is estimated at 1½ million dollars, or say a quarter of a million sterling. The value of land in the heart of Chicago was thus about a million sterling per acre. Dr. Tolman describes what has been done in providing "Model Tenements" in Bethnal Green and in Glasgow. Dr. Paquin asks whether or not consumptives should marry. Professor Boughton, discussing "The Negro's Place in History," holds out the delightful prospect of English noblemen marrying wealthy brunettes of negro descent as a means of replenishing their coffers. Negroes, if once they acquire wealth, will find no difficulty in procuring white brides. Mr. Mason advocates the adoption of a system of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes.

The municipal authorities who are continually exercised in mind as to the best pavement for streets will be interested in an article in the *Engineering Magazine* for September, in which Mr. Landis describes the growth of a great industry in the United States devoted to the use and manufacture of brick-paving. It was only in 1885 that the Americans began paving their streets with bricks, but it proved so successful that brick-paving is now used in three hundred towns of the United States. Brick-paving costs in St. Louis about half as much as asphalt; whereas, in Brooklyn, asphalt is cheaper than brick. A table is given as to the comparative horse-power necessary to move a given load along different pavements. What one horse can drag along iron rails, it requires 1½ to haul over asphalt, about 2½ over brick, 3½ to 5 over granite setts, 5½ over wood, and 8 for ordinary macadam.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

We have noticed elsewhere M. de Pressensé's article on the International Socialist Congress in London in the first September number of the *Revue*. The rest of the number is full of interest.

M. Boissier, of the French Academy, adds another to the series of articles on the archaeological aspects of Africa which he contributed to the *Revue* in 1894. M. Boissier formed one of the party of some sixty French *savants* recently entertained in Tunis by M. René Millet, the French Resident there. They did not spare themselves discomfort in studying the profoundly interesting features of the country which M. Millet administers with such conspicuous ability. Tunis contains traces of six or even seven extinct civilisations, and M. Boissier's account of what he saw is interesting not to specialists alone. "A propos de Dongga et d'el Djem" is the title of his article, which will probably appeal to those who are unable to get up much enthusiasm about the Tunisian question of the moment—the commercial treaty with Italy.

THE IVORY COAST.

Now that events are rapidly tending to a reopening of the Eastern question, M. Loiseau's article on the Serbian-Croatian conflict possesses a certain actuality.

The revived interest which French people are taking in Colonial expansion is indicated by M. d'Espagnat's article on "The Ivory Coast,—What it is, and What it Ought to Become." He renders full justice to the able, benevolent, paternal and firm administration of M. Binger, and explains at considerable length the policy which should be adopted in order to secure the prosperity of the Ivory Coast, more particularly in regard to the liquor question among the natives. He thinks that England would not be disinclined to join with France in preventing the clandestine importation of liquor.

"THE AGE OF ADVERTISEMENT."

More generally interesting perhaps is M. Talmeyr's article on "The Age of Advertisement." He pays due recognition to Chéret, the great French designer of posters, who may be considered the creator of this *genre* of art. Among the Englishmen he mentions Walker, Walter Crane, Dudley Hardy, Greiffenhagen, and the brothers Beggstaff; while America has produced Bradley, Will Carqueville, Penfield, Woodbury, Rhead, and Warton Edwards. M. Talmeyr notes how curiously the advertisements of a country reflect its national peculiarities and character. No form of art, it may safely be said, reflects in such an extraordinary degree the social, intimate characteristics of the age which produces it. Men who, if they had lived in the Middle Ages, would have been employed in designing and carving grotesques for Gothic cathedrals now find an equally fertile scope for their genius in the once despised poster. Unfortunately for the historian of the future, the material in which they work is less lasting than the mediæval stonework which we can still admire.

The second September number of the *Revue* is not quite equal in point of interest to the first. A place of honour is given to an article by M. Bertrand, of the French Academy, on an astounding article which appeared in the *Revue* on the 15th of March, 1840. This paper was anonymous, and dealt with cruel knowledge with the abuses and petty jealousies which at that time threatened the future of the Academy of Sciences. The author of this article was Guillaume Libri.

THE RECRUIT'S TERM OF SERVICE.

The military service of fifteen months in France is dealt with under the scarcely veiled anonymity of Commandant G. de L. This officer deals with the recruiting laws in various countries—England, Russia, Austria, Italy, Germany and France. He naturally pleads for the extension of the recruit's term of service to fifteen months. His conclusions may be summarised as follows:—That by a well-organised system of re-engagement one can obtain with rapidity a corps of veterans; secondly, that the cost of this new organisation would really ultimately result in a considerable diminution of the ordinary military budget; thirdly, that the active army in time of peace would receive by the application of the new system an increase of force and vitality which it has not at present, and which would permit it to obtain under excellent conditions those numerous reserves which are indispensable in a great war; and finally, that the existence of veteran reservists would provide the nucleus for a most valuable Colonial force.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu continues his series of articles on Australia and New Zealand.

LA REVUE DE PARIS.

As has always been the custom in the more serious of the French Reviews, the editors of the *Revue de Paris* devote a good deal of space to historical studies, and those interested in the little known facts that go to make history will find much that is curious and more or less new in M. Lavissé's account of the relations which at one time existed between Colbert and Mazarin. Of more immediate importance to English readers are the very curious letters written by Voltaire to Charlotte Sophia, Countess of Bentinck, her father-in-law, the Earl of Portland, having been the intimate friend of William the Third. This lady, who was to all intents and purposes German and Dutch rather than English, at first made the acquaintance of the philosopher in Berlin, and each seems to have found in the other an elective affinity. They corresponded for years.

"THE GENTLE ART OF LOVE AT THE RENAISSANCE."

Yet another historical study consists of some curious notes on the life led by private citizens during the Italian and French Renaissance. The writer, M. Bonaffé, has been at some pains to discover in what fashion the gentle art of love differed from that practised in our own day. Romance played an overweening part in the court, the camp, and the town, and most of the literature of that day which has come down to us is concerned, with one or two notable exceptions, with the tender passion. In those days France, even more than Italy, had a reputation of lightness of heart and constant merry-making. Robert Dallington, Secretary to the English embassy during part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, declared it to be his opinion that the French nation would soon become converted to the Reformed Religion, were it not that nothing would induce them to give up dancing, an exercise forbidden by the Huguenot ministers.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

More topical is a clever analysis of past and present Polar expeditions, beginning with that of Willoughby, undertaken in 1653, and concluding with the journey of Dr. Nansen and the proposed balloon expedition of André. The writer, O. G. de Heidenstam, evidently believes that the latter will next year achieve a certain measure of success, and he points out the moral courage which

it must have required to put off a start which had been so widely advertised. Some curious details of the estimated cost of such an expedition as that of Dr. Nansen's are given, and certainly the sum of £14,000, which included the building of the specially constructed vessel and all incidental expenses, seems marvellously little when compared with the prices often paid for large yachts and passenger steamers, but Dr. Nansen supervised every item himself.

ALSACE-LORRAINE AGAIN.

The visit of the Emperor of Russia is evidently regarded as a hopeful sign by those optimistic spirits who look forward to a day when Alsace and Lorraine will once more owe allegiance to France, and it is significant that in both numbers of the *Revue de Paris* the old vexed question is brought forward and treated, in the one case from the sentimental, and in the other from the practical point of view. The anonymous writer of "Alsatian Voices" points out that the electorate of the conquered provinces has remained extraordinarily faithful to France during the last twenty-five years, and that any increase in what may be called the German vote can be directly traced to the considerable German immigration which has taken place there of late years. The Berlin press, and even the semi-official *Cologne Gazette*, frankly recognises this state of things. There seems to us, however, one danger against which the French Party of Revenge will never be able to struggle—namely, the constant and increasing emigration of the older families of the two provinces. As is natural, the German subject whose sympathies are wholly French takes whenever it be possible the pleasantest course open to him, that of moving his household gods over the border and becoming a Frenchman by law; and as fast as an Alsatian family leaves the province two German households come in.

METZ BATTLEFIELDS REVISITED.

In the second number of the *Revue* the two brothers Margueritte, sons of the General who led the historic charge at Reichophen, describe a pilgrimage lately undertaken by them to the fields of battle around Metz. With considerable literary skill they tell once more the story of those terrible days, and pay a sincere and unaffected tribute to the valour of the German troops, pointing out, however, that in modern warfare personal bravery has far less to do with the result of any one battle than with the state of mind and spirit of discipline reigning at headquarters. A stirring and sinister picture is given of the frontier line as it is to-day. The whole country is one vast graveyard; green mounds, supported by crosses and stones, and still bestrewn with wreaths and flowers, bear silent testimony to what war really means. Too often twenty and thirty soldiers were buried in one grave. On either side of the frontier monuments are even now being freshly erected to the memory of those who fell in 1870, and yet the rural populations are entirely friendly, not only with one another, but with both the French and German regiments which lie always on watch, each on their own side of the invisible line.

"Jean Hess" gives a pleasant biographical sketch of General Gallieni, who has been sent to Madagascar in order to restore peace and order. This officer, whose excellent, if Francophobe, work on the Soudan attracted some attention, also served in Tonkin, where he may be said to have practically driven out the so-called Chinese piracy. The General seems to possess what is comparatively rare in France, a keen administrative gift. He has all the military horror of red tape, and knows how to win the hearts of both his men and officers.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

BOTH the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Rassegna Nazionale* for September 15th contain sympathetic notices, from the pens respectively of Ernesto Masi and G. Fortebracci, of the late Professor Enrico Nencioni, a charming poet and *littérateur*, who did perhaps more than any Italian of his day to popularise the study of English literature in Italy. He was an enthusiastic lover both of Browning and of Shelley, and wrote and lectured copiously on their works, which he interpreted with rare discrimination. In the same number of the *Antologia*, Madame Jessie White Mario continues her series of critical articles on the Italian penal system. This month she denounces with eloquent vigour the system known as "ammonizione," by which all who are suspected of petty crime, all vagabonds and all able-bodied men who decline to work, can be subjected without trial, on the simple order of the local authorities, to a species of police supervision. Such supervision acts, as a rule, as an absolute bar to the unhappy "ammoniti" obtaining respectable work of any sort; yet it is inflicted as a punishment on all who, even without such added incubus, have failed to find work. Madame Mario maintains that this law places more despotic powers in the hands of the Italian police and magistrates than the most stringent laws ever passed by England for the coercion of Ireland. She is specially indignant with Signor Crispi for having repeatedly refused to repeal it during his term of office. Montenegro being naturally much to the fore as a subject of interest, D. Ciampoli contributes a long paper on Montenegrin poetry. In the number for September 1st, Professor Paolo Mantegazza gives an exceedingly pleasant account of his personal relations with the Austrian Archduke Louis Salvator, who is both a traveller and a writer, and the author of a volume on "The Folklore of the Island of Majorca." The Balearic Islands, it would appear, are singularly rich in popular legends and tales known as "rondayes," which the peasants relate to one another in the evening, and they show interesting points of resemblance to the folklore of both Spain and Italy.

In an article fifty pages long E. Cenni points out in the *Rassegna Nazionale* (September 16th) that the only cure for the condition of unrest and international rivalry in which Europe is existing at present lies in the cultivation of Christian altruism. The article is based in great measure on Kidd's "Social Evolution." It is the turn of the *Rassegna* this month to have a fling at Zola's "Rome," which it does in very uncompromising fashion. It is evident that Zola's criticisms on Rome of to-day have pleased neither the supporters of the Vatican nor of the Quirinal.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (September 5th), in an article on the Tsar in Paris, writes with righteous wrath of the Armenian massacres, but points to its favourite *bête noire*, the Triple Alliance, as the real cause of the impotence of European diplomacy. The same number contains the first of a series of very learned articles on "Pedagogy and Systems of Education," a subject, of course, on which the Jesuit Order has always been an authority.

THERE is a vivid and realistic account in *Temple Bar* of Quinta-life in Argentina—the Quinta being Spanish for a country seat with its grounds. Mary Cholmondeley's "Devotees" and Mr. Benson's "Limitations" come to conclusion. Lovers of the Lake District will welcome Mr. Chas. Edwards' paper on its churches.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE.

MADAME ADAM has collected a great deal of interesting matter in both September numbers of her *Revue*. Mistral, the great Provençal poet, concludes his epic poem of the Rhone, of which an excellent French translation is added; and General Dragomiroff gives some curious definitions of the real meaning of military discipline, subordination, and of the value in an army of exterior marks of respect. A number of charming letters written by Jules Simon some sixty years ago, when the future politician and *littérateur* was acting as Professor of Philosophy at Caen, and considered himself passing rich on a salary of £120 a year with nothing found, should prove of value to future biographers of the late President of the Peace Society.

OCCULTISM IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Behramji M. Malabari provides the matter for an interesting character sketch of the great Indian philanthropist and writer. Among other biographical details given, it is stated that he was born at Baroda, and was the son of a poor clerk, who died shortly after his birth.

Two curious articles on Borderland subjects are bracketed together—one by M. Victor du Bled on "The Occult Sciences in the Eighteenth Century," and the other by the Abbé Petit on "Esoteric Christianity."

M. du Bled's attitude is evidently that of the scoffer. There was, he tells us, in the eighteenth century an adventurer of extraordinary talent, the Count de Saint-Germain, who was emboldened by success to claim intimacy with Jesus Christ. "I knew Him intimately," he would say; "He was the best man in the world, but romantic and imprudent; I often predicted that He would come to a bad end." He pretended to have been present at the council of Nicea, and there to have arranged the canonisation of St. Anne, explaining to the bishops that she was an excellent woman and it would not cost them much to make a saint of her. Saint-Germain acquired the reputation of possessing an elixir of youth, though apparently he did not, like the old lady's maid in the story, drink of it so continually as to become a child again. The eighteenth century saw also Cagliostro, Mesmer, Swedenborg, and the Society of the Rosy Cross. Mesmer, with his animal magnetism, half savant, half quack, paved the way for some of the discoveries of our own age. Lafayette was among his disciples. M. du Bled, remembering the curious researches of Charcot, Richet, Baraduc, Colonel du Rochas, and others, sees the difficulty of drawing a sharp line between imposture and great discovery. But he deliberately states that occultism in the past has done an infinity of harm. A few noble souls have been consoled, but many more have been driven mad, victims in the martyrology of the esoteric craze. Yet this does not prevent M. du Bled from telling some good stories. Nostradamus predicted before a notary that a friend of his would be twice married, would have his first wife's head cut off, would have three sons and several daughters who would all die before him, with other marvellous experiences, all of which came to pass. Marguerite of Navarre relates in her "Memoires" how one night at Metz, in 1569, she cried out, describing her son's victory and his being dismounted in a charge, and the circumstances of the death of the Prince de Condé, all of which was verified on the following night when a courier brought news of the battle of Jarnac. Marguerite sententiously remarks that it was a special warning such as God only gives to illustrious and rare personages. Bognet relates the trial of Rolande du Vernois, who

believed that she had lived with Satan. Two or three men forced her mouth open that she might drink holy water, whereupon the demon yapped like a dog, crying, "You burn me!" The priests ultimately exorcised the demon, but Rolande was burned for a witch in 1600.

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY.

The Abbé Petit is a curious contrast to M. du Bled. He has studied the Christian religion in retirement for more than twenty years, and as the result of his meditations he has discovered a Christian Esotericism which is, he claims, the link connecting science and faith. This new Esotericism is indifferent to the external form of worship. It looks upon religions as schools, and the sacraments as means of perfection. External forms are regarded as the product of a particular evolution in the genius of each people. High above churches and sects sounds to those who have ears to hear it the sacred saying which forms the basis of Esotericism: "God has made everything for Himself," so that creation is only a manifestation of Him. The Abbé goes on to say boldly that the great obstacle to the spreading of the new doctrine lies in the pretensions of all the churches in general and each church in particular to possess the whole truth. The ministers, he says, teach contradictory things. So far, the new doctrine looks like a kind of Pantheism. The Abbé "posits," as the logicians say, an intelligent Mover, Supreme Being, First Cause (the name is of no consequence) of the Universe. This Supreme Author of all things includes in himself three principles of life—Essence, Intelligence and Will—corresponding to three modes of life—Being, Expression and Manifestation. Essence produces the intelligence; it is necessary to exist before thinking. Essence together with intelligence produce the Will. Essence exists; intelligence is expressed in the word; will manifests itself in vital energy. Give to these principles the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and we have the Christian Trinity. The Father is God in Himself; the Son is the metaphysical life organising the world; the Holy Spirit is vital, universal energy, vivifying and actualising the Divine plan. It is difficult for those who have not studied philosophy and theology to understand the nature of this most interesting creed. It must be enough here to say that the originality of it lies not in the discovery of new dogmas, but in the correlation and explanation of the old beliefs, universal to Christianity in general, so that the Abbé is entitled to say at the end, as he does, that it throws light upon what is obscure in the various cults and leaves each person free to cling to that external form which suits him.

In the second number of the *Revue* the most curious contribution besides those already noticed consists of the first chapter of General Oudinot's Recollections. This officer began life as page to Napoleon I., and lived to play a leading part during the taking of Rome in 1848-49.

Good Words for October possesses a great deal of interest. Dr. Macleod's stories of Sir E. J. Millais ask for separate notice. Mr. M. MacDonagh gives some interesting facts about the Serjeant-at-Arms. This functionary, it appears, has a salary of £1200 a year, and an official residence in the Palace of Westminster, with a deputy in receipt of an annual stipend of £800 and a house, and an assistant receiving £650 annually. Mr. Thos. Sulman discusses the water-colour art of Turner, and Mr. Robert Walker illustrates with pen and picture the topic of Old Glasgow.

SOME ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINES.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

GENERAL SIR HUGH GOUGH continues his "Reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny." Mrs. Philipps writes an interesting article on "Exmoor Ponies." The herd now, it seems, consists of 100 head; the prices run at the annual sale from £3 to £12. They do not like corn, but have marvellous staying and jumping powers. They clear a five-barred gate without hesitation. They have a marvellous instinct for bogs, and they have been known, after carrying a man for forty miles, to have sufficient go in them to run off with the man in the last mile. Mr. Schooling has been induced to extend his diagrammatical papers from the *Strand* to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, his first being devoted to births under the somewhat strange title of "Hatches." One of the diagrams show the drop of illegitimate births that have taken place in the last fifty years. In 1846 there were sixty-five bastards born in England and Wales to every thousand births; in 1893, the proportion had fallen to forty-two, a reduction of almost nearly forty per cent. The apologist or eulogist of Marat gives the second concluding portion of his paper. It is illustrated by a portrait of Marat, drawn by David immediately after his death, together with other portraits of Camille Desmoulins and Charlotte Corday.

The Strand Magazine.

THE *Strand* is as fresh as ever, and holds its own against all its competitors. One of its out-of-the-way articles this month is Mr. Fitzgerald's account of "Animal Furniture." It is copiously illustrated, and is full of odd information as to the way in which skins and skeletons of animals are worked up for the purposes of furnishing or decoration. Mr. Fitzgerald, who does little more than string together the information he gathered from Mr. G. F. Butt of Wigmore Street, says:—

There are scooped-out pheasants as pie-covers; the eggs of emus and ostriches as basins and jugs; hares' heads as match-boxes; flying opossums holding card trays; coiling snakes as umbrella-stands; capercaillie claws as candlesticks; wild asses' ears as tobacco pouches; hippopotamus skulls as arm-chairs; foxes' heads as tooth-pick stands; elk and wapiti legs supporting tables; panthers hugging satin-lined waste-paper baskets; flamingoes holding electric lights in their beaks; swans' necks as ink-bottles; crocodiles (with very expansive smiles) as dumb waiters; and elephants as "cosy corners."

Mr. Pollock describes how big battle-ships and ocean liners are launched. Mr. Whitmarsh, who is himself a pearl diver, describes the performance of modern pearl fishing. Mr. Schooling constructs diagrams to illustrate the work done by the Post Office. Mr. Kitton gossips upon "Old English Newspapers." The illustrated interview with Prince Ranjitsinhji is noticed elsewhere.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THIS month's *English Illustrated Magazine* blossoms out into a new cover printed in colours. The contents are as varied as usual. The contributors include Clark Russell, Andrew Lang, Grant Allen, Melton Prior, Harold Spender, and William Simpson. Most of it is fiction, but many of the articles are descriptive, dealing with phases of the social question; for instance, Mr. Clark Russell, in his "Poor Jack," calls attention to what he describes as the decay of the British merchant seamen. Mr. Melton Prior's "Impressions of the Trans-

vaal" are interesting, and very much to the point just now. Mr. Baillie-Graham's paper on "The Landseer of the Sixteenth Century" describes the work of Stradamus, who was born in 1523 and died in 1608. Mr. John Ashton pleads for the strictest attention and supervision of foreign child shows in England. He says no permanent good will be effected until the foreigners can be boycotted or registered. Mr. Waugh looks after the cruelties inflicted upon English children, but foreigners escape. Mr. J. Buckland describes the flight of the southern Godwit, whose emigration from New Zealand to Asia he describes as one of the most remarkable sights in Nature. Mr. William Simpson's paper on "The Dead on the Battlefields of the Crimea" is a somewhat gruesome reminiscence of that disastrous war.

The Woman at Home.

In the *Woman at Home* there are articles on *Lady Harcourt* and the *Queen*, which are noticed elsewhere. Mr. Sherard begins his "Stories of Life in Paris," and there is a very fatuous symposium on "What Should Women Read?" The serials of Ian Maclaren and Annie Swan are continued.

The Windsor Magazine.

THE *Windsor Magazine* continues steadily to improve. The September number opens with an interesting paper by Frederick Dolman on "Maiden Speeches in Parliament," which is illustrated with portraits of the present leaders of parties when they made their maiden speeches, and odd pictures they make indeed. Harry Furniss's sketch of Mr. Balfour in 1876 is no doubt a caricature; but the most amusing of all is the picture which is presented as a portrait of the present Marquis of Salisbury, when he made his maiden speech forty-two years ago. If it were not for the inscription underneath, every one would imagine that it was a portrait of Mr. Bryan addressing the Chicago Convention. Mr. Dolman mentions that Lord Salisbury was only two months in Parliament before he made his maiden speech, while Mr. Arthur Balfour sat for two years and a half silent, and then only rose to make a short speech on the silver question. "It is twenty-five years since Lord Rosebery made his maiden speech. Among the paragraphs extracted from the maiden efforts, the funniest is that in which Lord Rosebery is quoted as referring to Paris at the close of the German war, as the capital "which, having for eighteen years given herself up to luxury and deified pleasure, showed so gallant a spirit in the national hour of need, feeding her population of epicures on husks and rats." Mr. J. F. Fraser writes brightly and well about "Life on an East Anglian Farm," one of a series of papers on "Workers and their Work." Another good paper is Mr. A. S. Hurd's illustrated account of life on board the training ship *Impregnable*. It gives even the casual reader a very good idea of the varied training of a man-of-war's man. Christabel Osborn writes on "Newnham and After." The writer quotes some Newnham students, who complain bitterly that college training unfits women for the usual journalistic work which is consigned to them. "What is the good," says one, "of a classical education, which leads to polish and refinement of thought and style, when what is wanted is sensational, sometimes even vulgar, description?" Mr. G. F. Millin describes "How Weather Forecasts are Prepared," illustrating them with portraits of the clerk of the weather. Another copiously illustrated article is Mr. Lewis Hind's account of Mr. T. C. Gotch and his pictures.

"BUCK UP AND LOOK SLIPPY!"

THE NOTE OF THE NATION'S NEED TO-DAY.

THE slang phrase at the head of this article will offend some and startle many. It is vulgar enough no doubt. But from time to time the aboriginal genius of the common people expresses in a pungent colloquialism of the street the note of the hour. The famous Jingo song of the music-halls added a most expressive epithet to the political vocabulary of the English-speaking world. The Jingo existed before MacDermott sang. But he was nameless, and to a certain extent latent because unnamed. To-day he is visible everywhere, known and recognised by all men. After considerable cogitation and much discussion as to the form of sound words that would most exactly and vividly hit off the note of the nation's need to-day, we came to the reluctant conclusion that no other phrase yet syllabled by human lips so exactly expresses what all the wisest and shrewdest amongst us are driving at as the peremptory imperative "Buck up and look slippy." Whether it be the Campaign of Education from the point of view of the Educationist, the alarm that has been created by the ever accumulating evidence of the national peril to which we are exposed by the growth of German and foreign competition, the much needed Revival of Reading, or the welcome movement in favour of a revival of rural industries evidenced by the Report of the Irish Recess Committee, the note is always and everywhere the same. The hare that has gone to sleep while the tortoise is creeping past must wake up. John Bull has been caught napping. The nation must pull itself together, brace its energies, and forge ahead with renewed energy, or it will be left behind. Everywhere we must shake off lethargy, dispel ignorance, and in one expressive phrase we must "Buck up and look slippy."

I.—IN BUSINESS.

The cry of alarm uttered in the reports of our Consuls, echoed and emphasised by Mr. Williams' effective if somewhat exaggerated volume, "Made in Germany," now in its third edition, has succeeded in arousing the attention of the nation. I hope to republish the articles which have appeared in the previous numbers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, dealing with the danger of foreign competition, and the promise of better things for our home industries, agricultural and otherwise, contained in the Report of the Recess Committee, in a penny booklet of "The Papers for the People" series, the first of which, "The Haunting Horrors of Armenia," sounded, six months in advance, the note of the present agitation. Of the "Haunting Horrors," with its pertinent question, "Who will be damned for this?" one hundred and five thousand copies have been disposed of. I hope the next "Paper for the People" may be at least as successful.

WHY WE ARE LOSING GROUND.

Mr. Rees Davies, writing in the *Investors' Review* for October, calls attention to the uniform testimony borne by all our Consuls abroad as to the growth of foreign competition at the expense of the British manufacturer. He takes as his special text the report of our Consul at Zanzibar, who concludes his report by the following warning:—

Unless the British manufacturer will come down from his pedestal, and produce, as his foreign competitors do, an article that will meet the practical requirements of the buyers, it is likely that a trade which might be fairly profitable to him will drop more and more into other hands. There is another point, also, apart from any question of price, in which British trade suffers by comparison with our foreign rivals, and that is the enterprise and care which are necessary to obtain a hold on this market, and when once obtained, to keep it.

Speaking of Mr. Williams' book "Made in Germany," Mr. Davies holds that the position which he has taken up is ridiculous, because he has endeavoured to prove too much from insufficient data. But Mr. Davies himself says:—

But proof abundant exists to show that in many of our markets the Germans are making progress at our expense by their superior energy, by their elastic system of credits, and by their willingness to oblige particular customers by meeting their special wants.

He quotes from many other Consular Reports, and then says that the whole secret of German advance in commerce is found in the following extract from the Report of the American Consul at Frankfurt:—

The American Consul at Frankfurt says the German supremacy in Russian trade is simply the "result of good sense, patience, thoroughness, and energy applied to business affairs, under conditions peculiarly favoured by racial and geographical affinities." The winning factors have been, firstly, the German system of long and elastic credits; and secondly, the superior knowledge, skill, and industry of the agents who exhibit, advertise, and sell German goods in Russia.

HOW WE CAN REGAIN OUR LOST GROUND.

Mr. Andrew Jamieson, Professor of Electrical Engineering at the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College, writes me as follows:—

Having spent some time in Germany this summer visiting a number of the chief cities there, I came to the same general conclusions as Mr. Williams has done; moreover, I have seen in South and in North America and many other countries the gradual but sure commercial progress of the Germans—how from making comparatively rough and crude articles they have at last beaten our manufacturers and commercial men in many departments of industry, until now it is considered no disgrace, but quite the reverse, to buy an article "Made in Germany." A visit to the present Berlin Exhibition will at once prove this to any sceptic. We in this country want legislation for a kind of education far more reaching and bearing far more potentiality with it than that merely afforded by the Science and Art Department. We require not only that industrial arts should be thoroughly and completely taught in each of our large cities, by day classes to the future masters of industry, and by evening classes to the present and future workers in trades, but also truly useful commercial classes where the agents and representatives of houses should be taught how to please all kinds of customers, and keep up with the fast-marching times of industrial and commercial progress. The local and the State apathy of this country will some day not far distant waken up to the fact that they have irretrievably lost many markets, unless they very soon pull themselves together and go in for a thorough and systematic training all along the line. I could give many instances of lost ground to back up Mr. Williams.

HOW WE HAVE HELD OUR OWN.

A North Country acquaintance sends me the following extremely interesting letter from Breslau:—

I have just read your REVIEW OF REVIEWS article "Made in Germany." It isn't pleasant reading for an Englishman, and I thought you might like to hear something on the other side. For seven years I have been representing an English firm on the Continent, visiting annually Spain and Portugal, France, Belgium and Holland, Switzerland, German Empire, Northern Italy and Austro-Hungary, and have not only succeeded in beating the Germans outside Germany, but within it too. We commenced with a determination to do all that is suggested should be done—metric weights, local currencies, selling in francs and marks (lira and pesetas in gold)—but the Italians and Spaniards prefer English money to gold, so we oblige them, and we sell to Austria in marks, Portugal in pounds sterling, and Holland ditto, the fluctuation of these countries making it risky, and there is no objection to our system on the buyers' part. Our price lists are in French and German, for we were very fortunate in securing the services of a clever young English lad I found on the Continent, and whose knowledge of German is excellent (eight years at the High School, Bonn); an educated Frenchman corrects our French, although the young Englishman is a very good French scholar. Our trade is growing annually and we are content.

I have no doubt you will be surprised to learn that our first hindrance came from our own authorities. The inspector of weights and measures, coming to test ours, found the kilo and gram weights on the counter and forbade their use, following it up with a formal notice not to use them for purposes of trade. We have taken no notice, but I should not be surprised if we had some bother over it. And it is pretty certain that the English makers of textile articles will not make metre measuring or folding machines whilst the law remains as it is. So it is no use blackguarding the English manufacturers because they are not willing to break the law.

It is also certain that the number of Englishmen or Scotchmen who represent English firms on the Continent are increasing. Talking to an Englishman at Dresden some time since, he assured me that the number of Englishmen (sellers) travelling on the Continent had much increased during the last ten years, and he was a seller who had had much more experience than I have. So there is hope for us yet. But there can be no doubt that if we are beaten it will be on the scientific side. I believe I visit every factory making white earthenware in Europe outside Russia and Scandinavia, and there is no mistake about it, the German factories are superbly equipped so far as laboratories and technical apparatus is concerned. The one thing they lack is good workmen. I believe the military system ruins their artisans, taking out of the men that self-reliance and capacity for individual action which is such a distinguishing feature of our workpeople. In proof of this it is known that a firm (Continental) recently engaged a number of Englishmen to work for them. And as usual the Englishmen who offered themselves and were engaged were a glorious lot of swillers. But soakers though they were, they could make three times as much stuff in a vastly superior style to the German workmen in the same time.

Most of the German and French firms keep qualified analytical chemists working in finely equipped laboratories, and although, so far as I can judge, the results are very poor for the expenditure, yet it is certain to tell in the end.

My knowledge of the firms in the Staffordshire potteries is almost nil (what little knowledge of pottery I have was gained in the North), but I suspect that the firms who employ chemists in England are very few, if any. And in our particular branch, some of the most successful makers of colours have been quite illiterate men. But it is no doubt a drawback to their skill their total ignorance of the why and wherefore.

If you could get some competent person to visit the various factories of all kinds in the German Empire and describe the buildings in graphic and brilliant style it would astonish our people; for myself, after I have been through the German factories and seen their size and capacity, I am more than amazed that we hold our own at all. When one compares the tumble-down shanties that very often do duty for workrooms

with the halls—there's no other word for it—in Germany, I am staggered at the contrast, and were it not for the excellence of our much-abused workpeople we should not get a look in. But as handicraftsmen, at any rate in pottery, our people are the first in the world.

II.—IN EDUCATION.

The need for a Campaign of Education, of a campaign in favour of making the Education Bill of next session a real Education Bill, and not a mere Red Rag for rival sectarians to wrangle round, is great and urgent. For the moment it is obscured by the agitation against the unspeakable Turk. But Ignorance is the Domestic Turk against whom the popular forces must be turned the moment the foreign stress is removed, and it would be well if all reformers were to concentrate their attention on the question of raising the school age, improving school machinery in the rural districts, and carrying out the recommendations of the Commission on Technical or, as it ought to be called, Practical Education.

WHAT MR. ACLAND WOULD DO.

Mr. Acland, in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, writes upon "County Councils, and Rural Education." The essay is partly a dissertation concerning the late Education Bill, and partly an exposition of what Mr. Acland thinks should be done. The former is of less importance than the latter. His chief criticism is directed against the proposal to place elementary education under the County Council. Secondary education, he thinks, can properly be entrusted to county councils, but with an elementary education it is different. Of secondary education he says:—

(1) It is not limited to any one section of the community. All sections ought to have access to its benefits. (2) The time which it ought to occupy is longer and more fruitful—say, from ten to eighteen, instead of from five to twelve. (3) It should expressly lead to some further commercial or professional training. (4) The greater part of the children for whom provision has to be made in it are in more or less educated families, and they spend their leisure hours among companions and in circumstances more favourable to education than are, for the most part, the homes of the poor. (5) This last fact tends to impress upon them the necessity for attaining at least a similar standard of education with those around them. (6) The parents have not the same amount of difficulty in providing some part, at any rate, of the cost. (7) By far a larger number of endowments available for education are being used for the provision of this grade of education.

The Education Committee suggested by the Reform Commission on Secondary Education was to be constituted as follows:—

One-third of its members were to be chosen by the County Council freely, from within or without its own number; one-third of the remainder nominated by the Education Minister (or central authority); the remaining members being co-opted by the members already chosen. Such co-optation should be absolutely free.

To this body he would give the control of secondary education, and also of the Evening Continuation Schools, which are at present under the care of the Education Department. He says:—

It is no doubt open to question whether it would not be far better, on grounds of simplicity of administration, adaptation to local requirements, and stimulation of local interest, that the maintenance of Evening Continuation Schools should be regarded as a function not of the department, but of the County Council—as these schools are secondary and not elementary, and therefore should be local and not national in character.

The following is Mr. Acland's conclusions on the whole matter:—

The distinction between elementary and secondary education should be clearly admitted and practically recognised, that the administration of the one should be regarded as the function of the national Government, and should be direct and complete; while with regard to the other, the extremely complicated nature of the problem of secondary education, and the very great variety of considerations affecting it, point to a local treatment which should cover as large an area and as wide a limit of age as may be found feasible.

The more clear the distinction and the more complete the administrative separation between elementary and secondary education, the lower down can be placed the first rung of the ladder which it is the object of all persons interested in education to construct. He would give the county councils control of secondary education and give them adequate powers with regard to rating and endowments. But no further burden need be placed on the Department. Evening continuation schools may be taken off its hands. No Imperial grant need be given for secondary education, and therefore no departmental interference will be necessary. With such encouragement as would thus be given to the practical manifestation of "intelligent interest in education," and with the prospect which would be afforded of some speedy, practical result, there can be no question that local energy would be quickly and effectually stimulated.

Evening continuation schools, exhibitions, scholarships, various grades of secondary schools, public and proprietary, will be provided to meet local requirements. The supply of qualified teachers, registered by a central authority, will be developed by the demand, and it may be hoped, if not confidently anticipated, that the universities will rise to the occasion, and seize the opportunity thus opened to them of guiding, stimulating, and to a large extent providing, the instruction for which an appetite is among all classes manifesting itself in the reception of the efforts already made to perform a task for which county councils have, as far as in them lies, proved their fitness by their success.

HOW EDUCATION MIGHT BE VITALISED.

In the *Contemporary Review* for October, Mr. W. K. Hill, who writes as a teacher, discusses "Modern Ideals of Education" in a thoughtful paper, in the course of which he makes one or two suggestions which might be borne in mind by those who are discussing the possibility of raising the level of national education. Mr. Hill asks:—

What is the capacity to which we must draw out that bundle of potentialities called a child? Shortly this—the threefold capacity to meet all the haps of life without hurt and discharge its duties with success, to enter the Valley of the Shadow a stronger, nobler, more highly organised being than when he first came forth from the Unknown, and to leave in this "fair field full of folk" some seed of his planting—be it of thought, word, or act—which shall make it richer for the work of all who follow. This in the abstract, broadly stated, is the ideal of education. How far do our aims tend towards it? To what extent are our methods calculated to secure the attainment of it?

It is unnecessary here to follow Mr. Hill's criticism of the shortcomings of our education, so I pass on to note his lament over our failure to utilise means that lie ready to our hand for promoting the object of all teaching. He says:—

In the debating society the school has a powerful instrument for developing any faculty of eloquence, any power of producing original forensic literature, which may be latent in any of its members. But how little this instrument is utilised. Suppose a prize is given at the end of the session for the best set or extempore speech, what facilities are offered during the session for studying good models or having the child's irregular efforts criticised or corrected? In many cases such aid would

be resented. And again, it is a means of amusement merely instead of a joint source of pleasure, profit and productive culture. So in other societies, such as the scientific, where all the facilities for original research in miniature are present, a great educational instrument is neglected to the detriment of culture in originality.

And what an opportunity is lost in that strangely prevalent mania of childhood—the rage for collecting. To take only eggs and coins, what would not systematic oversight, encouragement and a full scientific assistance do for the development of the great biologist and historical numismatist, if only the incipient taste and industry were grasped in the day of their susceptible youth and judiciously guided into the adult capacities of manhood. But here, as everywhere, the primary has become the secondary, and it is the latter we cultivate. For, while we devote hours to teaching the principles of biology out of books, the innate taste which leads a child to study animal life at first hand is either left to work out its own education, or at best looked upon curiously and rewarded with the casual praise reserved for an amiable hobby.

SCHOOL BOARDS OF LILLIPUT.

Mr. T. J. Macnamara has published a penny pamphlet (sent post free, 8d. per dozen), which is an indictment of the School Board system in villages. Mr. Macnamara has a strong case, and it is put with much vigour. It is difficult for any person to read his exposition of the way in which the Education Act works in rural parishes without feeling that, whatever else Sir John Gorst does or does not do the next year, he must do something to deal with this crying scandal. Outside boroughs, the Act of 1870 made the parish the unit of school board administration. The result was what Mr. Macnamara aptly calls educational home rule run mad, for parishes containing a mere handful of population find themselves saddled with all the expensive apparatus of the School Board, accumulated by a collective vote, and compelled to perform the official routine at public expense. In England, the enormous majority of School Boards are in parishes. Last year there was 2,129 School Boards in England. Of these 159 were in boroughs; the remaining 1,970 were in parishes. In Wales it is much the same. There were 22 which were borough boards, and 301 parish boards. Of course, there are cases in which parishes are of a respectable size, but there are many others in which the situation of a School Board is nothing less than a ghastly absurdity. Between one-third and one-fourth of the English parish School Boards, or in exact numbers, 585 being administrative areas, contain under 500 population of men, women and children, all told. 150 rural boards have fewer than 150 persons to look after. There is a board in which the total number of children to be educated does not exceed 2 per head of the board, while the average of other boards are 3, 4, 5 and upwards. In many instances the administrative expenses, such as the clerk's salary, etc., run up to 1d. and 2d. in the pound. The elections frequently cost 1d. in the pound. There are 152 little school boards in Devonshire spending £9,000 a year on machinery, and 100 little boards in Cornwall costing of themselves £3,600. The result is that the rates are very heavy. There are 1,000 parish school boards in England alone, levying precepts of from 6l. to 1s. in the pound.

As may be imagined, the whole object of the rural ratepayer, who finds himself saddled with this extravagant machine, is to reduce the cost to the minimum, and this he does regardless of its effect upon education. Mr. Macnamara strings together some scandalous evidence as to the lot of the unfortunate teacher, who is under the thumb of the petty, pinch-penny tyrants who, in many cases, are thrust into the

administrative machine not for the purpose of educating, but for the purpose of stunting the education of the children, and concludes his pamphlet by a declaration that the one great reform necessary is the material extension of the areas of administration of the rural School Boards, in order that the local financial burden may be equalised, and that public-spirited men and women may be secured for the work of local supervising the schools.

THE HOLIDAY STUDY OF HISTORY.

Education is much more than a mere matter of book-learning, and it is well to recognise that children will learn as much in their holidays as they do at schools. The Headmaster of Clayesmore School, Enfield, Middlesex, who has had a good deal of experience in organising holidays of scholars in public schools and elsewhere, made a bold and very successful innovation this summer. Finding that several of his scholars could not go home for the holidays, as they came from India and other distant regions, a happy thought occurred to him of hiring a caravan, and taking them upon a personally conducted tour through some of the most beautiful and interesting historical districts in the South of England. The party arrived during August at Hayling Island, and camped on the common almost under my windows. It is a mistake to call the vehicle a caravan; it was a neat covered waggon, which carried a sleeping tent, blankets, cooking-stove, and all the necessary accessories for a trip of this description. There were about a dozen boys who tramped the whole distance, and did all the work that was required in the shape of cooking, tentmaking, grooming, etc. The route lay through Reigate to Brighton, and from Brighton along the sea-coast to Havant, from which place they were personally conducted by Dr. Conan Doyle over the line of route traversed by the hero of his novel "Micah Clark." Crossing the New Forest, they visited Stonehenge, examined the battlefield of Sedgemoor, and then tramped back to London by Wells, Bath and Reading. The outing, which was of the most enjoyable description throughout, thanks to the excellent weather, lasted six weeks, at the end of which the campers-out tramped back to Clayesmore School, ruddy and bronzed with the walk of nearly five hundred miles. Such a journey across such a country as England, and under such guidance, is in itself the best kind of education.

THEY DO THESE THINGS BETTER IN DENMARK.

A Danish correspondent, who visited England this summer, speaking of the great advantage of the interchange of information between nations, expressed astonishment at the ignorance of England of the excellent work done for cripples by Knudsen, and for the feeble-minded by Keller. In both respects, great England may learn not a little from little Denmark. He continues:—"And when I see the efforts made in London for getting the poor little ones one day in the country, I reflect with a certain pride on the fact that in Copenhagen nearly all the children have some four weeks in the country, because thousands of farmers, ministers, and schoolmasters, take them gratis into their houses, and the railways and steamboats take them gratis, both there and back again. Every week in July and August, more than 10,000 poor little travellers are to be found going in all directions into the provinces to spend a holiday of about a month in the country. Now they have begun a similar movement for bringing the little ones from the provinces to see the city, its museums, etc., and several

thousands came in this year to spend some three days in Copenhagen."

The same correspondent, who is an extremely intelligent and thoughtful observer, and who made a visit to several of our schools, reports a somewhat unfavourable impression as to our geographical teaching. He says:—"Among the children, from thirteen to fourteen years of age, whom I asked which was the capital of Denmark, I never once had the right answer." It is true that the institutions were not the ordinary public elementary schools, but were schools conducted for the benefit of destitute children. He also laments that even amongst grown-up people he found a general impression that Danish was a dialect of German! These are only small things, but it is interesting to see how we impress an intelligent foreigner.

III.—IN THE REVIVAL OF READING.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY: HOW TO FORM IT.—PRIZE COMPETITION, OPEN TO TEACHERS ONLY.

The more I think about the Campaign of Education and the Reading Revival, the more convinced I am that we must begin with the young. Unless we can give them a taste for reading before they leave school there is not much chance that they will acquire it afterwards. Therefore the creation in every school of a library, however small, of interesting books is one of the first things to be done.

The eternal want of pence is no doubt the chief obstacle—an obstacle all the more formidable because books cost shillings, and libraries cannot be furnished except by the outlay of pounds.

ONE HUNDRED BOOKS FOR SIX SHILLINGS.

I am, however, encouraged by the appearance of an article in the *Schoolmaster* of September 19th, which I transfer with grateful acknowledgment to our own pages:—

Mr. Stead has solved many problems, but never one of so much direct interest to teachers, as the means by which the library shelves of even the poorest schools may be kept regularly replenished with a supply of good and interesting literature. Teachers everywhere readily acknowledge the educational advantage of a school library, but the difficulty, not alone in the poorer country schools, but even in the larger School Board districts, is to obtain the funds for the carrying out of an object that alike by Code makers and Code workers is regarded as so highly desirable an instrument in the promotion of the widest and best ideals of education. "Want of funds" has been, hitherto, the pathetic and unanswerable *non possumus* of teachers who, while recognising the paramount importance of school libraries, have been crippled in their endeavours by poverty of resources. But the enterprise of Mr. Stead has gone far towards the clearing away of difficulties, and his announcement of "Books for School Libraries at 6s. per 100" will, doubtless, as by an enchanter's rod, cause a very rapid and numerous upspringing of libraries in our elementary schools. For 7s. per 100, the books are sent, carriage free, by rail, and to places inaccessible by rail, for 7s. 8d. by parcel post.

The forty-eight numbers constituting "The Penny Poet" Series may be regarded as a remarkable collection of English poetry, there being scarcely any omissions in the long list of our standard works. Chaucer and Spenser, inaccessible, on account of the mystery of their Old English spelling, to the majority of adult, and to all young readers, have been rendered with admirable taste into modern English; and the connective prose narrative combines to make both volumes of singular attraction to the children to whom romance and adventure have an interest ever strong and abiding. A debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Stead for unlocking the treasure-houses of Chaucer and Spenser.

An excellent idea, in that it supplies a want long felt in our schools, is the edition of stories for very young readers. The series, "Books for the Bairns," will permit a separate classification according to the ages of the scholars, so that children in Standards I., II., and III. may have books set apart for their own special reading.

"The Penny Novels," "Penny Poets," and "Books for the Bairns" will be found useful by teachers, not only in the cheap formation of school libraries, but in the continual supply of suitable and fresh matter for the reading lessons. The quickening influence of a new book in school every teacher will easily recognise, and the dark days of tedious reiteration have now a fair chance to be replaced by the bright prospect of Mr. Stead's offer to schools—"One hundred volumes of pure and good literature for six shillings."

Mr. W. R. Richmond, who prepared for Mr. Macnamara the excellent pamphlet on School Libraries, writes me in the same sense. He says:—

The Educational Department and the editors of Educational papers, notably Mr. Macnamara, have for some time past preached School Libraries, but, however willing the teachers to provide them, considerations of expense have, so far, proved an insuperable obstacle in the great majority of schools.

Your "Books for the Bairns" are a move in the right direction, as they fulfil all the requirements for a library for juniors, say, Standards I., II., III. in our Elementary Schools.

For the senior scholars your "Penny Novels" Series is only partially suitable. Some of them, such as "The Scarlet Letter," "Jane Eyre," "Coningsby," and many others, are not books to be read by children. The majority of your "Poets" could go into our schools, particularly your very admirable editions of Spenser, but poetry, other than the heroic kind, is seldom read by children.

A special School Library Series would prove a great boon to teachers, and there can be no doubt, would command a very large sale.

LIBRARIES AS CHRISTMAS-BOXES.

Now I would like to make a suggestion to those who wish to do a maximum of good at a minimum of cost. Why should not they vary the monotony of Christmas-boxes by giving the head teacher in the village school a Christmas-box containing these hundred books? I will gladly supply them at the figure quoted above, or send them, carriage paid, in a neat case that would serve as the library box for ten shillings. Here is a pleasant way of doing good to a crowd of young folks at a cost no greater than the tip that is often given to an individual. Just think of it—one hundred of the best books in the language, grave, gay, amusing, romantic, tragic, in prose and poetry, in a case complete—the best Christmas gift in the world. It sounds as if I were a cheap Jack puffing my own wares, and no doubt I am, with the pleasant consciousness that there is no cheaper Jack in all creation.

How many old scholars are there who, feeling ties of sympathy and gratitude bind them to the old school, would not like to show their kindly sentiments by sending to the teacher, for the use of the scholars, this Christmas Box of Books? And what of our local magnates, whether territorial or industrial, who could thus establish a Free Library in every school on their estate, or within shadow of their mill chimneys? will they do it?

We only need a start for the idea of a library in every school to catch hold and spread all over the land. One hundred volumes would form the nucleus round which others would gather.

PENNY BOOK CIRCLES IN SCHOOLS.

What I want to know is how best this most desirable end can be obtained; and it occurs to me that as no one

knows so much about the school as the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, I had better ask them. Given one hundred penny books to start with, and an inexhaustible supply of new penny books produced at the rate of one hundred a year to keep on with, what would be the best way to secure the funds—10s.—to start the library with in the first place, and to keep it going at the rate of one or two new books every week?

The problem is different from that presented by libraries of bound books. Paper-backed books in the nature of things are not everlasting. What should be aimed at is to devise some method not unlike that of the magazine circulating clubs, whereby each member has an opportunity of reading all the magazines subscribed for by the Circle for the price of one magazine, which after it has gone the round becomes his own property. If a man pays sixpence per month, and there are five others in the Circle, each gets the reading of six sixpenny magazines, and each retains his own at the end of the month. I don't know exactly how that would work in school. If one hundred scholars could be induced to subscribe a penny a month, they could each have a fresh book every week on loan, and at the end of the month each could have one book as his own. This would of course entail buying a fresh hundred books every month; but if the subscriptions came in that would present no difficulty, and there would be built up in that way, not merely a library in every school, but a little library in every home.

I only throw out this suggestion, presuming that, not being a teacher myself, it may not be impracticable. But I want to know what teachers think on the subject. So I offer a

PRIZE OF TEN GUINEAS

For the best practical essay on—

How to form a School Library with Penny Books.

Competition to be limited to teachers who within this year have held a post in some public elementary school.

The chief points to be dealt with are:—

- (1) The best way of raising money to buy the books.
- (2) The best way of inducing the children to read them.
- (3) The best way of keeping the books.
- (4) The best books for such a library.

The essay to be practical rather than literary; the object being to show what is best to be done, not to prove how eloquently you can write about it. Brevity is the soul of wit, and the first thing is to be clear as to what you want to say and then to say it clearly.

All essays to be written on one side of the page and endorsed with the name and address of competitor.

The list of books must only include (1) works which the children will like to read; (2) books which can be published at a penny. Copyright works—and all English books published in the last forty-three years are copyright—cannot, as a rule, be published at a penny.

All essays to be sent in on or before November 15th. The name of the successful competitor will be announced in the December number of the REVIEW.

AN IDEAL HOME LIBRARY.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST LIST OF ONE HUNDRED BOOKS.

"It is all very well to talk about a revival of reading," say some, "but what have we to read? There are plenty of books, no doubt, but we cannot see the wood for the trees. Cannot you, in default of some-

body else, describe an ideal library of books which no home should be without? For heaven's sake don't tell us about 'The Best Hundred Books in the World.' They are to me like a nightmare. What we want is not the best hundred in the world from the point of view of the literary critic, but the best hundred for the average English-speaking man. A list including the 'Mahabharata,' indeed! Suppose that your eldest son was about to marry and settle all by himself in some out-of-the-way place, how would you fill his book-shelves?" Such is the substance of the inquiry which reaches me from many quarters. Perhaps the following letter from an Englishman resident in the Argentine Republic expresses the general feeling as well as any other. He writes:—

I would like to know what you consider to be the best one hundred books to compose a good, useful, and practical library. Not such as would be after the tastes of some men of letters, or the most cultured and educated class, but books within the grasp of ordinary mortals, and such as would be calculated to give one practical help and knowledge. I should like the list to include history, biography, science, political economy, poetry, religion, and the best work of the best novelists. I fully realise this is a pretty big order, and that it will take some condensing to bring the list within the required number, but I think it will be all the more valuable because of that.

Here is the problem fairly stated. Who will help to solve it? Who can draw up the best list of one hundred books—excluding specialist books, which are as indispensable as tools, and which each man will select as he needs them—the best list of one hundred books to fill the Ideal Home Library of the average man and woman? Children's books we leave out, for they must be dealt with by themselves. It is obvious that such a list would be a great help to those who want to know what to read.

But who will draw it up?

Possibly public librarians might be the best men to whom to entrust the task. But they are busy; and it is quite possible that some quiet student in an attic in the Great City, or some simple country parson, might know more about the right kind of books to put into such a list than the chief librarian of the British Museum.

The mere exercise of drawing up such a list is in itself a useful intellectual effort.

So perhaps the best thing I can do to stimulate interest and to induce our readers to help in drawing up this List of the Best Hundred Books as an Ideal Home Library for the average man, is to offer the following

THREE PRIZES.

FIRST PRIZE.—FIVE GUINEAS.

SECOND PRIZE.—THREE GUINEAS.

THIRD PRIZE.—TWO GUINEAS.

All lists to be sent in before November 15th, which is one month from the publication of this announcement.

The names of the successful competitors, with the lists which are deemed to be on the whole the best, due allowance being made for care, neatness, accuracy, etc., in drawing them up, will be published in our December number.

All the books in the list must be in the English language; translations, however, are not excluded.

The list must contain the title of the book, name of author, and, in the case of books not generally known, the name of the publisher. The whole to be written on one side of the paper only; the name and address of the competitor being endorsed on the back.

By this means I hope I may rouse many of my readers to ask whether they have themselves read the best hundred books for the Ideal Home Library, at the same

time that I make sure of obtaining the valued co-operation of many brains in the compilation of our list.

IV.—IN AGRICULTURE.

HOMESTEAD RULE FOR IRELAND.

I am glad to know that the Report of the Recess Committee, to which I referred at some length in the last number of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*, continues to excite an ever-increasing amount of interest, especially in Ireland. The Report of the Committee is already in the second edition, and the more it is studied the greater will be the volume of public opinion in favour of legislation based upon its recommendations. In the Irish press, as well as in the newspapers and periodicals of Great Britain, there has been a very general recognition of the need of the Report which seems to point out a way of meeting the demands which the Report of the Commission on Financial Relations will inevitably raise.

"ENGLAND'S OPPORTUNITY."

In the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. John McGrath, in an article entitled "Ireland's Difficulty, England's Opportunity," presses home the argument, and enforces it with many others drawn from the political arena:—

The new and epoch-making elements in the situation, curiously enough, take the form of blue-books. One is the report of Mr. Horace Plunkett's Recess Committee, the other the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations of Ireland and Great Britain. Mr. Horace Plunkett succeeded in getting together a body of Irishmen of all parties and creeds with the object of endeavouring to discover some means by which the material condition of Ireland could be improved. The investigation had a curious result—the signing, namely, of a document which declared that the poverty and failure of Ireland were directly due to English-made laws, by men who, under ordinary circumstances, would rather have allowed their right hands to be cut off. The Financial Relations report came out about the same time. It declared that Ireland was overtaxed to the extent of between two and three millions a year. What was the result? Men, even Irishmen, could not believe their eyes when they read the statement in cold print. Irish Unionists saw at once how completely it took the ground from every argument they had been advancing during ten years; and they almost feared to refer to the subject. In England a journalistic conspiracy, headed by the *Times*, was at once entered into to pool-pool the finding, and to bluff public opinion. It is clear, however, that the conspiracy must fail. It has already failed in Ireland, largely through the magnificent stand taken on the question by one of the Tory journals of the Irish capital. Between two and three millions a year! Over a matter of less than a hundred thousand pounds, absolutely, Swift lashed Ireland into a frenzy of passion against England. Imagine the political possibilities of this colossal grievance. There has been much talk of Irish "Unity." What if the finding of the Financial Relations Commission land England into a position in which she will be face to face, not only with a United Nationalist party, but with a United Irish Nation, Unionist and Home Ruler, Protestant and Catholic, North and South, demanding reparation for this great wrong!

So far the Nationalist.

IRISH UNANIMITY.

The *Dublin Express*, the well-known Conservative organ, says—and I quote this as a sample utterance of the Irish Conservative press:—

As the Report is more widely studied, there is a growing impression that Mr. Plunkett has hit the right nail. When the recommendations of Mr. Plunkett's Committee sink into the minds of practical people, an earnest and sustained effort will, we hope, be made to do for Ireland what their

respective Governments did for Denmark and Wurtemberg. There is scarcely a small industry which has succeeded in these countries which could not be carried on with equal, or even greater, success in Ireland. Mr. Horace Plunkett has given the Irish Executive a lead, which, if they have the courage to follow steadfastly, systematically, and sympathetically, will redound to their own credit and Ireland's prosperity.

A private correspondent from Dublin informs me that the spontaneous outburst of feeling already evoked by the Report of the Recess Committee is most surprising, and it is anticipated the general sentiment will find expression in what is likely to be the one really national movement in Ireland in our time.

MR. MORLEY'S ATTITUDE.

The reception of its recommendations on this side of the Channel, have been so favourable as to considerably surprise the authors of the Report. It is not generally known that, among the Irish Measures which Mr. Morley had prepared for laying before Parliament, when his career as Irish Secretary was cut short by the defeat and resignation of the Rosebery Cabinet, there figures a Bill for the constitution of a Ministry of Agriculture. But for the block of Parliamentary business, a Ministry of Agriculture would have been already established by the late Cabinet. As the Recess Committee demands the Ministry of Agriculture as the first indispensable condition for a revival of Irish prosperity, I am glad to hear it reported that Lord Cadogan, the Viceroy, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Mr. Arthur Balfour are favourably inclined to legislate in accordance with its recommendations.

WANTED—RECESS COMMITTEES FOR ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND!

Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, who has long brooded over this subject with unremitting zeal, writes me concerning the Report:—"It is a splendid and most statesmanlike doctrine. I have repeatedly said since reading it, that we need the same thing for England, Scotland, and Wales. Do not you think that it would be much better to get three committees, one for each country? The Scottish Home Industries Association would be a good nucleus for Scotland, but we want in each country a few able, large-minded members of parliament to take the initiative. Possibly Mr. Yerburch might take the initiative in England if he could get others to join him, men of all parties. There are a few young Welsh patriotic M.P.'s who would I think leap at the opportunity, but in Scotland there are plenty of rising young men, both Liberals and Conservatives, who could act in this matter with advantage."

Dr. Paton's suggestion is one which might be taken into consideration. Last month, nearly everyone was away from home, but this month should give the signal for action. I shall be very glad to hear in the course of the next week or two from persons who would be willing to meet privately to consider whether or not anything could be done to ensure simultaneous action by the Committees in each of the three countries.

LORD WINCHILSEA AND LORD RIFON.

Lord Winchilsea has written me expressing his hearty

appreciation of the Report, but stating that his time is so fully taken up in the work of his own organisation that he could not undertake the initiative. It would have been well for the country if he could have taken it.

Lord Ripon writes me as follows:—"We are doing a great deal in connection with technical agricultural education in the West Riding, and the County Council, working through the machinery of the Yorkshire College of Science at Leeds, with very considerable success, I hope. I believe that the same system is being pursued in other parts of England. In all experiments of this kind the management should, I think, be local, and the organisation as spontaneous as possible. I am convinced of the value of co-operative creameries established on the Danish system, and of their applicability to this country as well as to Ireland. We have one in this neighbourhood which has been in operation for some years, and is very successful."

THE PRINCESS LEADS THE WAY.

Denmark, as every one knows who has paid any attention to the country, forced upon the public mind the importance of practical education in dairy work. It is very interesting to find, from an article published in the first number of the *Temple Magazine*, that the Princess of Wales has established a technical school at Sandringham on Danish lines:—

Beyond the church lie the rectory and the handsome residence of Sir Dighton Probyn, comptroller of the Prince's household; and between the two is a low house, covered in creepers, where Fräulein Noedel, a former governess to the young Princesses, lives and conducts a technical school for the girls on the estate. The Princess of Wales, having seen the benefit of technical instruction to the people of her own country, has endeavoured to introduce the system upon the Sandringham estate. In a model kitchen cooking is taught, and there is also instruction given in housework and scientific dressmaking; and during the last year or two spinning has been added, the Princess herself taking great pleasure in the practice of this ancient art. She uses a black spinning-wheel, decorated with ribbons in the red and white colours of Denmark. Her Royal Highness started the spinning school, as a means of instructing delicate girls in the adjacent parishes in an occupation which they could follow in their own homes. It was very interesting to walk round and see them busily at work at the whirling wheels. Upon the walls hung bags of flax and wool, the latter taken from the flocks on the Sandringham estate. Some of the girls were engaged in fine needlework, while others were knitting stockings for the fishermen. Very few days pass, when the family are at home, without the Princess and her daughters paying a visit to the spinning school, and chatting with the girls. On the farther side of the Sandringham grounds, close to the royal stables, is a technical school for boys, under the charge of Mr. Swann. He gives instruction principally in wood-carving and metal work, and has a number of beautiful tables, chairs, and fancy articles in antique carving on view. The young Princesses are fond of visiting the carving school, and do a little work themselves occasionally. I saw a very beautiful table in poker-work which the Duchess of York had just completed, and which had come to be polished previous to being sent to a London exhibition. Each year there is a sale of the goods which have been made in the technical schools, and the proceeds go towards helping to maintain them.



"THE EASTERN OGRE; OR, ST. GEORGE TO THE RESCUE."

WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO? A DEFINITE ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.

THE above heading was the title of the first pamphlet I ever published. It is twenty years since it made its appearance, followed by a prompt disappearance. I kept a copy or two as a kind of memorial tablet, such as we erect over the grave of the dead. Such in those old Bulgarian days were the high hopes which we of the Agitation dared to entertain. What a bitter commentary upon that parable of things to come were the things that did actually occur!

HOW ST. GEORGE WENT TO THE RESCUE IN 1878.

For St. George, instead of rushing to the rescue, spent a whole twelve months threatening to attack the Russians, who were locked in a death grapple with the Ogre. Then at the last moment, when the Assassin, gasping for breath, was compelled to relax his hold upon the provinces he had devastated with the revelry of hell, St. George stepped in, restored the Ogre's sovereignty over Macedonia, destroyed the guarantee exacted by the Russians for the protection of the Armenians, and then, to make his infamy complete, picked the Ogre's pocket of his Cypriot handkerchief, and strutted round Europe as the champion of Peace with Honour.

OF ACCURSED MEMORY.

All that and more was done by Lord Beaconsfield, of accursed memory. No greater shame ever covered the head of any nation than that which descended upon Britain when, alike in the festive halls of the City and in the legislative chambers at Westminster, Lord Beaconsfield, with Lord Salisbury concealed in his sinister shadow, proudly received the plaudits of his countrymen for the crime of Berlin and the three-card trick of Cyprus. The indelible infamy of that performance clings to us like the shirt of Nessus. It paralyses us to-day, and will paralyse us until we pluck up sufficient courage to undo his evil work and sacrifice the booty which is the symbol of our shame, and a standing

reminder to all Europe of the trickiness and dishonesty of "*perfidie Albion*."

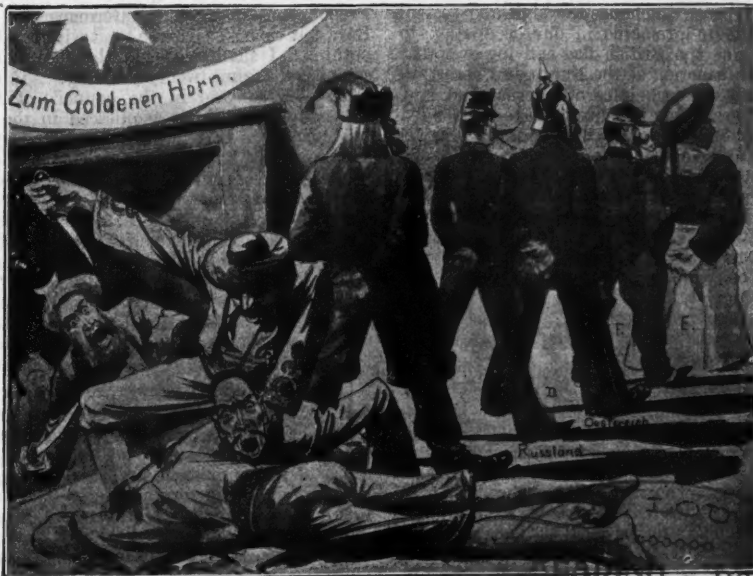
ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE ASSASSIN.

During the last month England and Scotland have at last made a somewhat tardy but unmistakably national expression of their indignation at the reign of massacre established *en permanence* on the Bosphorus. It is well that this should be so. A nation that did not feel moved to say "*Damn*," and say it out full-mouthed in the hearing of God and man, on seeing the slaughtering that has gone on, and is going on, in

the dominions of the Grand Turk, would be a nation without even a semblance of a moral sense. But in the midst of our indignation there has been very inadequate recognition of the fact that the guilt really lies at our own door. If the Assassin reigns—

"... re-seated in his place of light, The mockery of his people and their bane,"

It is England who placed him there. We sent our fleet through the Dardanelles to protect him



From Utk.]

A GERMAN VIEW.

[September 13, 1896.]

When is this murderous business to cease?

against the Russians, who, after incredible hardships heroically surmounted, were in a position to have hurled him into the Bosphorus. We summoned the Berlin Congress in order to re-establish his authority and consolidate his empire. It was England and none other that cancelled the clause in the Treaty of San Stefano giving Russia right to compel the Turks to guarantee the Armenians against outrages and massacre. And it was England, through her accredited representatives, who, while re-enslaving Macedonia and Armenia in the name of public law and the independence and consolidation of the Ottoman Empire, filched like a footpad the island of Cyprus under cover of a fraudulent Convention which binds us to defend the Assassin against his executioner, but which is to this day unrecognised by the public law of Europe and repudiated by the moral sense of our own people. A pretty St. George, indeed! Even Dick Turpin would have recoiled from such a piece of petty larceny

as that which made England appear as the Piratical Pecksniff of Europe.

"THE INSANE COVENANT."

"From that day down to the present moment of writing England remains branded with the black and burning shame of that transaction. We may laugh in our sleeves at the simplicity of the Turk, who imagined that we meant to fulfil the obligation to which we solemnly affixed the signature of England. But the Anglo-Turkish Convention stands. It has no force in international law, but it is a binding document between the Assassin and the Queen of England. There have been, of course, various threatening speeches. With many shakings of the head and solemn frowning, the Turk has been told by Ministers and others that unless he mends his ways he can no longer expect any support against the Russians. But the Convention has never been denounced, and Cyprus, which was the sign and seal of that covenant with Hell, remains in our occupation to this day. As long as the British flag is flying over that island without the sanction of the European Concert, in flat violation of all the principles of international law, upon which our intervention in Turkey has been defended—I do not say justified—so long will it be impossible for us to appeal with any confidence to the other Powers for joint action against the Eastern Ogre. Hence, it seems to me that the present agitation which has done honour to the heart of Britain is much less complimentary to her head. For what is the use of vociferation on a thousand platforms that St. George must go to the rescue, when the one thing which renders action impossible is the deep conviction that dominates the policy of all the Powers, uttered or unexpressed, that St. George's one object in going to the rescue is to repeat on a larger scale the Cypriote larceny?"

THE PRECEDENT OF BULGARIA.

It is no use for eloquent and impassioned orators, confident in the integrity of their own hearts and the sincerity of their own intentions, to fume and bluster against this plain and straightforward exposition of how the land lies. Those who are running the Armenian agitation, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, are no doubt perfectly honest when they declare that they are animated by a disinterested desire to secure the protection of the Armenians from the hands of the Assassin. No one denies that they mean what they say; but the very same set of men said very much the same kind of thing as to the disinterested desire of England to help Bulgaria twenty years ago. Russia undertook at her own cost to liberate the Bulgarians. After she had spent £100,000,000 sterling, and sacrificed the lives of 100,000 of her noblest sons, England, acting through her Ministers—whom our agitators were powerless to arrest—re-enslaved one-third of Bulgaria, delivered over Armenia to the uncovenanted mercies of the Sultan, and then ran off with Cyprus as their wages for a crime almost unparalleled in history for its combination of Pharisaism and theft. Therefore we have no reason whatever to marvel that every European, and especially every Russian, expects that we shall act in the same way again.

HOW THE RUSSIANS ARGUE.

But "Once bit," say the Russians, "twice shy. It is all very well for English agitators to clamour for armed intervention on behalf of the people whom English Ministers have handed back to the Turk. We all know what that comes to. In a year or two the agitation will die out, and when we have spent all our money, and

sacrificed the flower of our army, then we shall have to face England as an enemy, and see her running off with the tit-bits of Turkey. Lord Beaconsfield took Cyprus in 1878; we should find Lord Salisbury or some one in his place attempting to seize Constantinople or Gallipoli in 1898. History repeats itself. National characteristics do not disappear in twenty years. As England tricked us then, so England will trick us again. You never can trust the English excepting to look after the main chance for themselves, and to leave every one and everything else, including their principles, in the lurch when the time comes for laying their hands upon their neighbours' goods."

IS THERE NO PLACE FOR REPENTANCE?

This may be a brutal way of putting it, but if we look the facts fairly in the face, it is exactly what every Russian feels, and feels most keenly; nor are there many Frenchmen, Austrians, or Germans who would dissent. But what then? "Are we to sit with hands folded and do nothing," I shall be asked, "because Lord Beaconsfield committed a crime twenty years ago? Is England's voice to be silent for ever in the councils of Europe because the nation unwillingly acquiesced in the antics of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878? Is it not our duty, the more we have sinned in 1878, to make what reparation is possible in the year of grace 1896? And if we enslaved the Armenians and Macedonians in the year of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, is it not all the more reason why we should send our ironclads through the Dardanelles, and let the Bosphorus resound with the roar of our great guns as our Blue-jackets shell the Sultan out of his palace at Yildiz?" Such are the questions which many impatient, unthinking, good men and true ask throughout the length and the breadth of the land. But to all these questions there is one sufficient answer.

FIRST-FRUIT MEET FOR REPENTANCE.

By all means let us make such reparation as is possible for the crime of 1878. We were then strenuous for the tyrant and the Assassin; let us now at least defend the cause of his oppressed and slaughtered subjects. But if so, before doing anything else, as the indispensable preliminary to any act of reparation or of penitence, we must denounce the Anglo-Turkish Convention and clear out of Cyprus. Nothing short of that can suffice to convince the Powers—with whom we must act if intervention in Turkey is not to make things far worse than they are now—that we have repented of our evil deeds, that they have now to deal with a nation that has given a pledge of its disinterestedness, and that they may at least have a reasonable foundation for their belief that John Bull has amended his ways and means to act quite straight.

"CUI BONO?" THE ANSWER.

It is true that even if we clear out of Cyprus to-morrow, and send the Turkish Ambassador packing from London with the shreds of the Anglo-Turkish Convention in his pocket, many Continental cynics would shrug their shoulders and talk about death-bed conversions. But we have no reason to complain of these gibes. We have merited them all too well. What we have to do now is to set about the discharge of a plain duty, which we owe to our own national self-respect, to the subjects of the Assassin, and even to the Assassin himself. If, when we have done all this, we should still find our steps dogged by inveterate distrust, it would be deplorable, but we should not longer feel that we had neglected the one indispensable step which lay well within our power

to take, by which we could have given proof of the sincerity of our penitence.

PRINCE LOBANOFF'S LAST WORD.

A good deal of this, and more in the same strain, I wrote in the *Westminster Gazette* in view of the recent visit of the Tsar to Balmoral. I did not then know what Madame Novikoff has since brought to the knowledge of Europe—namely, that Prince Lobanoff had explicitly declared in Moscow during the Coronation Festivities that the attitude of Russia in relation to Armenia was governed by the fact that England was committed by the Anglo-Turkish Convention to defend the Sultan against Russia should she take any action whatever to protect the Armenians against their oppressors. The very last recorded utterance of Prince Lobanoff on this subject is thus reported by Madame Novikoff:—

At one of the Coronation balls at Moscow I chanced to meet Prince Lobanoff, who, in reply to some observation of mine as to the difficulties between England and Russia, replied very seriously—

"You refer to the terrible Armenian question, I see. But how can we Russians ignore the meaning and importance of the Cyprus Convention, which compels England to oppose Russia whenever a serious danger threatens the integrity of Turkey?"

I protested that the English had changed their minds about the sacredness of that treaty.

"No doubt," he replied, "I am not so badly informed as you suppose. I know all about that healthy change for the better. But, nevertheless, that treaty still exists. Do you suppose for one moment that, if England were to rescind her obligations under that treaty, we should fail to immediately respond with proposals for a new departure?"

Prince Lobanoff is dead. But the ideas of Prince Lobanoff remain, nor can we wonder if his successor resolutely refuses to move a step in the direction of an armed intervention in Turkey until we have hauled down the British flag which was hoisted on Larnaca as a menace that no Russian intervention would be permitted on the Asiatic frontier of Turkey.

OUR PROPER ATTITUDE TOWARDS RUSSIA.

In the course of the agitation, I regret very much to have seen many expressions of irritation and of indignation at the conduct of Russia—Mr. Gladstone himself not being altogether guiltless in this respect. It is a case in which we should do well to take the beam out of our own eye before raving at the mote in the eye of the Russian. In view of the evidence now patent to all men as to the real essential nature of Turkish rule, England's attitude towards Russia ought certainly not to be that of resentment or of indignation. Granting that, for the moment, the policy of reserve and of inaction adopted by Russia is most deplorable in the

interests of humanity, it is but a passing episode of a few months at the most. But England's attitude for fifty years has been just that which Russia has adopted within the last twelve months. Let us grant, if you please, the worst that can be said against Russian policy, the effect of which has been to secure the twelve months longer lease of immunity to the Assassin of Stamboul. What is that compared with the guilt which we have incurred by our persistent support of the Turkish misrule, a support persisted in for generation after generation, and that not merely by the adoption of a passive policy of non-intervention, but by an active armed intervention on behalf of the Assassin and his predecessors?

THE CONVERT OF THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

England stands guilty before the world, and especially before Russia, for the continuous crime of her traditional policy in the Levant. No doubt, so far as the majority of our people were concerned, it was a sin of ignorance.

But that was not true twenty years ago, when the policy was deliberately re-affirmed and enforced by Lord Beaconsfield in face of the angry and passionate protest of the national conscience, which, however, was powerless to prevent the execution of the mischief that he did at Berlin. Therefore, I hope we may hear no more exonerations addressed to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. The worst that Prince Lobanoff did was to adopt passively, at

a remote distance, the policy which the English nation pursued ruthlessly and actively for over fifty years. We have now repented, genuinely I have no doubt, but in the fervour of our conversion it would be more fitting if we were covered with shame and humiliation, and sat silent and abashed before Russia, rather than to venture on the strength of this conversion of the eleventh hour to behave ourselves unseemly and to hurl contumacious words against Russia, who has borne the burden and the heat of the day all these years. This, surely, is the dictate of decency. It is none the less prompted by every consideration of expediency and policy.

ENGLAND, AUSTRIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

Those good souls who are shouting themselves hoarse in favour of an isolated intervention by England talk like children. Not less childish, although equally well-meaning, is the insane persistence of some journals who seem to imagine that the one way of securing Russian co-operation is to bribe her with an offer of Constantinople. What Russia wants is not to plant herself upon Constantinople, but to be sure that England, or England's ally, Austria, will not take advantage of



From Moonshine.]

[October 3, 1896.

A TORY VIEW OF "THE REAL OBJECT FOR CONVERSION."

any upset in the East to establish herself there. To convince Russia that such is not our little game, we must clear out of Cyprus. It is drivelling folly to talk of offering Russia Constantinople as the price of her alliance. Constantinople is not ours to give, nor would Russia accept it as a gift if it were. There is reason also to believe that we are at this moment bound by a secret treaty to Austria and Italy, which would compel us to support these Powers in making war against Russia if she tried to seize Constantinople. Such, at least, is the assertion stoutly made by those who were in the confidence of the Italian Minister by whom the arrangement was concluded—for it is a misnomer to speak of it as a formal treaty.

"PEACE, IMPERFECT PEACE."

Still, leaving that on one side, those who talk about giving Russia Constantinople forget that what Russia wants is not to bring about a general overturn, but to keep things going without a catastrophe. "Anything for a quiet life" is the motto of Russia. "Peace, imperfect peace, rather than no peace at all" is the cry of the Tsar and his Ministers. Nicholas II. is as desirous of earning the title of "The Prince of Peace" as was his father before him, and it is adding insult to injury to a sume, as is constantly done in such well-meaning journals as the *Spectator*, for instance, that all that holds him back from active intervention on behalf of the Armenians is a doubt whether or not we would object to him appropriating Constantinople as his share of the swag. Single-handed intervention by England would, in the opinion of the European nations most concerned, mean that we saw a chance of seizing some coveted position in the East.

THE JINGO SONG OF 1878.

The echoes of the Jingo song with which England vibrated in 1878 have not yet died out of the Continent. The Russians, indeed, have good reason to remember the insolent swagger of the music-hall braves when they boasted that they had the ships, the men and the money, and the Russians should never have Constantinople. That rough music-hall ditty is believed to express the unchanged traditional policy of Great Britain. It was emphasised in 1878 when our ironclads forced the Dardanelles and anchored almost within gunshot of Constantinople. At that time it was an open secret that plans were prepared for holding Gallipoli, so that England, having command of the sea, might hold the Dardanelles in force. Now, it is just as well to recognise the fact that any move in that direction will be regarded by Russia as practically equivalent to a declaration of war. It might be deferred war, but any attempt on our part to seize the Dardanelles would be regarded in Russia and on the Continent generally, not as a means adopted solely in order to execute justice on the Assassin, but simply as the seizure of what we intended to keep. In other words, England would have begun the game of grab by seizing the first and most valuable booty for herself.

THE DARDANELLES SONG OF 1896.

It is not very pleasant for our national self-complicity to recognise the fact that this would be the natural conclusion that would be drawn the moment the first British redcoat landed at Gallipoli, but the fact is so. Nor need we be very much surprised that such should be the conclusions of our neighbours, when we see the kind of thing that is held by some of the more vehement of our agitators. There is, for instance, Mr. William

Allan, M.P. for Gateshead, one of the best fellows in the world, enthusiastic, sincere, and full of generous sympathies for the oppressed subjects of the Sultan. But what, we wonder, does he think would be the conclusion which the "Frank and Muscovite" will draw from the warlike ballad which he contributed last month to the *Newcastle Daily Leader*:—

SEIZE THE DARDANELLES.

We fear not Frank nor Muscovite
When Liberty is calling,
With British pluck for those we'll fight,
'Neath Moslem vengeance falling;
Cease your preaching! Load your guns!
Their roar our mission tells,
The day is come for Britain's sons
To seize the Dardanelles.

We need no help from other Powers,
When Duty's path pursuing,
To save the weak alone is ours,
And shall be Britain's doing:
So cease your spouting! Load your guns!
Their might no Power excels,
It is the hour for Britain's sons
To seize the Dardanelles.

Have Britain's sons forgot their sires,
Who fought for freedom ever?
And faced a thousand battle-fires
All tyrant hordes to shiver:
Come cease your prattling! Load your guns!
Not words for them, but—shells,
And ready now are Britain's sons
To seize the Dardanelles.

Why longer wait when Murder's hand
May victims still be seeking?
Its shadow hovers o'er the land
With blood of thousands reeking:
Cease your babbling! Load your guns!
Hope in their thunder dwells.
The signal flies! Up, Britain's sons!
"We'll seize the Dardanelles!"

Now, it is well for us to seriously face the facts, and to recognise that all this kind of thing is the veriest nonsense. We are not going to seize the Dardanelles. And we are not going to take any isolated action of this kind. We are not going to do so, because it would make matters infinitely worse, for every one concerned, including the Armenians. We cannot do so because we are universally distrusted, and rightly—so long as we hold Cyprus. The first thing, therefore, for us to do is to tear up the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and to intimate to all the Powers our readiness to evacuate Cyprus the moment they can agree upon the future government of that island.

THE FUTURE OF CYPRUS.

Of course, to surrender to the uncontrolled sovereignty of the Sultan any territory or island where the inhabitants have for twenty years enjoyed the benefits of a civilised administration is not to be thought of. The Sultan, besides, has forfeited, not to England, but to Europe, all right to any of his dominions in Europe or in Asia, and it would therefore be quite justifiable for the European Powers to mulct him in Cyprus as a fine for his contumacy, to hand it over to Greece, or to make any other disposition of it that may seem good in their own eyes. But there is no necessity for taking such drastic measures. There would be no difficulty in restoring the Ottoman sovereignty in Cyprus, subject to such provisions as existed in Eastern Roumelia before that sub-Balkan province was merged in Bulgaria. It would

be a profitable experiment for the Powers to have to dispose of this little fragment of Turkish territory, which might help them to deal with the rest of the Sultan's possessions, which will sooner or later be placed in liquidation.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON CYPRUS.

Cyprus has never been any good to us. No doubt our administration has been very good for the Cypriotes, but the only good of its occupation is that it gives us something that we can surrender in a way that would impress our neighbours with a sense of our honesty of purpose, without inflicting any material loss upon the Empire. Unfortunately, when Mr. Chamberlain was asked in the debate on Colonial Estimates what policy he intended to pursue in Cyprus, he made a reply which caused intense indignation in Russia. Instead of repudiating the Convention, by virtue of which Cyprus was occupied, he generally spoke as if we were in Cyprus, and intended to remain there for ever.



From the Westminster Budget.]

ASLEEP?

WHAT OUGHT TO BE OUR EASTERN POLICY?

But, it will be objected, suppose we clear out of Cyprus, what then? Then we should have taken the first step towards re-establishing the Concert of Europe on a basis which would render it possible to arrange for joint action. But joint action for what? Surely it is necessary to envisage the Eastern Question as a whole, and if you are to make sacrifices in order to put in motion this international machinery, you ought to have some definite idea as to the use to which you are going to put it. To what end do you intend to work? What is your policy, in short? To all of which, first, I make a negative reply. My policy is not to propound any of those grandiose schemes of partition which find favour in the eyes of amateur diplomatists writing in the monthly magazines, who propose to precipitate that general division of the Sick Man's dominions which would be the letting loose of all the jealousies and all the animosities—in other words, of bringing about the general war which every statesman in Europe regards it as his first duty to postpone. What we have to do is much more simple.

ENFORCE THE TREATY OF BERLIN!

We have simply to take our stand upon treaty obligations to which we ourselves are parties, and which, if thoroughly fulfilled, would avert the cataclysm. The Treaty of Berlin governs the whole position. All our present trouble has arisen from the fact that, as it was everybody's business, it was nobody's business to see that the Sultan carried out those reforms for which written security was taken in the Berlin Treaty. It is now generally recognised, even by the most impulsive and headstrong of those who are clamouring for action, that the Russians were perfectly right in objecting to any scheme of reform limited to one corner of Asiatic Turkey, merely because that happened to be marked Armenia upon the map. The Armenians, as Madame Novikoff reminded us twelve months ago, are everywhere, and local reforms limited to three vilayets on the eastern frontier would leave more Armenians exposed to the Sultan's fury than it would shield from his vengeance.

FOR THE ARMENIANS.

What then must be done? The answer is written at large in the Clauses of the Berlin Treaty. To begin with, we have the Armenian Clause, which runs thus:—

The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out without further delay (this was agreed to on the 9th of July, 1878) the ameliorations and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Kurds and Circassians, and will make known periodically the steps taken to this effect to the Powers who will superintend their application.

The first step should be for the European Concert to appoint one thoroughly capable, energetic, upright man as Superintendent of the Armenian Reforms. The six Powers cannot each undertake the superintendence of the reforms.

A EUROPEAN SUPERINTENDENT OF REFORMS—

Why then not appoint one high official, who would represent the whole of the six Powers, and be armed with their authority, who would be presented to the Porte in the name of the six Powers, deputed by them to undertake the task which was eighteen years ago imposed upon all the signatories of the Berlin Treaty? Some may doubt the possibility of the six Powers agreeing upon any official, but the answer to that is that it depends upon England. If England is honest, and desires to see the Armenians protected—those of them still left alive—she cannot desire a better opportunity of proving the sincerity and disinterestedness of her Armenian enthusiasm than by taking the initiative in the European Concert in proposing that the Superintendent delegated by all the Powers to superintend the execution of the necessary reforms in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians shall be a Russian. If England and Russia are agreed upon this point, France will certainly make no objection; and if England, Russia and France are agreed, the other three Powers of the Triple Alliance will be not less unanimous.

—WHO MUST BE A RUSSIAN.

Therefore, we take it that if we are but in earnest in our desire to work with Russia for the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in the East, we have a very good opportunity here of proving it. Considering that it is openly asserted that our Government would have no objection whatever to a Russian occupation of Armenia, it would be difficult to see what objection they could make to the much milder measure of appointing a Russian Superintendent of Reforms, acting in the name and with the authority of all Europe.

EASTERN-ROUMELIANIZE ALL THE REST.

But when that is agreed upon, it by no means disposes of the whole question. Fortunately, our part is still plainer in reference to the other provinces of the empire. By Clause 23 it is expressly provided that local autonomy shall be given to those provinces. By this Clause the Sublime Porte undertook to introduce reforms into the other provinces which, in order to make them correspond to the wants of every province, should be deliberated upon by Commissions, in which the respective local elements were to be prominently represented. But the

final settlement of these reforms was to be left to a European Commission.

Now the Commission met years ago and decided as to what ought to be done in Macedonia. The practical effect of this was nil, although, fortunately, a preliminary discussion proved that there was no difficulty on the part of the Powers in arriving at a practical agreement as to the nature of the autonomy in question. But there the matter rested. Macedonia, for whose benefit this autonomy was specially devised, remains to this day as she was when the Russians evacuated the territory, and left the Turks to re-establish their authority over the province which Russia had freed but which England had re-enslaved.

HOW TO DRY UP THE RIVER EUPHRATES.

What ought to be done, therefore, for all the provinces outside those inhabited by the Armenians, is simply to take this clause and insist upon Turkey giving effect to the provisions of the organic statute for Macedonia drawn up by the Powers nearly twenty years ago. There would be no disruption of the fabric of the Ottoman Empire. We should simply, to use the phrase familiar to students of prophecy, provide for the quiet "drying up of the River Euphrates." In each province local autonomous governments would come into existence under governors practically appointed by the Powers. Nor would there be any objection, although there is no specific treaty obligation to do so, to appoint a Superintendent charged with the superintendence of the application of Clause 23 in the provinces other than those inhabited by Armenians.

FOR CONSTANTINOPLE THE STATUS QUO.

There remains the question of Constantinople. But this question is the very last that needs to be raised, for it is as yet utterly impossible to arrive at any agreement as to who shall be put in the place of the Sultan, and therefore the Sultan must remain there. Nor need we be in the least alarmed about this. If there is an efficient European Superintendent seeing that reforms are carried out in every province where the Armenians live in Asia, and if the autonomous constitutions promised by the twenty-third clause of the Treaty of Berlin are being established in all the other provinces of the Ottoman Empire under the superintendence and guarantee of Europe, the Sultan can be allowed to continue to reign over the shadowy outline of the empire which his predecessors conquered by the sword. His power for evil would be ended, but he would remain as useful a custodian of the Straits as any one else who could be named. In short, the true solution of the Eastern Question—at any rate, for the present—is to smash no diplomatic crockery whatever, but while preserving the semblance of a Turkish Empire, to draw the teeth of the Turk by enforcing the treaty which constitutes the charter of his existence.

HOW TO BELL THE CAT.

There remains the question of securing the adoption of those reforms by the Sultan. If matters do get so far as we are supposing, *i.e.*, if the Anglo-Turkish Convention is torn up, Cyprus placed in the hands of the European Powers, a Russian Superintendent for Armenia ready to enter upon his duties, and similar arrangements provided for securing the application of Article 23 in the other provinces, then it is evident that the Powers would no longer be labouring under their present fever-fit of mutual distrust, but would believe that, for the time being at all events, they all meant playing "on the square." If that were so, the Sultan

would bow before their will with the fatalism of his race. If, however, by any possibility he refused, the ambassadors of Constantinople could easily secure his deposition and the installation of his successor without any more trouble than was necessary to depose Abdul Aziz. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Sultan would not submit, and that the usual resources to revolution had failed at the moment when it was to the interests of every one, including the Turks themselves, that they should succeed, there still remains the last argument of force.

HOW THE SULTAN CAN BE COERCED.

How that force should be applied is a matter for the decision of admirals and generals. But I cannot for a moment admit that the Powers are shut up to the alternative of shelling the unarmed city, or being defied by the crowned Assassin. The methods of coercion that are available under such circumstances are numerous. The simplest and most obvious would be the stoppage of supplies. Constantinople occupies a magnificent position which can be held against great odds, provided that its occupant has the control of the sea; otherwise, the ruler of Constantinople is like a rat in a trap. Constantinople is not a city that feeds its own population any more than London. It draws its supplies from Asia on the one side, and from Russia and the Balkan peninsula on the other. The Russian fleet in the Black Sea, with the international fleet which would force the Dardanelles, and cut off communication between Asia and Europe, would very soon suffice to starve the Sultan into submission. The only military operation that might be necessary would be the landing of a small force to occupy the railway and the high road by which supplies might be poured into the country from Adrianople. For the Sultan to talk of resisting the will of Europe while, without firing a shot, Europe could starve him into submission, is too absurd.

A HINT FROM ADMIRAL HORNBY.

This suggestion, which may seem somewhat fanciful to some, will, I am persuaded, not be regarded in that light by the strategists to whom the coercion of the Sultan would be entrusted. The proposal is, indeed, based upon a conversation which I had with Admiral Hornby about six years after he had forced the Dardanelles and carried the British ironclads up to the mouth of the Bosphorus. I was talking to him at Portsmouth, in 1884, concerning the risks of the operation. He agreed that the risks had been considerable, but not from the Russians. He had two risks: first, from the utter inadequacy of his own force—which was left scandalously unprovided with light vessels, without which such an operation should not have been undertaken—and, secondly, from the Turks, who, he fully expected, would have made the forcing of the Dardanelles a much more serious affair than was actually the case. He had calculated that he would have been lucky if he got through without the loss of one or more of the vessels under his command. Fortunately for him, the Turks were supine, and he got through without a scratch.

A REMINISCENCE OF 1878.

"But," I asked, "why do you think it was not risky on account of the Russians? Nothing seemed to us more likely than that, as soon as you appeared at the mouth of the Bosphorus, they would have entered Constantinople, and then everything would have been at an end?"

"No," said Admiral Hornby, "there you make a mistake. They might have gone into Constantinople, but we should have driven them out."

"What," said I, "without an army?"

"Yes, without an army. The fact was I had the Russians in a trap, and, what is more, they knew it. I found it out almost accidentally. As soon as I arrived at the anchorage at Prinkipo I made inquiries as to where I could get fresh beef for my men. Then I found that the Russian army was being victualled from over sea. In the long winter campaign in the Balkans they had eaten up all their supplies, and the exhausted and ravaged country was in no condition to provide for the daily needs of the army of occupation. Hence, in order to keep the Russian soldiers from starving, a constant commissariat service had been organised to feed them from Odessa and the Black Sea ports. As soon as I had verified this information, I saw that I had the whip-hand, and felt perfectly at ease."

"How?" said I.

"Why," continued Admiral Hornby, "the moment the Russians moved into Constantinople I should have forced the Bosphorus, and cut off their food supply. There was nothing behind them in the Balkans but a province covered with snow and wasted by war. They could have got nothing, whether through Russia or from Asia, excepting by water, and if I had been there they would not have got a biscuit. Hence, without firing a shot, but merely by putting my finger and thumb upon the throat of the Russian army, I should have compelled it to fall back, at least as far as Adrianople."

WHAT COULD BE DONE NOW.

There was no doubt to my mind that Admiral Hornby believed that he could have done what he said, and this

confidence seemed to me to explain what otherwise was a very desperate piece of foolhardiness. But I have often thought of that conversation in these latter days. It supplies a very plain, simple, practical way for applying coercion without war. Of course, even if we had the Sultan like a rat in a trap, or a bear in a pit, he might still emulate the heroism of Sardanapalus, and decide to perish in the midst of a conflagration that would be the funeral pyre of both his city and his dynasty. But when once it was clearly understood by the populace, the army, and the pashas and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, that

there was no intention to destroy the Ottoman Empire or to interfere with the dynasty of Othman, they would very soon make short work of the Assassin—whether by deposition or by execution would be immaterial.

BUT SINE QUA NON
—CYPRUS!

I hope that I have given at any rate a clear and definite answer to the inquiry which is often impatiently urged as to what I would do if I had my way. What I propose may be absurd, fantastic,

impossible—what you please; that is a matter of opinion, but, henceforward, I hope no one will venture to say that I have failed to set forth lucidly and with all requisite precision exactly what I think ought to be done, and, what is more, what could be done with very little difficulty, and in a very short time, if only England and Russia could be induced to act loyally together, with the confidence that neither would take advantage of whatever action was taken in the East, in order to pouch coveted fragments of the Sultan's dominions.

But I end as I began. The indispensable preliminary to all this, the one thing needful without which nothing can be hoped for, is to tear up the Anglo-Turkish Convention and clear out of Cyprus.



From Judy.]

"Bismillah! Allah-li-Allah! The Glacours cannot agree. Now is my time to proceed with more Atrocities. May my shadow never grow less!"

[September 2, 1896.



THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE ART OF MARRIAGE. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

"Marriage is so difficult, such an art, even for the happiest people, one has to learn it fresh day by day."

"SIR GEORGE TRESSADY," the title of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which for the last twelve months has been running as a serial through the pages of the *Century Magazine*, will be read with keener interest and occasion more discussion than any of her books since "Robert Elsmere." The reason for this is not to be found in the intrinsic merits of the tale as a tale, for it has all the characteristic defects of the work of its accomplished authoress. Neither must the secret be sought in its politics, although her pictures of the social, political and industrial movements of the day are very carefully drawn. The interest of "Sir George Tressady" lies in the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward has attempted, somewhat rashly perhaps, considering her equipment, to discuss a question which is perennially interesting, but never so much so as now, viz., how married life is to be saved from failure under the altered circumstances of the new time.

I have, therefore in my heading called the book "The Art of Marriage," taking the motto from the saying of Marcella quoted above.

The "Art of Marriage" is for no small section of humanity the art of life. It is, therefore, with universal interest that those already married and those who expect to be will turn to see how the art is described in the pages of a married woman, who is above all things painstaking and conscientious, with a thoroughly well disciplined intellect, which perhaps has been nourished at the expense of more primitive emotions.

The best way to set forth the art of marriage, as this professor of matrimony understands it, is to ignore the story, excepting so far as it bears upon this question, and to describe within the compass of a few pages the scenes in the narrative, which may be regarded as embodying in more or less dramatic form the moral which she would like the world to learn. For, of course, Mrs. Ward is didactic rather than dramatic, and "Sir George Tressady" is a novel with a purpose indeed. In its pages we have Mrs. Humphry Ward's plan of salvation for charming young married ladies who have the misfortune to find another woman's husband madly in love with them. The situation, it must be admitted, is not novel, either in real life or in romance; but the originality lies in Mrs. Ward's solution of the question. But without explaining what that solution is, I will now let Mrs. Ward speak for herself.

In "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Humphry Ward gives us the sequel to "Marcella," in which we have Marcella married, and a study of her adventures in her married state. Sir George Tressady, who gives his name to the book, is only important as the eternal type of the interesting and rising young man, who is unhappily married, and who is attracted by the wife of somebody else. The two stories are, indeed, parts of one whole, and might be republished as "Marcella, Single," and "Marcella, Married"; but it is somewhat appalling to contemplate the dimensions of the volume which would contain the whole of Mrs. Humphry Ward's painstaking delineation of her heroine's adventures. Nor is there reason to assume that with "Sir

George Tressady" terminates the story of Mrs. Ward's heroine. We have had Marcella as a Maid; we have had Marcella as a Wife; who knows but that ere long we may have number three, with Marcella as a Widow, and, possibly, after that, Marcella as a Grandmother!

The present story is a study of married life, in which Mrs. Ward poses the eternal question of how husband and wife should comport themselves when another woman's husband falls in love with the wife. The whole of the human interest in "Sir George Tressady" lies in the discussion of this problem. The novel as a whole is long, and somewhat tedious. It is characterised by Mrs. Ward's painful, Dutch-like devotion to detail. Every chapter is carefully elaborated. The traces of midnight oil are not lacking, but, notwithstanding all her labour, the divine spark, as is usual, is conspicuously absent. There is no glow. It is clever; it is interesting, and there is enough of talent about it to make us genuinely dislike Lady Tressady; but as for loving anybody in the whole of the stage company of marionettes, that is a feat which lies beyond the range of the possible. It would be unfair to say that Sir George Tressady is a greenery-yallery young man, but the greenery-yallery note runs through the book; the note of genuine passion is conspicuously absent. But without more preliminary observation as to the effect which the book leaves upon the mind of the reader, let us plunge straight into the story.

I.—A MARRIED DIANA.

Marcella, the heroine of Mrs. Ward's last story, reappears as the centre of the drama. She is, in Mrs. Ward's own words, the adored, detested, famous woman, typical, in so many ways, of changing custom, and of an expanding world.

THE STORY OF THE COURTSHIP.

For the benefit of those readers of "Sir George Tressady" who have not read "Marcella," Mrs. Ward recapitulates in brief, as follows, the antecedents of the married couple, who are now introduced to us five years afterwards:—

When Marcella Boyce first engaged herself to Aldous Raeburn, as he then was,—the grandson and heir of old Lord Maxwell,—she accepted him merely as a means to an end. She was at the time a handsome, undeveloped girl of a type not uncommon in our modern world, belonging by birth to the country-squire class, and by the chances of a few years of student life in London to the youth that takes nothing on authority, and puts to fierce question whatever it finds already on its path—governments, churches, the powers of family and wealth—that takes, moreover, its social pity for the only standard, and spends that pity only on one sort and type of existence.

But of course the first engagement came to a tragic end. No need to describe how. Raeburn and Marcella differed and parted in such a manner that, as she broke the bond between them, Marcella for the first time perceived the greatness of Raeburn's complex character, while in him jealous anguish had come to the aid of dignity, and he made no effort to retain her.

Then Marcella, in hot impatience with herself, went up to London, threw herself into nursing, and took her punishment,

so to speak, at the hands of life. Circumstances scourged and taught her—hospital training, life among the poor, the effort to think out some of the problems that the poor suggest, the influence of certain friends. The romantic self-love of early youth fell away; she began to see herself, and therefore others, more justly, and there were times of reflection when the spoiled happiness of a man who had poured out an astonishing devotion at her feet came to weigh with her as something more than a trifle or an offence.

A riper and tenderer Marcella made herself known to an unchanged lover; and the girl who had once scorned all he had to give threw herself upon Maxwell's heart with a self-abandoning passion and penitence which her developed powers and her adorable beauty made a veritable intoxication.

MARCELLA'S HUSBAND.

Aldous Raeburn has now become Lord Maxwell. He is a member of Lord Ardagh's Ministry, President of the Council, and champion before the nation of a Factory Bill, which extends the control of the State to the business of adult males. Of Lord Maxwell, who is an extremely respectable lay figure, Mrs. Humphry Ward writes:—

He was very able, very reserved, and very diffident, he was the only young representative of a famous stock, and had grown up from his childhood under the shadow of great sorrows and heavy responsibilities. He had in him the stuff of the poet and the thinker, and he loved Marcella Boyce with all the delicacy, all the idealising respect, that passion generates in natures so strong and so highly tempered. At the same time he had little buoyancy or gaiety; he had a belief in his class, and a constitutional dislike of change, which were always fighting in his mind with the energies of moral debate; and he acquiesced very easily—perhaps indifferently—in many outward conventions and prejudices.

THE WORSHIP OF THE LAY FIGURE.

Lord Maxwell is a mere lay figure beside his wife; but according to Mrs. Ward, Marcella loved her lay figure so utterly as to have lost even the perception of the possi-

bility that any other man could fall in love with her. Speaking of their married life, Mrs. Ward says:—

They had now been married some five years—years of almost incredible happiness. The equal comradeship of marriage at its best and finest, all the daily disciplines, the profound and painless lessons of love, the covetous bliss of parentage, the constant anxieties of power nobly understood, had harmonised the stormy nature of the woman, and had transformed the somewhat pessimist and scrupulous character of the man. Not

that life with Marcella Maxwell was always easy. Now, as ever, she remained on the moral side a creature of strain and effort, tormented by ideals not to be realised, and eager to drive herself and others in a breathless pursuit of them. Time after time it befell her to smart under what seemed to her Maxwell's lukewarmness toward people or causes she would have tortured herself to help; while he was sometimes conscious of a secret wonder how long the pace could last, only sighing, perhaps, without confessing it even to his own breast, for a repose that never came.

But if in some sort Marcella always seemed to be dragging those that loved her through the heart of a tempest, the tempest had such golden moments! No wife had ever more capacity for all the delicacies and depths of passion toward the man she loved. She was so womanly, so womanish even—for him—in the midst of her "causes"; when life and its burdens wore upon him, she could so quickly fling the prophetic and the reformer aside, to make herself child and bride again, that all the anxieties she brought with her, all

the perplexities and difficulties she imposed, had never yet seemed to Maxwell anything but divinely worth while. So far, indeed, he had never even remotely allowed himself to put the question. Her faults were her; and she was his light of life.

SIMPLIFYING THE PROBLEM.

Here, then, we have two human factors in the problem fully described, with ample material for tragedy latent in each; but do not let the reader be alarmed. Mrs. Ward always writes in the minor key, and the divine Marcella



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD TO-DAY.

(From a photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.)

never strays within a thousand miles of a breach of the seventh commandment. In painting Marcella as her ideal of modern womanhood, Mrs. Ward has begun by delivering her from all the special troubles and temptations of sex. By so doing, the authoress has undoubtedly simplified the problem enormously. It is easy to personally conduct a sexless angel through all the pitfalls of life, and land it safely on the other side, without a stumble and without a stain, especially when you give that angel aforesaid the wings of a pure brother and sisterly attachment, by which it is able to soar easily over all the thorny and stony places through which mere humans must toil with bleeding feet. In Marcella, as in all Mrs. Ward's heroines, their womanhood rises to the level of the sister or the aunt, but beyond that it does not go.

DIANA, NOT VENUS.

In her new story, Mrs. Ward makes desperate effort to describe an ideal married life. The nearest approach to anything more than this in the descriptions given of Marcella's relations to her husband, is to be found in the scene in which Marcella reports her failure as a public speaker. She had gone to address a meeting of East End working people in support of her husband's Factory Bill. It had been a dead failure; the meeting broke up in disorder, and Marcella herself had her temple cut open by a stone flung at her as she made her way on Sir George Tressady's arm to her cab. On reaching home, after her wound was dressed, she told her husband all about it, and described how Sir George had brought her home. For a moment, an uneasy thought crossed his mind as to a possible complication with Sir George, but he dismissed the idea, for—

as he stood at her feet the sight of her, breathing weakness, submission, loveliness, her eyes raised to his, banished every other thought from his happy heart, and drew him like a magnet.

Meanwhile she began to smile. He knelt down beside her, and she put both hands on his shoulders.

"Dear!" she said, half laughing and half crying, "I did speak so badly; you would have been ashamed of me. I couldn't hold the meeting. I didn't persuade a soul. Lord Fontenoy's ladies had it all their own way. And first I was dreadfully sorry I couldn't do such a thing decently—sorry because of one's vanity, and sorry because I couldn't help you. And now I think I'm rather glad."

"Are you?" said Maxwell, dryly. "As for me, I'm enchanted! There!—so much penalty you *shall* have."

She pressed his lips with her hand.

"Don't spoil my pretty speech. I am only glad because—because public life and public success make one stand separate—alone. I have gone far enough to know how it might be. A new passion would come in and creep through one like a poison. I should win you votes, and our hearts would burn dry. There! take me—scold me—despise me. I am a poor thing—but yours!"

With such a humbleness might Diana have wooed her shepherd, stooping her goddess head to him on the Latmian steep.

BUT A VERY SELF-CONSCIOUS DIANA.

Inadvertently, no doubt, Mrs. Ward, in that last sentence, gives us the key to Marcella, and of all her other heroines. It is always Diana, never Venus, nor Juno. As moonlight is to sunlight, so is the silvery cold emotions of Marcella to the more stormy passions of ordinary humanity. Like others of the Diana-like nature, Marcella was not unconscious of her beauty, in describing which Mrs. Ward waxes almost rhapsodical, but she prized it not so much because it was something to give to the man whom she loved, but because she was able to

use it so as to make life easier. There are many women like that, no doubt; the most successful coquettes regard their persons in exactly the same light. Their charms are something out of which they can make either money, or power, or ease, and they are appreciated accordingly. That this is not a libel upon Marcella may be seen from the following passage, where she is described before her mirror:—

After a few minutes she came slowly to a stop before a long Louis Quinze mirror, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes half-consciously studying what she saw. Her own beauty invariably gave her pleasure, though very seldom for the reasons that would have affected other women. She felt instinctively that it made life easier for her than it could otherwise have been, that it provided her with a natural and profitable "opening" in any game she might wish to play, and that, even among the workmen, unionist leaders, and officials of the East End, it had helped her again and again to score the points that she wanted to make. She was accustomed to be looked at, to be the centre, to feel things yielding before her, and, without thinking it out, she knew perfectly well what it was she gained by this "fair seeming show" of eye and lip and form. Somehow, it made nothing seem impossible to her; it gave her a dazzling self-confidence.

SINS OF THE MUTTON CHOP ORDER.

Yet, somewhat inconsistently, Mrs. Ward makes Marcella shrink from employing this beauty, of which she was so conscious, for the purpose of aiding her husband in the great work to which he had dedicated his life. Any woman in Marcella's position, radiantly beautiful, brilliantly clever, and enthusiastically devoted to a great social cause, could not possibly fail to see that men must fall in love with her all round the circle, and that it was sheer waste of the goods which the gods provided not to utilise this affection for the purpose of the public good. Yet so far is Mrs. Ward from accepting this, that she represents Marcella as profoundly penitent because for ten minutes she consciously used her personal charms for the purpose of securing the support of a man who was in love with her for her husband's bill. To the ordinary person living in the work-a-day world, Marcella's remorse awakens the same reflections that are produced by the spectacle of a zealot who experiences the tortures of the damned because, unwittingly, he had eaten a mutton chop on Friday!

II.—POOR SIR GEORGE.

In Lord and Lady Maxwell, Mrs. Ward presents her ideal of a happily married couple; the *rôles*, however, being inverted, because the wife is the active, the husband is the passive partner in the union. In Sir George and Lady Tressady we have the unhappily married couple, whose disagreements tend to expose Sir George, all undefended, to the fascinations of Lady Maxwell. Sir George Tressady suggests that superior person, Mr. George Curzon, at every turn, but instead of marrying a wealthy American heiress, he commits the folly of marrying an odious little woman, with a pretty enough face, but with no mind to speak of, a thoroughly selfish soul, petty and mean to the last degree. Sir George Tressady had no conception of the comradeship of married life. He was a man largely without ideals, who married his Letty, desiring little else than to have a pretty wife, who would amuse and give him a gentle stimulus by her piquant and pretty ways. It served him right to discover within a month of his marriage that he had wedded a selfish, extravagant little hussy, who had hardly an idea in her head, and the charm of whose ways did not survive the honeymoon.

THE M.P. AND HIS LEADER.

Sir George Tressady was a young man who, like Mr. George Curzon, had travelled very much in the East, and who had entered Parliament under the wing of Lord Fontenoy, the leader of a group of uncompromising individualists. Lord Fontenoy, from his ideas at least, represents Lord Wemyss, and his party is a kind of realised embodiment of the ideas of the Liberty and Property Defence League. Lord Fontenoy's object in Parliament is to stem the tide of social legislation, and his first step thereto is to defeat Lord Maxwell's Factory Bill. Sir George Tressady had entered Parliament at Lord Fontenoy's prompting, and when he took a seat in the House of Commons he was prepared to give him enthusiastic support. The Ministry had not a very large majority; with the Fontenoy group on the one side, and the Socialists on the other, their position was very precarious, and Fontenoy calculated that, although they could not defeat the Maxwell Bill in the second reading, they would be able to wreck it in Committee.

It is obvious what an opportunity such a story gives to such a careful and patient observer of political and social life as Mrs. Ward. She paints us the lobbies and the terrace of the House of Commons in times of political crisis, with vigour and sympathetic interest, but she puts even more strength into her description of the miseries of the sweated classes of the East End. There are occasional chapters in which she transfers us to her favourite hunting-ground, the English country house, but, for the most part, the interest of the story oscillates between Westminster and Mile End Road, for Lady Maxwell, among her other originalities, had taken a town house in Mile End Road, where she held a kind of court, which is very brightly described.

MY LADY SOCIALIST.

This town residence in the East End was the place in which Marcella attempts to harmonise her environment of wealth with the moral obligations which weighed heavily upon her conscience. Wealth to her, as Mrs. Ward says, was merely a source of one long moral wrestle, burdening her with all sorts of problems and remorse that others escape. According to a vivacious friend of hers, she thus described some of her efforts to do her duty in the station into which she married without failing in her duty to her servants and dependents:—

Betty went rattling on: "Have you found out that she treats her servants like hospital nurses; that they go off and on

duty at stated hours; that she has workshops and art schools for them in the back premises; and that the first footman has just produced a cantata, which has been sent into the committee of the Worcester Festival (be quiet, Marcella; if it isn't that, it's something near it); that she teaches the stable-boys and the laundry-maids old English dances, and the *pas de quatre* once a fortnight, and acts showman to her own pictures for the benefit of the neighbourhood once a week."

THE QUEEN OF MILE END ROAD.

It was therefore entirely in keeping with this ideal of life that Lady Maxwell ensconced herself in the Mile End Road, where she held democratic drawing-rooms for the people:—

Once settled in the East End, there was no hiding them, let Marcella chafe as she might. They had already a large



STOCKS: MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S HOME.

(From a photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.)

number of friends among the officials, civil and religious, of East London. They were specially known to every factory inspector, and the little dingy house became the meeting-place of all sorts and kinds of persons. Members of Parliament, school-board workers, social students, clergy, trade-union officials, local officers and teachers, found a common hearth there, a common welcome, as catholic as it was friendly. Some evenings the narrow doorway would be crowded by factory girls of many types, some shy, some boisterous, whom Marcella alternately curbed and drew out, by dint of arts learned long before in an earlier life. Or, again, the same door would open to groups of sallow, wild-eyed "greeners," young foreign Jews from all the distressful haunts of Europe, to whom Marcella generally talked through an interpreter, and for whom she and her elderly maid made coffee of a quality that touched their hearts.

At last the Mile End Road became familiarly acquainted with these two—this industrious husband and wife. It watched them go forth to tram or railway in the morning; it saw them come back, generally at different times and from

different directions, at night; and it took particular pleasure in seeing the wife—supposing she arrived at home first—sally forth a little later to meet her husband at the tram.

After a time, Lord Maxwell found it impossible to live in the Mile End Road, and do his work at Westminster, but—

Marcella still divided her time between the West End and the East, spending always one or two nights a week among the trades and the work-people she had come to know so intimately, whose cause she was fighting with such persistence.

"Maxwell doesn't come now," she said to Sir George Tressady. "He is too busy, and his work there is done. But I go because I love the people; and to talk with them and live with them part of every week keeps one's mind clear as to what one wants, and why. 'Well,'—her voice showed that she smiled,—will you come? My old maid shall give you coffee, and you shall meet a roomful of tailors and shirtmakers. You shall see what people look like in the flesh—not on paper—after working fourteen hours at a stretch in a room where you and I could not breathe."

LORD MAXWELL'S FACTORY BILL.

There is a special reason why Lord Maxwell's wife should have established herself in the East of London, for her husband's bill applied specially to that area. The measure around which the great fight was raging was the proposal to pass—

a special and restricted factory act for certain districts and trades of East London, the provisions of which as regards hours and overtime were for the first time to apply to grown men as well as to women and children.

Two or three specially degraded and miserable trades within the same area were wholly prohibited as home industries, and should be plied only in factories of a certain size, under factory conditions. The change proposed was important, and was avowedly only a prelude to things still more far-reaching.

Lady Maxwell's whole soul is filled with the desire of passing this measure. So to the best of her ability in society and the East End she argues, agitates and exerts herself without ceasing, to secure supporters for the bill. Of course, it was fated that she and Sir George Tressady would meet, and equally fated that the young man, albeit a stout supporter of Lord Fontenoy, and an opponent of the bill, should fall in love with her.

THE MAN WHO MIGHT BE WON.

After their first meeting, she described him to her husband as a man full of prejudices, and an odd mixture of knowledge and ignorance. He knew a great deal about India and Egypt, but nothing about the subject he had come home to fight about. When she had said this—

She paused. She was sitting on a stool beside him, her arm upon his knee.

"What do I know?" he said, his hand seeking hers.

"Well, my feeling is that that man might be won. It ought to be possible to win him."

Maxwell laughed.

"Then Fontenoy is not as shrewd as usual. They say he regards him as their best recruit."

"Never mind. I rather wish you'd try to make friends with him."

Maxwell, however, helped himself to cake, and made no response. On the two or three occasions on which he had met George Tressady he had been conscious, if the truth were told, of a certain vague antipathy to the young man.

Marcella pondered.

"No," she said; "no—I don't think, after all, he's your sort. Suppose I see what can be done!"

And she got up with her flashing smile, half love, half fun, and crossed the room to summon Hallin for his evening play. Maxwell looked after her, not heeding at all what she was saying, heeding only herself, her voice, the atmosphere of charm and life she carried with her.

III.—THE WINNING OF HIM.

Marcella then set herself deliberately to see what she could do. The campaign opens at the country house of Castle Luton. Marcella takes Sir George Tressady down in the evening for a walk by the river. He had been prejudiced against her; but under the influence of her beauty, and the delicate attention which she paid him, his prejudice was rapidly vanishing:—

During their companionship this evening she had shown him more and more plainly that she liked his society; her manner toward him, indeed, had by now a soft surrender and friendliness that no man could possibly have met with roughness, least of all a man young and ambitious. But at the same time he noticed again, as he had once noticed with anger, she was curiously free from the usual feminine arts and wiles. After their long talk at dinner, indeed, he began, in spite of himself, to feel her not merely an intelligent comrade—that he had been aware of from the first—but rather a most winning and attaching companion. It was a sentiment of friendly ease, that seemed to bring with it a great relief from tension.

FACILE DESCENSUS.

So complete was the disappearance of his prejudice that before the week was over she had won his confidence, and given him much more pleasure in her conversation than his wife had ever been able to afford:—

Gradually, as though it were a relief to him to talk, he slipped into a half-humorous, half-serious discussion of his mine-owner's position and its difficulties. Incidentally and unconsciously a good deal of his history betrayed itself in his talk: his bringing-up; his mother; the various problems started in his mind since his return from India; even his relations to his wife. Once or twice it flashed across him that he was confessing himself with an extraordinary frankness to a woman he had made up his mind to dislike. But the reflection did not stop him. The balmy night, the solitude, this loveliness that walked beside him so willingly and kindly—with every step they struck his defences from him; they drew; they penetrated.

With her, too, everything was simple and natural. She had felt his attraction at their first meeting; she had determined to make a friend of him, and she was succeeding. As he disclosed himself she felt a strange compassion for him. It was plain to her woman's instinct that he was at heart lonely and unaccompanied. Well, what wonder, with that hard, mean little being for a wife!

All this is no doubt simple and natural enough, and the only marvel is that Marcella enthroned, according to Mrs. Ward, in her absolute devotion to her husband, but as others would say, protected by her sheer incapacity to share the ordinary feelings of ordinary people, should not have been able to see the inevitable consequences of the intimacy which she was encouraging. To any person, with any knowledge of life, it was as certain as fate that Sir George Tressady, being what he was, and married to the woman who was his wife, could not possibly come into contact with Marcella without falling head over heels in love with her. It was inevitable, and Marcella ought to have foreseen it;—could not help doing so if she had been really a woman, and not merely Diana, married to an irreproachable lay figure.

AS THE OX TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Marcella, however, according to Mrs. Ward, was able to shut her eyes entirely to what she was doing. She invited Tressady to call upon her in the Mile End Road, and the more miserable he was at home the more regularly he turned up at the little East-End court where Marcella reigned as queen. He saw clearly enough—what was indeed unmistakable by any human being—that Marcella was devoted to her husband, but that very fact tended to smooth the track along which he was

sliding. They chiefly talked politics, and although she appeared to have made no headway in converting him to a belief in her husband's Factory Bill, a desire to please her and to help her daily gained more and more hold upon his whole nature:—

He had been sceptical and sarcastic; he had declined to accept her evidence; he had shown a persistent preference for the drier and more brutal estimate of things. Yet she had never parted from him without gentleness, without a look in her beautiful eyes that had often tormented his curiosity. What did it mean? Pity? Or some unspoken comment of a personal kind she could not persuade her womanly reticence to put into words? Or, rather, had she some distant inkling of the real truth—that he was beginning to hate his own convictions—to feel that to be right with Fontenoy was nothing, but to be wrong with her would be delight?

“ONLY SYMPATHY”—OF COURSE,

In vain he persisted with a strong effort to pull himself together, and recognise how ugly and abnormal was his whole position. The man was in love with Marcella, and in her presence he found the only joy of his somewhat miserable existence. He was pinched for money; his miners—for he was a mine-owner—were out on strike; his wife was an extravagant, soulless little minx, was flirting as hard as she could with a disreputable lot of admirers. He was more or less disenchanted with his political party. Only in Marcella's presence did he find any of the joy and the sweetness of life. Of course, he argued as all men do until they have had sufficient experiences to know what it means, and how innocent it may be after all. He argued that it was very natural and right that he should be attracted to her. When he was explaining the matter to his wife, he gave her the following reason for his devotion to the reigning beauty of Mile End Road:—

“Why is it that—I began to like going down to see Lady Maxwell? Why did I like talking to her at Castle Luton? Well, of course it's pleasant to be with a beautiful person—I don't deny that in the least. But she might have been as beautiful as an angel, and I mightn't have cared twopence about her. She has something much less common than beauty. It's very simple, too; I suppose it's only sympathy—just that. Everybody feels the same. When you talk to her, she seems to care about it; she throws her mind into yours. And there's a charm about it; there's no doubt of that.”

Rather a dangerous remark to make, no doubt, to a wife who had no sympathy, and did not understand him in the least. “It is only sympathy.” What an exceedingly innocent observation—for sympathy, like pity, is the latchkey by which Love opens the lock that gives him access to the heart of men! The circumstances, of course, fanned this sympathetic emotion into a consciously warmer passion.

—WHICH IS THE LATCHKEY OF LOVE.

The occasion that first led Tressady to recognise where he was drifting was when Lady Maxwell went to speak at the meeting in the East End to which I have already alluded.

Sir George had listened to her speech, observed her failure and her misery, and noted that it was largely due to the fact that she was merely rehearsing her husband's sentiments, her husband's facts, her husband's arguments. Nor was it until the last few broken sentences with which she sat down that the personal charm of the woman asserted itself. When the meeting broke up in disorder, it was Sir George who escorted her to her cab, and she was hanging on his arm when the stone struck her on the temple. He bound up her wound; he took her home, and when she was lying

faint from loss of blood, and sore from the sense of defeat, he naturally took advantage of the position. She was bemoaning the mistake she had made:—

He bent over to her, smiling; but she did not look up. And he saw a tear, which her weakness, born of shock and fatigue, could not restrain, steal from the lashes on the cheek. Then he added, still leaning toward her:

“Only, what I never have said—I think—is what is true to-night. At last you have made one person feel—if that matters anything—the things you feel. I don't know that I am particularly grateful to you. And, practically, we may be as far apart as ever.

More longing to comfort, to “make up,” overcame him.

“You wouldn't talk of mistake—of failing—if you knew how to be near you, to listen to you, to see you, to touch and illuminate some of us!”

His cheek burned, but he turned a manly, eager look upon her.

Her cheek, too, flushed, and he thought he saw her bosom heave.

He continued pouring out assurances of the help she had been to him and others. He said:—

“I was without a sense when I went into this game of politics; and now—”

His heart beat. What would he not have said; mad youth—within the limits imposed by her nature and his own dread—to make her look at him, to soften this preposterous sadness!

But it needed no more. She opened her eyes, and looked at him with a wild sweetness and gratitude which dazzled him, and struck his memory with the thought of the Southern, romantic strain in her.

“You are very kind and comforting,” she said; “but then, from the first, somehow, I knew you were a friend to us. One felt it—through all difference.”

The little sentences were steeped in emotion—emotion springing from many sources, fed by a score of collateral thoughts and memories, with which Tressady had, in truth, nothing to do. Yet the young man gulped inwardly. She had been a tremulous woman till the words were said. Now—strange!—through her very gentleness and gratefulness a barrier had risen between them. Something stern and quick told him that this was the very utmost of what she could ever say to him—the farthest limit of it all.

THE HUSBAND'S “ABSENT, INCURIOUS EYES.”

But it was not the farthest limit. When she got home to her husband, and told him what had happened, the excellent figure thought it was curious Tressady should go so much to the Mile End Road, for he would certainly vote steadily with Fontenoy all through:—

“Oh, of course he will vote,” said Marcella, moving a little uneasily; “but one cannot help trying to modify his way of looking at things. And his tone is changed.”

Maxwell stood at the foot of her sofa, considering, a host of perplexed and unwelcome notions flitting across his mind. In spite of his idealist absorption in his work, his political aims, and the one love of his life, he had the training of a man of the world, and could summon the shrewdness of one when he pleased. He had liked this young Tressady, for the first time, at Castle Luton, and had seen him fall under Marcella's charm with some amusement. But this haunting of their camp in the East End at such a marked and critical moment was strange, to say the least of it. It must point, one would think, to some sudden and remarkable strength of personal influence.

Had she any real consciousness of the power she wielded? Once or twice, in the years since they had been married, Maxwell had watched this spell of his wife's at work, and had known a moment of trouble. “If I were the fellow she had talked and walked with so,” he had once said to himself, “I must have fallen in love with her had she been twenty times another man's wife!” Yet no harm had happened; he had

only reproached himself for a gross mind, without daring to breathe a word to her.

And he dared not now. Besides, how absurd! The young man was just married, and, to Maxwell's absent, incurious eyes, the bride had seemed a lively, pretty little person enough. No doubt it was the nervous strain of his political life that made such fancies possible to him. Let him not cumber her ears with them.

So the good man did not cumber her ears with them, and things went on until on the very eve of the crisis.

IV.—SUCCESS.

Tressady's life had been becoming more and more intolerable at home. His wife was openly allowing one Lord Cathedine to make love to her, she was madly jealous of Lady Maxwell, and had just had an odious scene with her husband.

The Factory Bill, in the meantime, had passed its second reading, and two of its vital clauses had been carried through Committee, although with diminished majorities. It was expected, however, that the bill was certain to be thrown out on the last clause, which imposed upon the landlords the responsibility of enforcing the provisions of the law against home industries within the scheduled area.

SIR GEORGE AND THE MAXWELL BILL.

Tressady had voted steadily against the bill up to then, although his zeal had grown cold. His leaders had ceased to consult him; and people shrugged their shoulders concerning the success which Marcella had achieved in making Tressady of no use to Fontenoy. Fontenoy had always pinned his faith to the certainty of being able to defeat the Government on this landlord clause. Before even the second reading had taken place, and when Marcella's charms were still but beginning to work their miracle, Tressady had warned his leader that it was quite possible to conscientiously oppose the bill, and its second reading, and its main clauses, and yet to approve of the landlord clause, which, after all, was only a detail relating to the method by which the principle already sanctioned should be applied. He was therefore antecedently disposed to weaken upon the clause around which the final fight was about to open.

IN THE TOILS.

Tressady himself was under little illusion as to the nature of his sentiments towards Marcella:—

Now, for the first time, certain veils were drawn aside, and he knew what this hunger for love and love's response can do with a man—could do with him, were it allowed its scope.

Had Marcella Maxwell been another woman, less innocent, less secure!

As it was, Tressady no sooner dared to give a sensuous thought to her beauty than his own passion smote him back, bade him beware lest he should be no longer fit to speak and talk with her, actually or spiritually. For in this hopeless dearth of all the ordinary rewards and encouragements of love he had begun to cultivate a sort of second or spiritual life, in which she reigned. Whenever he was alone he walked with her, consulted her, watched her dear eyes.

Pretty far gone, no doubt, and it was in this state of mind that he made his way for the last time to Mile End Road, where Lady Maxwell was holding her usual reception of the sweated and the helpless. She was depressed by the certainty of defeat. Her husband and she had done their best, and failed. The landlord clause, it was universally believed, would be rejected, and with it would fall the bill, and with the bill the Ministry. Only one thing might save the Ministry, and

that was if some one who had hitherto opposed the bill would come forward in its support.

MARCELLA'S TEMPTATION.

Tressady, madly in love with Marcella, whose husband's career was at stake on the clause, ventured timidly to suggest that he might possibly oppose the clause. At first she rather snubbed him, but as they talked the idea grew in her mind, and then came the supreme moment in which, according to Mrs. Ward, Marcella fell before a temptation which she ought to have resisted. In order that it may be seen exactly wherein constituted Marcella's "guilt," I quote the passage in full:—

But what, indeed, if he had it in him, after all, to come suddenly to the front, to make a leader? As they stood by the wall, her eyes glanced him keenly up and down. She began to see with excitement that the crisis of their friendship had come. He had warned her at Castle Luton, and had resisted her since. She had taught herself to put him out of her mind so far as the actual parliamentary game was concerned; but now— Her breath came quickly.

Yet she hesitated. There was an uneasy sense of responsibility. A man risks much in thus leaving his natural groove and place. Discredit attaches to such things; they may easily frustrate a career.

As for the why and wherefore of it all, the simplicity with which she conceived it was amazingly sincere, little as the ordinary satirical observer might choose to believe it. A true friendship had grown up between them; his mind was changing; and she had been able to influence him, which was not wonderful, seeing that she was older than he, and had Maxwell's ideas and Maxwell's knowledge to draw upon. She thought of it so, and was determined to think of it so. And at least one may admit that if it were ever possible for a woman not to know—or not to allow herself to know—that she was loved, it was possible to Marcella Maxwell. A heart that is once wholly possessed knows no more of passion—turns with impatience even from the suggestion of it.

But "influence" she recognised. And as she wavered, the thought of a strong man harassed with overwork, and patiently preparing to lay down his baffled task, captured her mind, even brought a sudden rush of tears to her eyes. She turned to her companion; temptation grew upon her, overmastered her.

THE GREAT "TRANSGRESSION."

It was but ten minutes more that she spared to Tressady from her guests in the comparative quiet of the little garden; but for those ten minutes Marcella did penance of heart for many a month afterward. Nevertheless, they talked little more of politics. He let her see that he was miserable—miserable for private reasons—miserable at home. She had foreseen it from the first moment of knowing his wife, and had lately heard ominous talk of the young Lady Tressady from people she trusted. Yet Letty's name was not mentioned. He talked in a vague, unhappy way, accusing himself; and she listened, trying at once to comfort him and distract him. She talked of patience and time; she pointed to his public work; she bade him think how private angers and troubles may be soothed and overcome by the stress of some public service. Yet all so gently, sweetly said! She made him feel that she cared, that his life, his pain, his story mattered to her. She played the woman, and the woman who has loveliness at her command. And then, passing from this personal trouble, here and there she said the pricking, urging word—the word that sends a man forth to his task in the world and makes his will prevail.

Not with any application to the actual political moment; both carefully avoided it. But when they turned to re-enter the house his hurt pride was soothed. He knew that she no longer thought him of no account. And later, when the party dispersed, he walked alone toward Aldgate, lost in the passionate memory of her eyes and voice.

And that was all!—at least, that was all in the serial

form of the story. In the volume Mrs. Ward expands it, but the character of the interview remains unchanged.

"TO PLEASE MARCELLA."

For political purposes it was enough. When Parliament met the next day, Tressady went down to the House prepared to throw over his party, repudiate his leader, and declare his readiness to support the bill. Nothing was known of this, however, and when Fontenoy sat down after speaking against the clause it was believed all was over, except the taking of the division. Imagine, then, the amazement and the excitement that prevailed when, after dinner, Tressady got up, and in a masterly speech declared his adhesion to the clause, and demolished the arguments of his leader. When he sat down, he had saved the Ministry and secured the success of the bill. His own career, he believed, was blighted, but he did not care. He was ready to leave Parliament, abandon politics, and travel. He had pleased Marcella. That was for him the all sufficient reward. Lord Fontenoy, of course, was furious. Marcella was miserable. She knew too well that it was for love of her, and for love of her alone, that the great apostasy had taken place, and that thought poisoned all her joy.

V.—EXPIATION.

Early the next morning Tressady came round to bid her good-bye.

THE LOVER AND HIS QUEEN.

He found her alone, and the scene which followed Mrs. Ward exerts herself to the utmost, and succeeds fairly in describing a situation of intense human interest. Marcella thanked him timidly:—

"I owe a great deal," she said, "to your friendship. My mind, please believe me, is full of thankfulness. I laid awake last night thinking of all the thousands of people that speech of yours would save; all the lives that hanged upon it."

"I never thought of them at all," he said abruptly, "at least nothing compared with another motive. I had given my judgment up to yours. I had simply come to think that what you wished was good."

Marcella trembled, and the tears stood in her eyes. "I have been afraid," she said, "that I have been putting forward a claim of my own. I have been realising the issues for you, feeling bitterly that I have done a great wrong. If it were not a matter of conviction in—wringing so much from a friend. This morning everything—the victory, the joy of seeing hard work bear fruit—it has all been blurred to me."

"Do not let it be," he said in reply. "I have had my great moment. I had seen you in trouble and anxiety for many weeks. I was able to brush them away, to give you relief and joy—at least, I thought I was." He drew himself up with a half-impatient smile. "Sometimes I suspected that—that you might have some generous regrets; but I said to myself, 'Those will pass away, and the solid thing—the fact—will remain. She longed for this particular thing; she shall have it. And if the truth is as she supposes it—why not? There are good men and keen brains with her—what has been done will go on gladdening and satisfying her year by year. As for me, I shall have acknowledged, shall have repaid——'"

He hesitated, paused, looked up.

A sudden terror seized her; her lips parted.

"Don't—don't say these things!" she said, imploring, lifting her hand. It was like a child flinching from a punishment.

He smiled unsteadily, trying to master himself—to find a way through the tumult of feeling.

"Won't you listen to me?" he said at last. "I sha'n't ever trouble you again."

She could make no reply. Intolerable gratitude and pain held her, and he went on speaking, gazing straight into her shrinking face.

HOW SIR GEORGE FOUND SALVATION.

"It seems to me," he said slowly, "the people who grow up in the dry and mean habit of mind that I grew up in, break through in all sorts of different ways. Art and religion—I suppose they change and broaden a man. I don't know; I am not an artist, and religion talks to me of something I don't understand. To me, to know you has broken down the walls, opened the windows. It always used to come natural to me—well, to think little of people, to look for the mean, ugly things in them, especially in women. Then I came to know you; and, after all, it seemed a woman could talk of public things and still be real; the humanity didn't rub off, the colour stood. It was easy, of course, to say that you had a personal motive; other people said it, and I should have liked to echo it. But from the beginning I knew that didn't explain it. All the women"—he checked himself—"most of the women I had ever known judged everything by some petty personal standard. They talked magnificently perhaps, but there was always something selfish and greedy at bottom. Well, I was always looking for it in you. Then instead, suddenly, I found myself anxious lest what I said should displease or hurt you, lest you should refuse to be my friend. I longed desperately to make you understand me, and then, after our talks, I hated myself for posing and going further than was sincere. It was so strange to me not to be scoffing and despising."

Marcella woke from her trance of pain, looked at him with amazement. But the sight of him, a man with the perspiration on his brow, struggling only to tell the bare truth about himself and his plight, silenced her. She hung toward him again, as pale as he, bearing what fate had sent her.

"And ever since that day," he went on, putting his hand over his eyes, "when you walked home with me along the river, to be with you, to watch you, to puzzle over you, has built up a new self in me that strains against and tears the old one. So these things—these heavenly, exquisite things that some men talk of—were true. They were true because you existed, because I had come to know something of your nature, had come to realise what it might be for a man to have the right——"

WHAT ABOUT LETTY, THE WIFE?

He broke off abruptly, and Marcella, for some time could not speak. At last she said:—

"Sir George, may I tell you what I am thinking of? not of you or of me, but another person altogether."

He looked up. "My wife?" he said, almost in his usual voice.

She nodded, her eyes full of tears.

"It has to be all thought out again," he said, looking at her appealingly. "I took marriage as carelessly as I took everything else. I must try and do better with it."

She was silent, but the inner voice was saying bitter, self-accusing things. Betty's light words about the wife came back to her, and her heart was sore with a vain repentance. If the wife cared nothing for the husband, Tressady's relation to herself had made estrangement easier; and if she cared, "why, then she hates me—and she has the right!" A sudden perception leaped in Marcella, revealing strange worlds. How could she have hated—with what fierceness, what flame—the woman who taught ideal truths to Maxwell!

But her pride, her noble pride as Maxwell's wife, could not bring a word of this to speech. She sat in dumb sadness and perplexity, thinking of a hundred things and not venturing to say them.

The interview ended; was brought to an end by Tressady tearing himself away, and begging her forgiveness, and pressing her hand and the folds of her dress to his lips, as he fled. No sooner had he gone than Maxwell entered.

"George Tressady," she said, "has been here. I seem to have done him wrong, and his wife. I am not fit to help you—to help you, Aldous. I do such rushing, blind, foolish things, and all that one hoped and worked for

turns to selfishness and misery. Who shall I hurt next—you, perhaps, you," and she clung to him in despair.

MARCELLA EXPLAINS TO HER HUSBAND—

The husband and wife then have a long explanation. Maxwell had come to the interview with a letter in his pocket written by Lady Tressady, in which she had accused her husband of all manner of infidelities to her on account of his love for Lady Maxwell. Of this, of course, Marcella knew nothing, but it was painfully present to Maxwell's mind. She told him everything—all that had passed on that fatal evening, when for ten minutes she allowed herself to give him sympathy. Here is her explanation of her "sin":—

"Aldous!" She touched him on the arm, and he turned to her gravely. "There was only one moment when—when I tried to bribe him. He came down to Mile End on Thursday night. I told you. I saw he was unhappy—unhappy at home. He wanted sympathy desperately. I gave it him. I let him talk—about his loneliness sometimes—sometimes about the House. I tried to attach him, to get hold of him politically through his private feelings. That is quite true; I did."

"You probably did it without being conscious you were doing it," he said unwillingly. "Of course, if any man chooses to misinterpret kindness—"

"No," she said steadily; "I knew. I was really saying to myself all the time, 'If I make myself delightful to him, he may change the look of things—he might avert failure from us after all; who knows?' And I did make myself delightful. It was quite different from any other time. There! it is quite true."

He could not withdraw his eyes from hers—from the mingling of pride, humility, passion, under the dark lashes.

"And if you did, do you suppose that I can blame you?" he said slowly.

He saw that she was holding an inquisition in her own heart, and looking to him as judge. How could he judge—whatever there might be to judge? He adored her.

For the moment she did not answer him. She clasped her hands round her knees, thinking aloud.

"From the beginning, I remember, I thought of him as somebody quite new and fresh to what he was doing—somebody who would certainly be influenced, who ought to be influenced. And then"—she raised her eyes again, half shrinking—"there was the feeling, I suppose, of personal antagonism to Lord Fontenoy. One could not be sorry to detach one of his chief men. Besides, after Castle Luton, George Tressady was so attractive! You did not know him, Aldous; but to talk to him stirred all one's energies. It was like a mental contest; one took it up again and again, enjoying it always. As we got deeper in the fight, I tried never to think of him as a member of Parliament; often I stopped myself from saying things that might have persuaded him as far as the House was concerned. And yet, of course,"—her face, in its nobility, took a curious look of hardness—"I did know all the time that he was coming to think more and more of me—to depend on me. He disliked me at first; afterwards he seemed to avoid me; then I felt a change. Now I see I thought of him all along just in one capacity,—in relation to what I wanted,—whether I tried to persuade him or no. And all the time—"

A cloud of pain effaced the frown. She leaned her head against her husband's arm.

"Aldous!" Her voice was low and miserable. "What can his wife have felt toward me? I scarcely thought of her after Castle Luton; she seemed to me such a vulgar, common little being. And now to-day—in what he said! But surely, if they are unhappy, it is not—not my doing? There was cause enough—"

Nothing could have been more piteous than the tone. It was laden with the remorse that only such a nature could feel for such a cause.

Then Lord Maxwell gave her Lady Tressady's atrocious letter. She read it, and at once decided to go and see

Letty herself. Before, however, she had put this project into execution, Mrs. Allison and Lord Fontenoy were announced. They had come to see if anything could be done to rescue Mrs. Allison's son and heir from a disreputable alliance in which he had entered with a music-hall singer. Tressady was the only person who had any influence over the boy, and Marcella astonished them all by calmly proposing that Tressady should be besought to go to France and use what influence he had over the recalcitrant scapegrace. Fontenoy was somewhat startled, but they agreed to accept her proposal, and Lord Maxwell at once sought out the man who but an hour before had made such a passionate declaration to his wife. Marcella argued, and argued wisely and well, that the only way to men's matters was to make her husband and Sir George friends. Lord Maxwell somewhat shrank from the ordeal, but at length he sought out Sir George, explained his object, and Tressady was very glad to accept the mission.

—AND TO THE WIFE.

Then Lady Maxwell went to Letty. That lady meanwhile, after having written her letter to Lady Maxwell, had gone off to Hampton Court, where Lord Cathedine had made hot love to her, had kissed her upon her lips, and had made an appointment for the next day, when Lady Tressady would probably have gone to utter ruin.

Lady Maxwell, finding Letty out, came back later in the evening. Letty at first had refused to see her, but ultimately admitted her, and a great scene took place between the two women. We have already had Mrs. Ward's account of the friendship between Marcella and Tressady; we have had Tressady's account; we have had Lady Maxwell's account to her own husband, and now we have Marcella's account to Lady Tressady:—

"At Castle Luton Sir George attracted me very much. The pleasure of talking to him there first made me wish to try to alter some of his views—to bring him across my poor people—to introduce him to our friends. Then, somehow, a special bond grew up between him and me with regard to this particular struggle in which my husband and I"—she dropped her eyes that she might not see Letty's heated face—"have been so keenly interested. But what I ought to have felt—from the very first—was that there could be, there ought to have been, something else added. Married people"—she spoke hurriedly, her breath rising and falling—"are not two, but one; and my first step should have been to come—and ask you to let me know you too—to find out what your feelings were, whether you wished for a friendship—that—that I had perhaps no right to offer to Sir George alone. I have been looking into my own heart,"—her voice trembled again,—and I see that fault, that great fault. To be excluded myself from any strong friendship my husband might make would be agony to me." The frank, sudden passion of her lifted eyes sent a thrill even through Letty's fierce and hardly kept silence. "And that I wanted to say to you first of all. I wronged my own conception of what marriage should be, and you were quite, quite right to be angry."

"Well, I think it's quite clear, isn't it, that you forgot from the beginning George had a wife?" cried Letty in her most insulting voice. "That certainly can't be denied. Anybody could see that at Castle Luton."

All the same, Letty, like the reader, was—not exactly disappointed—but considerably astonished that what she had regarded as her husband's love affair with Marcella had been such an extremely one-sided milk-and-water affair. For some time the scene between the two women became more and more painful, until, at last, as

Marcella was going, Letty broke down, declaring that she was the most miserable wretch breathing:—

"I do not suppose that I cared about George when I married him, but as soon as he began to care about *you*, I felt I could kill anybody that took him from me, and kill myself afterwards. Oh, good gracious, there was plenty of reason for his getting tired of me! . . . Of course he had; but if he's lost to me, I shall give him a good deal more cause before we've done. That other man—you know him, Catheline—gave me a kiss this afternoon when we were in a wood together"—the same involuntary shudder overtook her, while she still held her companion at arm's length. "Oh, he is a brute—a brute! But what do I care what happens to me! It's so strange I don't—rather creditable, I think—for, after all, I like parties and being asked about. But now George hates me, and let you send him away from me—why, of course it's all simple enough! I—don't—don't come—I shall never, never forgive—it's just being tired."

But Marcella sprang forward. Mercifully, there is a limit to nerve endurance, and Letty in her raving had overpassed it. She sank gasping on a sofa, still putting out her hand as though to protect herself. But Marcella knelt beside her, the tears running down her cheeks. She put her arms—arms formed for tenderness, for motherliness—round the girl's slight frame. "Don't—don't repulse me!" she said, with trembling lips, and suddenly Letty yielded. She found herself sobbing in Lady Maxwell's embrace, while all the healing, all the remorse, all the comfort that self-abandonment and pity can pour out on such a plight as hers, descended upon her from Marcella's clinging touch, and hurried, fragmentary words.

So the two women made it up, and Marcella obtained an ascendancy over Letty which she utilised for the purpose of restoring her to the husband.

THE REFLECTIONS OF SIR GEORGE.

Lord Maxwell, of course, united with his wife to do everything he could to make friends with Tressady. Sir George and Lady Tressady did not meet again until some weeks afterwards, and then it was at Lord Maxwell's country house, where Lady Tressady had been for some time the petted and favoured guest. She was saucy, as was her wont, when Sir George came back. He had opportunity to reflect over the whole business, and this is the outcome of his meditations:—

What in truth was it that had happened to him? After weeks of a growing madness he had finally lost his self-command, had spoken passionately, as only love speaks, to a married woman who had no thought for any man in the world but her husband; a woman who had immediately—so he had always read the riddle of Maxwell's behaviour—reported every incident of his conversation with her to the husband, and had then tried her best, with an exquisite kindness and compunction, to undo the mischief her own charm had caused.

What had he been in love with? He looked at her once or twice in bewilderment. Had not she herself, her dazzling, unconscious purity, debarred him always from the ordinary hopes and desires of the sensual man? His very thought had moved in awe of her, and knelt before her. Sometimes it had idly occurred to him to wonder what the common French or other chronicler of the situation *à trois* would have made of his plight. Fool and reptile! Thank God! there are more shades in human relation, more varieties, and nobler, in moral circumstance, than some minds dream of. He had been in love with love, with grace, with tenderness, with delight. He had seen too late a vision of the *best*; had realised what things of enchantment life contains for the few, for the chosen—what woman at her richest can be to man. And there had been a cry of personal longing, personal anguish.

Well, it was all done with. As for friendship, it was impossible, grotesque. Let him go home, appease Letty, and mend his life. He constantly realised now, with the same surprise as on the night before his confession, the emergence

within himself—independent, as it were, of his ordinary will and parallel with the voice of passion or grief—of some new moral imperative. Half scornfully he discerned in his own nature the sort of paste that a man inherits from generations of decent dull forefathers who have kept the law as they understood it. He was conscious of the same "ought" vibrating through the moral sense as had governed their narrower lives and minds. It is the presence or the absence, indeed, of this dumb, compelling power that in moments of crisis differentiates one man from another. He felt it; wondered, perhaps, that he should feel it, but knew, nevertheless, that he should obey it. Yes, let him go home, make his wife forgive him, rear his children,—he trusted to God there would be children,—and tame his soul.

The closing chapters describe how Marcella persisted in the midst of all the pre-occupations of her busy and crowded life in endeavouring to seek and to save poor Letty. She spent far more time in endeavouring to comfort and educate Lady Tressady than she ever gave to secure the vote and support of Sir George:—

Marcella had suffered under a strong natural remorse, and to free her heart from the load of it she had thrown herself into an effort of reconciliation and atonement with all the passion, the subtlety, and the resource of her temperament. She had now been wooing Letty Tressady for weeks, nor had the eager contriving ability she had been giving to the process missed its reward. What, to begin with, could be more flattering either to heart or vanity than the persistence with which one of the most famous women of her time—watched, praised, copied, attacked, surrounded as Letty knew her to be from morning till night—had devoted herself first to the understanding, then to the capturing of the smaller, narrower life. Day after day, as Letty knew, Marcella had taken time from politics, from society, from her most cherished occupations to write to this far-off girl, from whom she had nothing either to gain or fear, who had no claims whatever on her friendship, had things gone normally, while thick about the opening of their relation to each other hung the memory of Letty's insults and Letty's violence. The animation, the eager kindness of it all, went for much; the amazing self-surrender, self-offering, implied in every page, for much more.

At any rate, the loving, reconciling effort had done its work. Letty could not be insensible to such a flattery, a compliment so unexpected, so bewildering—the heart of a Marcella Maxwell poured out to her for the taking.

And so Marcella made atonement for her sin.

I need not tell how the story winds up, suffice it to say that when we reach the last page there seems to be no prospect of Marcella being able to drop her self-assumed burden until the close of her natural life.

VI.—SOME GENERAL REMARKS.

My readers will be able to form their own opinion as to the moral which Mrs. Ward wishes them to imbibe from this story of the tragedy of platonic love, and each will draw his own conclusions. It is probable that to the immense majority of men and women who are creatures "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food, for transient sorrows, simple wiles, praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles," will say that the great defect of Mrs. Ward's teaching is its unreality.

What are the facts as they are presented to us by her facile pen? Marcella, Lady Maxwell, young, fascinating, marvellously beautiful, full of all the impulses and all the enthusiasms which made her the queen supreme of every circle into which she entered, crosses the path of a young man whose deeper nature had never been roused, who had married a common-place, vulgar, mean-souled coquette utterly incapable of understanding either him or his objects in life, and the inevitable result followed. We may dislike it as much as we please. We may deplore

it, but unless we are prepared to return to the Zenana stage of civilisation, the consequences which Marcella so bitterly deplored will always result. Given the two factors as Mrs. Ward paints them—Marcella and Sir George Tressady—Sir George could no more help falling in love with Marcella than steel can resist the attraction of the magnet. And, indeed, it would be a great misfortune for the Sir George Tressadys in the world if they could. This, indeed, Sir George himself recognises in his meditations, which I have just quoted. Marcella was to him the enchantress who roused his better nature, and who enabled him to see the world from a truer and nobler standpoint. She broke through the superficial cynicism in which he had masked himself against the divine promptings; which come to all men, and she had done all this without doing, so far as Mrs. Ward has shown, anything excepting that which it was her plain and simple duty to do, both to herself, her husband, her cause, and Sir George Tressady himself. With the exception of ten minutes on the eve of a great political crisis, the issue of which depended on Sir George's action, she never was guilty of showing him sufficient sympathy for even her own conscience to feel uneasy. During these ten minutes in which, if at all, the transgression of Marcella lay, she acted in a manner to which it would be difficult for the most fastidious moralist to object. They talked about politics. They were in a garden together, other people were near them, and she did not say one solitary word which she would not have said if her husband had been standing by her side. Indeed, it was all for her husband, and her husband's career, and her husband's bill, that she went as far as she did. To use her own phrase when she told her husband about it immediately afterwards—

"He wanted sympathy desperately. I gave it him. Then I urged him to throw himself into his public work. I believe I threw myself upon his feelings. I felt that he was very sympathetic, that I had a power over him. It was a kind of bribery. It was quite different from any other time. I did try to influence him just through being a woman. There! It is quite true."

As if the poor dear creature had ever been doing anything else all her life than trying to influence men, and using the great gift of her womanly fascination as her chief weapon in all her campaigns. During the conversation they talked about nothing but politics, and the nearest approach to the verge of anything in the shape of affectionate emotion was in the following sentence:—

"I suppose one is tired and foolish after all these weeks," she said, with a breaking voice; "I apologise. You see that when one comes to see everything through another's eyes, to live in another's life." Tressady felt a sudden stab, then a leap of joy, hungry, desolate joy that she could thus admit him to the sanctuary of her heart, let him touch the pulse of her machine, at the same time that it revealed the eternal gulf between them. It gave him a passionate sense of intimacy of privilege. "You have a marvellous idea of marriage," he said under his breath."

And therewith that interview of transgression ended. Now what in all the world could possibly be more innocent than that? At the very supreme moment, when, if ever, the transgression occurred, what Marcella does is to convince the man who was full of wild, hopeless, passionate love for her, that the very pulse of the machine in the very sanctuary of her heart was the absolute oneness which existed between herself and her husband. She saw everything through her husband's eyes, lived in her husband's life, and the last words with which

poor Sir George took his leave was an outburst of involuntary homage to the divine splendour of her ideal of married life.

Now, if we are to go in sackcloth and ashes all our days, and to be saddled to the end of life with responsibility for the moral and spiritual education and salvation of the husband or wife of any person who falls in love with us in this fashion, there is a bad lookout for most of us. Better by far the Zenana, than to expose our Marcellas to such pains and penalties when their conduct has been so irreproachably correct. If Marcella had flirted with Sir George, if she had allowed him to make love to her, if she had made love to him; if she had in any single word or act done anything to which the most devoted husband could take exception, it would be different. As it is, it is to be feared that an unregenerate world will shrug its shoulders and envy Mrs. Ward the privilege of living in a realm where men and women act habitually with such scrupulous regard to the austere standard of exclusive devotion. Of course the question as to how far a man or woman is right in using their personal charm or influence to secure a political end is one that can be debated endlessly, not to much profit. Mrs. Butler, I know, rather inclines to Marcella's view of the case, saying she hates influence; what she loves is friendship and comradeship.

That is all very well. It really amounts to little more than saying that you prefer to gain your end by exercising your influence unconsciously rather than consciously. It may be well to shut our eyes to it, and for Marcella and Mrs. Butler to imagine that they win adherents by the cogency of their logic, or the fervour of their eloquence. As a matter of fact, neither they nor any one else mould the lives of men or women solely by logic or eloquence. Religions are founded, revolutions accomplished, by the magic of personal influence.

You cannot eat your cake and have it, and we cannot send our charming Marcellas out into the midst of a world crowded with Tressadys without having to take the consequences, and one of those consequences is that the Tressadys will fall in love with the Marcellas, and they will do it as Sir George did, all the more certainly if Marcella never feels for them a single scintilla of any emotion warmer than friendly comradeship.

There remains the question of Tressady's wife. And here Mrs. Ward's solution is more attractive because less impossible, although it is to be feared that very few women indeed, who had given so little cause for jealousy, would have laboured so sedulously to relieve the pain which they had unwittingly occasioned. Letty was a foolish, mean little thing, utterly unfit for the position to which she had been raised by her marriage with Sir George. She gave her husband neither love, sympathy, nor help. Her flirtations with odious admirers were infinitely worse than the utmost that had taken place between her husband and Marcella. Yet because she got mad with jealousy—a jealousy which for the first time made her realise that she needed her husband's love—Marcella, the great, glorious, resplendent leader of society, and social, political queen alike of Mile End Road and of London society, must spend hours every day petting her, soothing her, flattering her, and coddling her up, to be rewarded by having her thrown upon her hands to be cared for to the end of her life!

The cloven foot of this theory of life comes out clearly in the last interview between Marcella and Sir George. Marcella, we are told, felt that if Letty cared for her

husband, she had the right to hate Marcella, not because there had been anything wrong in their relations, but because he had learnt ideal truths from her.

"A sudden perception leaped on Marcella, revealing strange worlds. How could she have hated, with what fierceness, what flame the woman who taught ideal truths to Maxwell!"

"Strange worlds," indeed—one of which is usually named Pandemonium or Inferno, the place in which devils dwell—the devils of Selfishness and Jealousy, and all the nether fiends! And this is the morality of the "Art of Marriage" according to this austere moralist. Perfect love which seeketh not its own and aspires only for the supreme welfare of the beloved, is cast out and trodden under foot by this married Diana.

ideal world than that of the chase and of the battlefield, of orgie and of slaughter?

No, no. This doctrine will not do.

Letty, instead of having the right to hate Marcella, ought to have only hated her own miserable, little mean self, and to have rejoiced with exceeding joy that her husband had been able to find some one wise and noble enough to teach him those ideal truths without which he would have lost his soul. Marcella had nothing to reproach herself with. It was no doubt quite right that she should do her utmost to make the wretched Letty a nobler and better woman, if only for the sake of Sir George and from considerations of common humanity. But all this remorse, all this nonsense that Letty had a right to hate the woman who helped her husband



MRS. HUMPHREY WARD'S PARK AT STOCKS.

Rather than allow her husband to learn ideal truths from any other woman but herself, she would doom him—thinking herself virtuous in so doing—to wander ignorant and spiritually blind to these truths to the last day of his life. Surely this is a strange sort of love, hardly indistinguishable from supreme selfishness! What law, divine or human, gives wife or husband the right to say that the husband or wife shall learn no ideal truths from any other man or woman save him or her whom they have espoused at the altar? The very notion is preposterous and most immoral. Is no woman then ever to learn the ideal truths, say of religion, save from the husband? Is no ignorant man to be allowed to learn his letters, unless his wife, as ignorant as himself, can teach him? And if perchance a woman finds salvation under the personal influence of an apostle, is the savage husband justified in hating with fierceness and flame the missionary who revealed to the wife a higher and more

into a higher life, is wrong—woefully wrong. Mrs. Ward would bind a burden too grievous to be borne upon the shoulders of the *élite* of the race. As the penalty for the supreme gift of revealing a vision of the best to the One, she would fling upon the heart and conscience of the revealer the intolerable obligation of bearing to the grave the meanness and jealousy of the Other. It is a difficult thing to inspire the life of one; it will be impossible, if it is never to be undertaken without saddling yourself with the duty of achieving the salvation of the life of the other. And in that case, over the doors of the Temple of Marriage should be inscribed the familiar words, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here"—all hope, that is, of learning ideal or any other of the truths that go to the redemption of the human soul, excepting that which each can learn from the other. For all other teachers of ideal truths, according to Mrs. Ward, if of the opposite sex, have a right to be hated with fierceness and flame.

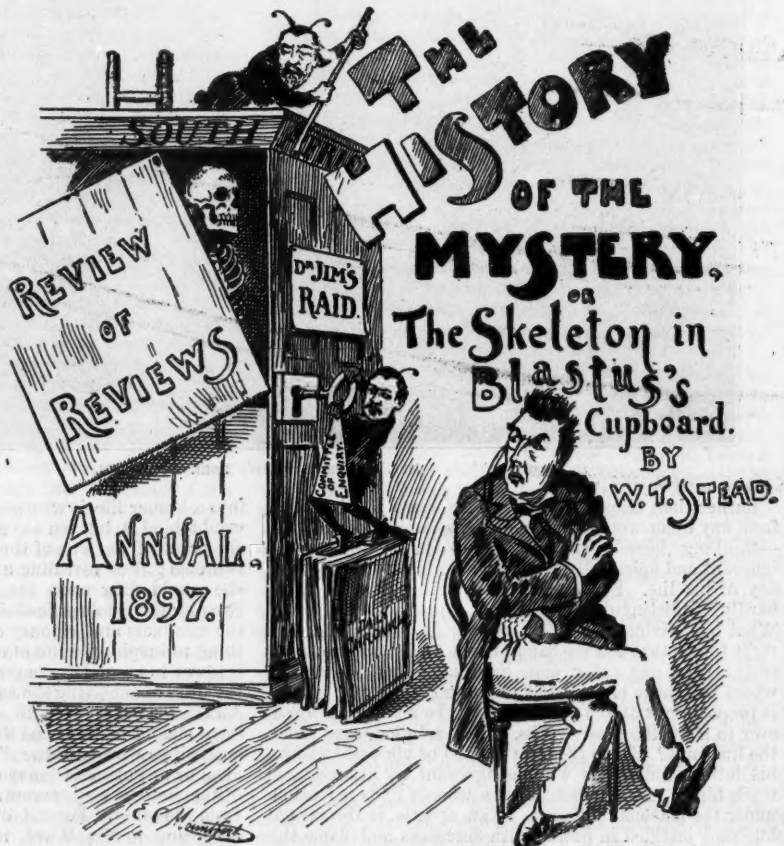
THE HISTORY OF THE MYSTERY.

IN ADVANCE OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE.

I HAVE now for the fifth year to prepare the REVIEW OF REVIEW'S ANNUAL, which has come to be regarded as the necessary supplement to the REVIEW itself. The topic, as in previous years, has been dictated by the events of the previous twelve months. My first, "From the Old World to the New," pivoted on the World's Fair at Chicago; my second, "Two and Two make Four," turned on the crash of the Liberator; the third, "The Splendid Paupers," on the advent of the Yellow Man with the White Money as a competitor in English industry; and the fourth, "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain," dealt with the position of the new Colonial Secretary. This year the topic of the hour compels me to fall back upon Mr. Chamberlain again, in order to put into its proper setting one episode in the career of Blastus which had not been foreseen when I published my last Annual. The title of the Annual is "The History of the Mystery; or, the Skeleton in Blastus's Cupboard." The cover, of which a reduced reproduction appears on this page, will give the reader a fair idea as to the drift of the political romance, the chapters of which, when this number appears, I shall be busily engaged in weaving together into what will, I believe, be a valuable contribution to the history of the inside track of the great recent events in South Africa. The mystery, of course, the history of which is to be explained, and will be explained for the edification of all, is how it came to pass that such stout Imperialists as Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson should have ventured to undertake the ominous responsibility of launching their Transvaal adventure without apparently taking any steps whatever to ascertain whether such an enterprise would harmonise with the general policy of the Empire as a whole. That is the mystery which points to the skeleton in Blastus's cup-

board, and it is this that, as my illustration shows, is in process of revelation.

I need hardly disclaim the slightest hostility to the original of Joseph Blastus, for I hope the Annual will help him over a very awkward stile. No one has watched his career with closer and more critical interest. The present phase in his evolution is one which is more absorbing, and if mismanaged, may be fraught with more tragic results than any of those through which he has passed in his eventful career. A great deal can be said in the guise of fiction which could not be published in any other shape, but the political importance of "The History of the Mystery" will lie in the fact that it will, for the first time, enable many of the friends of this country, at home and in South Africa, to understand the true inwardness of much that has hitherto been shrouded in the densest obscurity.



OUR MONTHLY PARCEL OF BOOKS.

DEAR MR. SMURTHWAYT,—The autumn rush of new books has fairly commenced. For the wise publisher, taking time by the forelock, has already issued, in order to escape the deluge of distinctively "gift-book literature," a fair proportion of what is most valuable in his season's announcements. Just now there is more than a chance of a good book getting some share of attention; later, all but the most important have to take their turn. But in the following list of "volumes most in demand" the first two books, at least, are hardly likely to be beaten, from the point of view of sales, this side of Christmas:—

Sir George Tressady. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
The Reds of the Midi: an Episode of the French Revolution. By Félix Gras. 3s. 6d.
Armenia and its Sorrows. By W. J. Wintle. 1s.
Songs of Travel and Other Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 5s.
Victoria, Her Life and Reign: an Illustrated Biography of the Queen. By A. E. Knight. 3s. 6d.

You will have read "Sir George Tressady" (Smith and Elder, 6s.) in its unrevised form (for since its serial publication Mrs. Humphry Ward has made considerable alteration) as it appeared in the *Century*, so I need waste no time in referring to it here. Nor need I dilate at length on Miss Corelli's new story "The Murder of Delicia" (Skeffington, 5s.), which, like its more recent forerunners, has not been sent out to the press—so that you will be able to attack it with appetite unsated with the suggested detail of a hundred reviews. That this policy has not saved Miss Corelli from her critics is evidenced, however, by a recent article on "Our Lady of Pars" in the *Saturday*. "The Reds of the Midi," by M. Félix Gras, deserves the success it has gained. I sent it you, with some comment, last month. Mr. Wintle's "Armenia and Its Sorrows" (Melrose, 1s.) is not by any means the only book that the crisis has called forth, as you will see when I come to describe the other contents of your box, but it is the cheapest and handiest, and as it contains a number of illustrations and a good map, its popularity is well-earned. The author's attempt has been "to present a concise account of the Armenians and their recent sufferings." The next book, "Songs of Travel and Other Verses" (Chatto, 5s.), brings a thrill to the lover of literature that is not likely to be often equalled before the end of the century. Certainly it contains passages that I, for one, shall always remember as among the most charming, the most characteristic, and the most truly beautiful of all the fine passages that their author produced. For instance, there is that insistent, appealing "To My Old Familiars," which appeared first in a rather obscure antipodean annual, with its powerful description of Edinburgh, "our inclement city":—

Do you remember—can we e'er forget?—
How in the coiled perplexities of youth,
In our wild climate, in our scowling town,
We gloomed and shivered, sorrowed, sobbed and feared?
The belching winter wind, the missile rain,
The rare and welcome silence of the snows,
The laggard morn, the haggard day, the night,
The grimy spell of the nocturnal town,
Do you remember?—Ah, could one forget!...

I have since then contended and rejoiced:
Amid the glories of the house of life
Profoundly entered, and the shrine beheld:
Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
In our inclement city? what return
But the image of the emptiness of youth,
Filled with the sound of footsteps and that voice
Of discontent and rapture and despair?

Mr. Knight's "Victoria, Her Life and Reign," you had from me a month ago. It would make a particularly opportune prize in your village school.

Now to attract your attention at once to two volumes, so small that they may not be noticed, but large with temperament and interest. Who is there who has forgotten "The Sunless Heart," that bitter-sweet firstfruit of the talent of a young Scottish authoress, and the evidence which it afforded of power, originality and intensity of feeling? You will therefore be glad to receive Miss Johnstone's second book, "The Douce Family," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published in his Century Library (1s. 6d.). I do not suppose you will like the theme, although it is one that seems to have some attraction for women writers nowadays. We have had novels enough in which the brilliant and clever hero is enslaved by some wanton whose physical charms constitute her sole capital. In "The Douce Family" the plot is the same, but the rôles are reversed. It is the woman who has the brains and the man the physique. But since Queen Titania loved ass-headed Bottom, there was never such an inversion of the fitness of things as the sacrifice by the winsome but wilful Winona at the shrine of such a stupid, vulgar, selfish brute as John Douce. It is a sad story, and the saddest thing about it is that Edith Johnstone should have written it. There is no radiance in "The Douce Family" to cast a gleam of light over a Sunless Heart.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is developing into a veritable *Fidei Defensor*. In his latest little book "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil" (Bowden, 1s.), we have a quaint, vivid and striking presentation of the desolation, moral, social and human, which would follow if God wiped out, as a child wipes out an unworked sum from a slate, all that the great name of Jesus means and has meant for humanity. I will not spoil your pleasure in reading Mr. Kernahan's finely conceived vision, but merely commend to you one sentence headed "The Child a Soldier of the Cross." The little child in the arms of Jesus has, says Mr. Kernahan, "struck deadlier blows at the enemies of the Cross than all the arguments of all the theologians. That child is the most powerful foe whom the armies of unbelief have to fear."

As I suggested just now, there have been quite a number of books owing their appearance to the gangrene in the near East. The largest and the most valuable is "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities" (Unwin, 10s. 6d.), the work of a young American missionary, the Rev. Edwin M. Bliss, who has treated his subject with knowledge and ability. Miss Willard commends his work in a brief introduction, and there are several illustrations of a novel character, and a good map. With somewhat different object appears the anonymous "Historical Sketch of Armenia and the Armenians in

Ancient and Modern Times, with Special Reference to the Present Crisis" (Stock, 5s.); but a book which will interest far more readers in the movement for the relief of the Armenians is Miss Edna Lyall's "The Autobiography of a Truth" (Longmans, 1s.), a tale built on the plan of her "Autobiography of a Slander," published nearly two years ago. All the profits that are made by the sale of this story are to be devoted to the Armenian cause, so, though it is rather sentimental than powerful, it deserves success.

There is no really serious or original history in the parcel, although you will find Mrs. Hawtrey's "Outline History of Germany" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), and Mr. F. H. Cliffe's "Manual of Italian Literature" (Macqueen, 6s.), useful; while Mr. Tighe Hopkins's sensational "Kilmainham Memories: the Story of the Greatest Political Crime of the Century" (Ward and Lock, 1s.), with its interesting illustrations and its fresh information about No. 1 and his fellow-conspirators, could not appear more opportunely. To the series devoted to By-Ways of Bible History has been added the late William Knight's "The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Empire" (R. T. S., 2s. 6d.); and Mr. W. J. Gordon's "The Story of Our Railways" (R. T. S., 1s. 6d.), is of its kind a remarkably able, comprehensive, and well-illustrated volume. The only English biography is Mr. W. J. Wintle's "The Story of Florence Nightingale, the Heroine of the Crimea" (S. S. U., 1s.); but, although I do not often send you French books, I must make an exception now and then, and one of these exceptions you will find in your parcel. It is "Le Cardinal Manning," by Francis de Pressensé (Perrin, 3 fr. 50 c.). An English translation is to appear shortly, but you had better read the charmingly limpid French of the author. M. de Pressensé is the son of the famous Protestant pastor, and this book about our Cardinal is not so much a literary as a religious event. It consists of three hundred pages, one-third of which are devoted to a preface, in which the author, with exquisite candour, sets forth his conviction as to what he considers the collapse of the Protestant defence against unbelief. While it could offer an infallible guide in the shape of the printed Word of God, as an alternative to the Infallible Church, it survived. But as the authority of the written Word crumbles before the assaults of the higher criticism, Protestants are beginning to see their position untenable and are falling back on the citadels. You will not agree with him, neither do I, for Rome appears to be no citadel, but a fortress long ago swept by the guns of the enemy. But that does not matter. The important thing to note is, that M. de Pressensé says he believes it; and, although he does not definitely execute his retreat, he has virtually given the signal for the abandonment of the position which his father so brilliantly defended. In his "Sketch of the Cardinal" he reprints the two articles which he contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* shortly after the appearance of Purcell's book. They are a veritable outburst of devout delight over the character of Manning, mingled with a cry of horror that such a saint should have had such a biographer as Mr. Purcell.

"The New Charter: a Discussion of the Rights of Men and the Rights of Animals" (Bell, 2s.), is the only volume of a social and political kind I have to send. Issued under the auspices of the Humanitarian League, it contains six addresses by men as dissimilar as Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. G. W. Foote, of the *Freethinker*, and Mr. J. C. Kenworthy.

In art there is the third and final volume of the translation of Professor Muther's "History of Modern

Painting" (Henry, 18s. 6d. net), which deals more particularly with "The Painters of Life," and "The New Idealists," and with the most recent developments of modern art. The small reproductions of well-known paintings by each master are admirably executed, and will be extremely useful as reminders of their arrangement and composition. The publishers deserve congratulation on so successful a termination of so valuable a task. Then you will find a rather sumptuous volume, edited by Mr. Lawrence Housman, himself a draughtsman of renown, and entitled "Arthur Boyd Houghton: a Selection from his Work in Black and White" (Paul, 15s. net), a book of extreme interest and value to those who fancy themselves on a knowledge of the history and capabilities of illustration. It would be well indeed if some of our modern black and white artists would study Houghton's drawings—most of which are here printed from the original wood-blocks.

To the Warwick Library, the two preceding volumes of which I have already sent you, has been added a useful collection of "English Essays" (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), selected and edited by Mr. J. H. Lobban, whose introduction, a good piece of work, extends over some sixty pages. The scheme has excluded "professedly critical papers," but room has been found for many examples besides those of Bacon, Cowley, Defoe, Steele, Swift, and Hazlitt—the names that are most prominent.

There are plenty of works of travel and topographical interest. The largest, Mr. Ling Roth's "The Natives of Sarawak and British North Borneo" (Truslove, 50s. net) is in two big volumes, is "based chiefly on the MSS. of the late Hugh Brooke Low, Sarawak Government," and contains a rather irrelevant preface by Mr. Andrew Lang. Anthropologically the value of this work cannot be overestimated: as Mr. Lang remarks, it is "a mine from which everybody can draw, in accordance with his needs"; and its usefulness is largely increased by its hundreds of illustrations—reproductions of photographs and of native art, for the most part. Coming nearer home, we have Dr. David Murray's "An Archaeological Survey of the United Kingdom" (Maclehose, Glasgow, 1s.), a reprint of an address delivered at Glasgow with the object of attracting attention to the necessity for the preservation and protection of our ancient monuments. One would have thought that English and Americans between them have said all that was worth saying about Stratford-on-Avon, and its connection with Shakespeare, but "there is always room on the top," and Mr. and Mrs. Snowden Ward's "Shakespeare's Town and Times" (Dawbarn, 7s. 6d. net.) is a delightful volume which more than justifies its existence. The authors' aim has been to state plain fact, both with pen and camera, and as a result their letterpress is readable and valuable, and their illustrations, all reproduced from photographs in the most admirable manner, help to give the untravelled reader a better idea of the environment in which the poet lived than anything of the kind I have seen. Two books there are on Paris—one, historical and archaeological simply, is Mr. Walter F. Lonergan's "Historic Churches of Paris" (Downey, 21s.), whose chief value lies in illustrations by Mr. B. S. Le Fanu; and the other, a great deal more modern, Mr. Stuart Henry's "Paris Days and Evenings" (Unwin, 7s. 6d.), a collection of short papers, evidently the work of an American very much at home in Paris, on different phases of life and art in the French capital. It is a thoroughly readable volume, and one that helps to a better appreciation of the Parisian temperament to-day. And I send you new editions of

three of Baedeker's Handbooks—"Paris and Environs, with Routes from London to Paris" (Dulau, 6s.), "London and its Environs" (6s.), and "The Rhine from Rotterdam to Constance" (7s.)—all of which seem to have been considerably improved.

Three or four interesting theological and religious books will provide you with a sufficiency of reading for wet Sabbaths. Mr. Stopford Brooke's "The Old Testament and Modern Life" (Isbister, 6s.) is a collection of short discourses, which, taking the stories of the Old Testament for their basis, read into them a lesson for humanity to-day. Count Tolstoi's "The Gospel in Brief" (Scott, 2s. 6d.) is described as "a deliberate and careful endeavour to simplify, summarise, and emphasise" all that the author of "Anna Karenina" has before said as to "Jesus and His teaching." The Rev. Francis Bourdillon's "The Voice of the People: Some Proverbs and Common Sayings examined and applied, with Special Reference to Practical Life" (R.T.S., 2s.) sufficiently explains itself.

I have in months past sent you more than one book on flowers by Mr. Edward Step. He must be a versatile writer, for to-day I send a volume similar in size entitled "By the Deep Sea: a Popular Introduction to the Wild Life of the British Shores" (Jarrold, 5s.). It is a well-illustrated and a practical manual. I thought it well to enclose the Rev. George Henslow's "How to Study Wild Flowers" (R.T.S. 2s. 6d.), with Dr. Renlow's "The Human Eye and Its Auxiliary Organs Anatomically Represented, with Explanatory Text" (Philip, 2s. 6d. net), a new edition, with a paper on "Eyesight" by Mr. John Browning. Miss Florence Staecpole's "Everyday Ailments and How to Treat Them" (Scott, 6d.) strikes me as a most useful little brochure. And you will also find a new edition of Dr. Gregory's "Animal Magnetism; or Mesmerism and its Phenomena" (Redway, 6s. net).

I have made a selection of the best of recent new editions to send you this month. First is the new volume of the series of Illustrated Standard Novels—Captain Marryat's "The King's Own" (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), with an introduction by Mr. David Hannay and a number of clever illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend. This series remains still one of the cheapest and most attractive in the market—in spite of a series on identical lines which a new firm, betraying thereby lamentable lack of originality, have lately commenced to issue. There has recently, by the way, been quite a boom in Marryat as there has been a boom in Peacock. Messrs. Routledge are issuing a serviceable edition, under the direction of Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Messrs. J. M. Dent have just published two new volumes in their edition—"Poor Jack" and "The King's Own" (3s. 6d. each, net.). This last is under the editorship of Mr. Brimley Johnson, is well illustrated, and is certainly well produced externally. It is likely to be the standard edition of a series of novels which, as long as boys care at all for stirring yarns, will never lack readers. I don't know whether it is to Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, that we owe the excellent idea of a series of Nineteenth Century Classics, but anyhow he is the editor of the series, with which an excellent start has been made with Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," with an introduction by Professor Dowden, his "On Heroes and Hero-Worship," with an introduction by Mr. Gosse, and Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome and other Poems," with an introduction by Dr. Garnett (Ward and Lock, 2s. 6d. each). Each

volume contains a portrait of its author in photogravure, and the whole appearance is such that, at the price, I can honestly say the series has not been approached for all round excellence. Many of the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough are just out of copyright, and Mr. Ernest Rhys has seized the opportunity to edit "The Bothie, and Other Poems" (Scott, 1s.) for the Canterbury Poets. I need not point out to you how beautiful and thoughtful a poem "The Bothie" is. How fine, for instance, is that description of the water and the bathing in the third canto! But this little volume does not contain the immortal "New Decalogue." A new edition, with numerous improvements, has appeared of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's "Handy Reference Atlas of the World" (Walker, 7s. 6d.), for years the most convenient book of its class; the whole of Dumas's "Monte Cristo" has appeared in one well printed and illustrated volume (Scott, 3s. 6d.); and "The Best Plays of Sir John Vanbrugh" (Unwin, 3s. 6d.) have been issued in the Mermaid Series of Old Dramatists, under the editorship of Mr. A. E. H. Swaen. Finally I must mention the parts (Dent, 2s. 6d. each, net) of the new edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which Mr. Fairfax-Muckley is "illustrating and decorating" in a manner extremely charming. When completed this will certainly be one of the most beautiful books that have been published. Mr. Fairfax-Muckley's work is finely decorative, and lacking entirely the morbid note which has gone so far to spoil recent works of this class.

I do not know whether you will hail Mr. Horace Pease, whose "White-Faced Priest and other Northumbrian Episodes" (Gay, 3s. 6d.), I send you, as the "Ian Maclaren" of Northumberland. But I am sure you will enjoy the racy Northumbrian stories which Mr. Pease has written largely in the expressive vernacular of Tyne-side. Northumberland has long waited its novelist, and there is some reason to believe that it has found him in Mr. Pease, whose previous volumes, "Borderland Studies" and "The Mark o' the De'il," light up with many a flash of sympathetic genius the almost unexplored regions of Northumbrian life. As an old Northumbrian I recognise the true note of my native county, and although you will not feel as much at home in the dialect, you will not find it so difficult as the Scotch of Drumtochty. And there are other novels—a new story of regulation length by "Iota," the author of "The Yellow Aster," entitled for some reason not entirely easy to understand, "A Quaker Grandmother" (Hutchinson, 6s.), but thoroughly readable; and a new novel by Miss F. F. Montresor, "False Coin or True" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.). To the Keynotes Series has been added "Day-Books" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), by Miss Mabel E. Wotton; to the Daffodil Library, "The Kaffir Circus: South Africa Stories of To-day" (Jarrold, 1s.), by Miss Donovan; and to the Leisure Library a new novel of some length by Miss Nora Vynne—"The Story of a Fool and his Folly" (Hutchinson, 2s.), which will certainly do something to further a reputation deservedly considerable already. One of those new authors whose progress one feels at once one will have every cause to watch, has appeared in Miss Edith Hamlet, whose "A Touch of Sorrow" (Dent, 4s. 6d. net) has attracted a deal of attention, and the ubiquitous Mr. Pett Ridge has issued another collection of his short stories and dialogues, under the title of "An Important Man and Others" (Ward and Lock, 1s.). Finally, there is a new volume in Professor Saintsbury's edition of the novels of Balzac—"The Country Parson" (Dent, 3s. 6d. net).

THE BABY EXCHANGE.

THE babies offered for adoption now much exceed in number those desirous of adopting children, consequently the babies have to wait their turn, and must be on our list longer than at first, when the balance was on the other side. As the object of my work in attempting this department is to be the medium of finding children for foster-parents who are without children, yet feel the desire to fill up the blank in their hearts and homes by adopting as their own some of the homeless among the little ones, the work, from the foster-parents' point of view (which is the point of view of the Baby Exchange), does not suffer from the preponderance of the children.

I wish now to state explicitly that no help can be given from the Baby Exchange to those foster-parents who wish for a premium or other payments with the children. A number of letters come with such requests. From this date, no such letters will be noticed, but at once consigned to the waste-paper basket.

The mother of two little boys, respectively eight and five years of age, would be glad to have them adopted. Owing to the death of her husband she is left in very poor pecuniary circumstances. The two boys are good-looking and intelligent; they are grandsons of one of Her Majesty's Indian Judges.

A curate in the country has written suggesting the possibility of holiday adoptions—that is to say, the adoption of a boy or girl during holiday time. He says:—"This would somewhat relieve the dreariness of many lives, and I cannot help fancying that some widow-mother in straitened circumstances might be glad to accept such small offer of assistance."

The following is the usual monthly list of babies offered for adoption:—

GIRLS.—Place and date of birth.

(All illegitimate except those marked with an asterisk.)

- 1.* Born May, 1894. Hampshire. Mother alive, will give up all claims. Father deserted his family.
2. " November, 1894. Sheffield.
3. " December, 1895. Glasgow.
4. " December, 1895. Kent.
5. " Early in 1893. Liverpool.
6. " December, 1895. Portsmouth.
7. " June, 1895. London.
8. " December, 1895. Manchester.
9. " 1896. Chelsea, London.
10. " January, 1896. London.
11. " 1896. Monmouthshire.
12. " November, 1895. London.
13. " April, 1896. Sunderland.
14. " September, 1895. Hull.
15. " June, 1895. Lancashire.
16. " 1893. London.
17. " October, 1895. London.
- 18.* " December, 1893. London.
19. " September, 1895. London.
20. " April, 1896. Brighton.
21. " April, 1896. Yeovil.
22. " May, 1896. London.
23. " June, 1890. South Shields.
24. " June, 1896. London.
- 25.* Four little girls from ten to four. Father met with reverses in business.

26. Born December, 1895. Ireland.
27. " September, 1895. London.
28. " July, 1896. Berks.
29. " July, 1896. London.
30. " March, 1896. London, S.E.
- 31.* " March, 1896. Father suffering from reverse in business.
32. " November, 1895. London, S.E.
33. " September, 1895. Birmingham.
- 34.* " March, 1884. London. Mother a widow in reduced circumstances.
35. " July, 1896. Scotland.
- 36.* " August, 1895. London, W. Father a widower.
- 37.* " September, 1896. London. Father a widower.

BOYS.—Place and date of birth.

- 1.* Born Gloucestershire, April, 1895. Mother dead. Father alive but poor. Will give up all claim.
2. " April, 1895. Bradford.
3. " June, 1895. Near London.
- 4.* " 1890. Cheltenham. Half Italian.
5. " 1893. Near London.
6. " November, 1894. Scotland.
7. " January, 1896. Near London.
8. " September, 1895. Near London.
9. Aged thirteen. Derby.
10. " five. Worcestershire.
- 11.* " five. Bath. Mother a widow.
- 12.* Born December, 1895. Glasgow. Father a widower.
13. " January, 1896. Banbury. Twins.
14. " June, 1895. London.
- 15.* " October, 1895. Liverpool. This is the child of a Jewess whose husband has deserted her. She would like it to be adopted by Christians.
- 16.* " February, 1896. Manchester.
17. " January, 1895. Essex.
18. " February, 1896. London.
- 19.* " June, 1894. London.
20. " April, 1896. Burton-on-Trent.
21. " December, 1895. London, E.
22. " 1893. Sheffield.
23. " 1888. Cheltenham.
24. " April, 1896. London, N.
25. " December, 1895. London, W.
26. " October, 1895. London, N.W.
- 27.* " July, 1894. Lancashire. Father's business affairs gone wrong.
28. " 1892. Essex.
29. " December, 1894. London, W.
30. " 1894. Surrey.
31. " February, 1896. Isle of Wight.
32. " December, 1895. London.
33. " April, 1896. London, W.
34. " June, 1895. Worcester.
35. " July, 1895. London, S.W.
- 36.* " July, 1896. Cheshire.
37. " April, 1896. Near London.
38. " April, 1896. Cheshire.
39. " July, 1896. Surrey.
40. " December, 1893. London, W.
- 41.* " June, 1895. London, N.
42. " June, 1893. London, N.
43. " August, 1896. London, S.W.
44. " August, 1894. London, S.W.
- 45.* Two boys, four and seven. Mother a widow.
- 46.* Born April, 1895. Mother a widow.



THE MONTHLY INDEX TO PERIODICALS.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

Is published at the beginning of every month. It gives Tables of the Contents in the Periodicals—English, American and Foreign—of the month, besides an Alphabetical Index of Articles in the leading English and American Magazines. Another feature is a list of the New Books published during the month.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index, which is limited to the following periodicals.

A. I. R.	Altruistic Review.	F. R.	Fortnightly Review.	N. Sc.	Natural Science.
A. C. Q.	American Catholic Quarterly Review.	F.	Forum.	Naut. M.	Nautical Magazine.
A. A. P. S.	Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.	Fr. L.	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.	N. E. M.	New England Magazine.
Ant.	Antiquary.	Free R.	Free Review.	N. I. R.	New Ireland Review.
Arch. R.	Architectural Record.	G. M.	Gentleman's Magazine.	New E.	New Review.
A.	Arena.	G. J.	Geographical Journal.	New W.	New World.
Arg.	Argony.	G. O. P.	Girl's Own Paper.	N. C.	Nineteenth Century.
Ata.	Atlanta.	G. W.	Good Words.	N. A. R.	North American Review.
A. M.	Atlantic Monthly.	G. T.	Great Thoughts.	O.	Outing.
Bad M.	Badminton Magazine.	Harp.	Harper's Magazine.	P. E. F.	Palestine Exploration Fund.
Bank.	Bankers' Magazine.	Horn. R.	Homiletic Review.	P. M. M.	Pall Mall Magazine.
B. S.	Bibliotheca Sacra.	H.	Humanitarian.	P. M.	Pearson's Magazine.
Black.	Blackwood's Magazine.	I.	Idler.	Phil. R.	Philosophical Review.
B. T. J.	Board of Trade Journal.	I. L.	Index Library.	P. L.	Post-Lore.
Bkman.	Bookman.	I. J. K.	International Journal of Ethics	P. R. R.	Presbyterian and Reformed Review.
B.	Borderland.	I. R.	Investors' Review.	P. M. Q.	Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review.
Cal. R.	Calcutta Review.	Ir. E. st.	Irish Ecclesiastical Record.	Psy. R.	Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research.
Can. M.	Canadian Magazine.	Jew. Q.	Jewish Quarterly.	Prog. R.	Progressive Review.
C. F. M.	Cassell's Family Magazine.	J. Ed.	Journal of Education.	Psychol. R.	Psychological Review.
Cas. M.	Cassier's Magazine.	J. Micro.	Journal of Microscopy.	Q. J. Econ.	Quarterly Journal of Economics.
C. W.	Catholic World.	J. P. Econ.	Journal of Political Economy.	Q. R.	Quarterly Review.
C. M.	Century Magazine.	J. R. A. S.	Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.	Q.	Quiver.
C. J.	Chambers's Journal.	J. R. C. I.	Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.	Rel.	Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist
Char. R.	Charities Review.	J. R. U.	Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.	R. R. A.	Review of Reviews (America).
Chant.	Chautauquan.	S. I.	Institution.	St. N.	St. Nicholas.
Ch. Mis. I.	Church Missionary Intelligencer.	Jur. R.	Juridical Review.	Sc. G.	Science Gossip.
Ch. Q.	Church Quarterly.	K. O.	King's Own.	Sc. P.	Science Progress.
C. E. R.	Contemporary Review.	K.	Knowledge.	Scots.	Scots Magazine.
C.	Cornhill.	L. H.	Leisure Hour.	Scot. G. M.	Scottish Geographical Magazine.
Cosmop.	Cosmopolis.	Libr.	Library.	Scot. R.	Scottish Review.
Cos.	Cosmopolitan.	Lipp.	Lippincott's Monthly.	Scrib.	Scribner's Magazine.
C. H.	Country House.	L. Q.	London Quarterly.	Str.	Strand Magazine.
Crit. R.	Critical Review.	Long.	Longman's Magazine	Sun. H.	Sunday at Home.
D. R.	Dublin Review.	Luc.	Lucifer.	Sun. M.	Sunday Magazine.
Econ. J.	Economic Journal.	Lud.	Ludgate.	T. B.	Temple Bar.
Econ. R.	Economic Review.	McCl.	McClure's Magazine.	T. M.	Temple Magazine.
E. R.	Edinburgh Review.	Mac.	Macmillan's Magazine.	Tom.	To-Morrow.
Ed. B. A.	Educational Review, America.	Man. Q.	Manchester Quarterly.	U. S. M.	United Service Magazine.
Ed. B. L.	Educational Review, London.	Mind.	Mind.	W. M. R.	Westminster Review.
Eng. M.	Engineering Magazine.	Mis. R.	Missionary Review of the World.	W. M.	Windsor Magazine.
E. H.	English Illustrated Review.	Mon.	Monist.	W. H.	Woman at Home.
E. I.	English Illustrated Magazine.	M.	Month.	Y. R.	Yale Review.
Ex.	Expositor.	M. P.	Monthly Packet.	Y. M.	Young Man.
Ex. T.	Expository Times.	Nat. R.	National Review.	Y. W.	Young Woman.
F. L.	Folk-Lore.				

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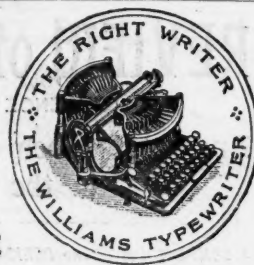


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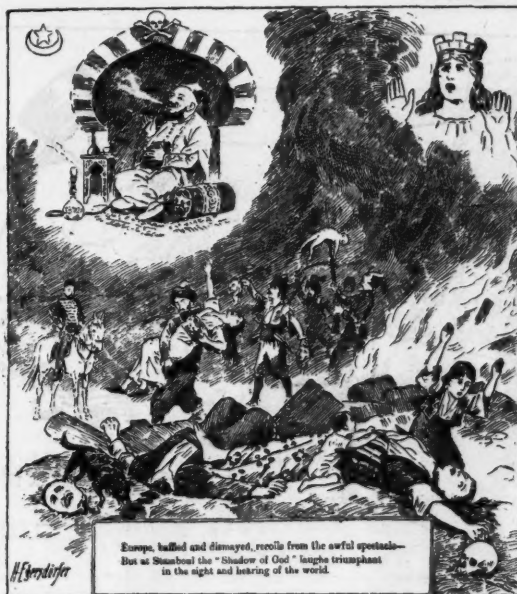
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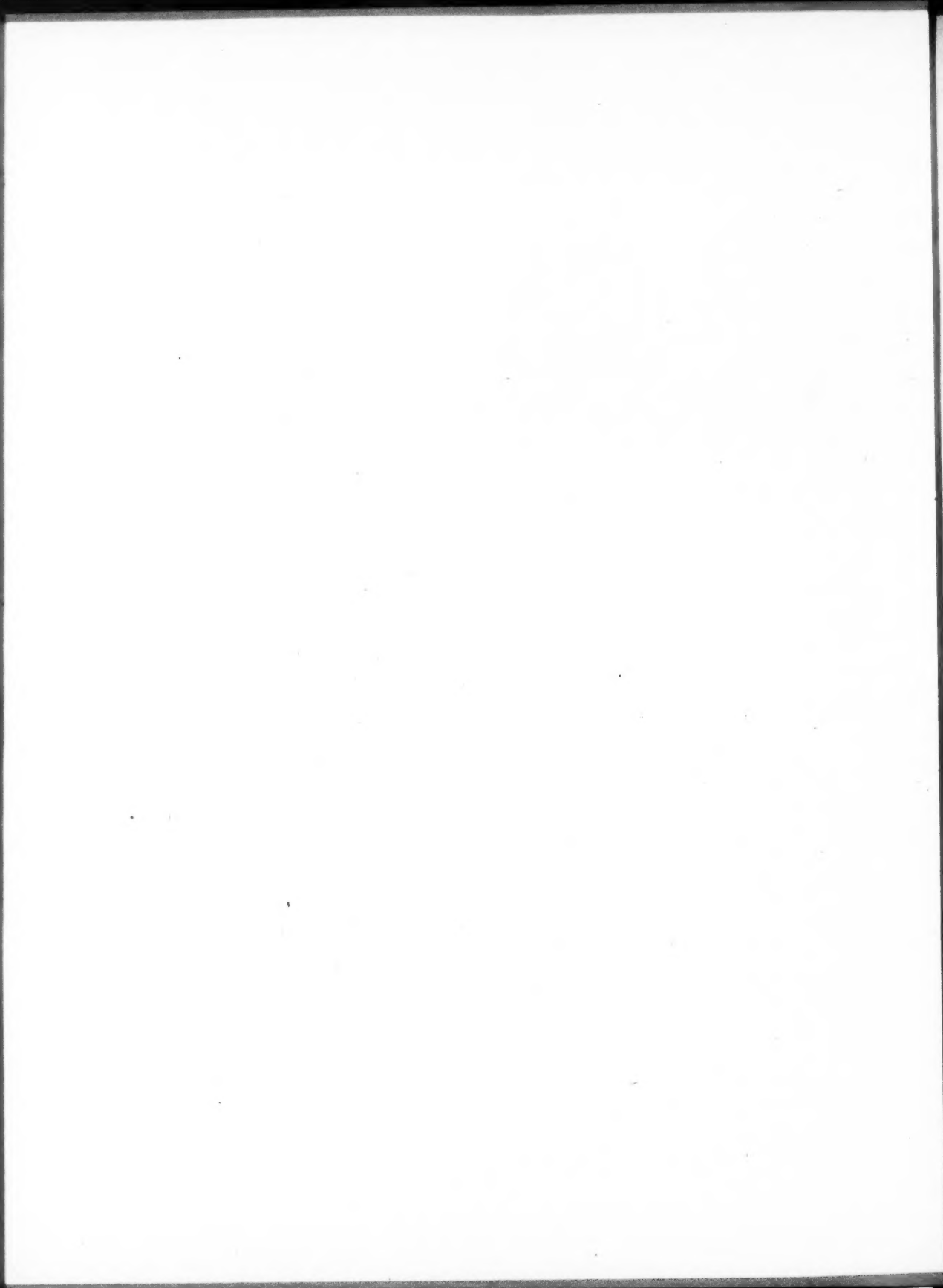
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Printed by WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, Stamford Street and Charing Cross, and Published for the Proprietor by HORACE MARSHALL AND SON, at 125, Fleet Street, E.C.—October, 1896.

Sole Advertisement Contractors, JOHN HADDON & CO., Central Advertisement Offices, Bouverie House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.